

The Smart Screen Magazine



SCREENLAND

October

15c

20c in Canada

Clark
Gable's
Real
Family Life!

Charles Shelday

Shirley Temple

**SHIRLEY TEMPLE'S MOTHER
TELLS HOW SHIRLEY BECAME A STAR!**

"Cleans better...costs less
...that's why I like it!"



These advantages alone account
for the tremendous popularity
of Listerine Tooth Paste

Men and women are attracted to Listerine Tooth Paste for a very simple reason. They find it cleans better than brands they have been using—and it costs less.

Solely because of the results it brings, millions of persons have changed to this 25¢ dentifrice with the fresh, cool flavor.

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Listerine Tooth Paste costs only 25¢ a tube. If you like an extra-large tube, buy the new Double Size—40¢ for twice as much; saves 20% more! LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.

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25¢

NEW DOUBLE SIZE 40¢



Protect yourself from loose bristles!
PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC TOOTH BRUSH with PERMA-GRIP
(U. S. PAT. No. 1472165)



• Coming events cast their shadows before



You will soon be seeing MAE WEST in her new picture, "BELLE OF THE NINETIES," with ROGER PRYOR, John Mack Brown, John Miljan, Katherine DeMille and Duke Ellington's Orchestra. Directed by Leo McCarey. A Paramount Picture

SCREENLAND

The Smart Screen Magazine

DELIGHT EVANS, *Editor*

James M. Fidler, *Western Representative*

Frank J. Carroll, *Art Director*



Grace Moore as "Madame Butterfly."

Grace Moore Offers You Grand Opera on Screen!

Everyone in Hollywood and New York motion picture circles is busy heralding a new era of musical films. Reason: Grace Moore's new cinema, which offers enchanting interludes of operatic song. Entire scenes from "Carmen" and "Madame Butterfly" are presented, sumptuously and authentically as in any great opera house, with Miss Moore's glorious voice to thrill you. Here is no tawdry girl-and-music show, but a civilized, dignified attempt to give intelligent screen spectators something new, decent, and different—and the attempt is highly successful. May we hear—and see, too, for she's well worth watching!—Grace Moore in more pictures—as *Violetta* in that immortal musical romance, "La Traviata," for example. This charming prima donna brings the tradition, the glamor, the authority of grand opera to the screen, and she is our Girl of the Month!

October, 1934

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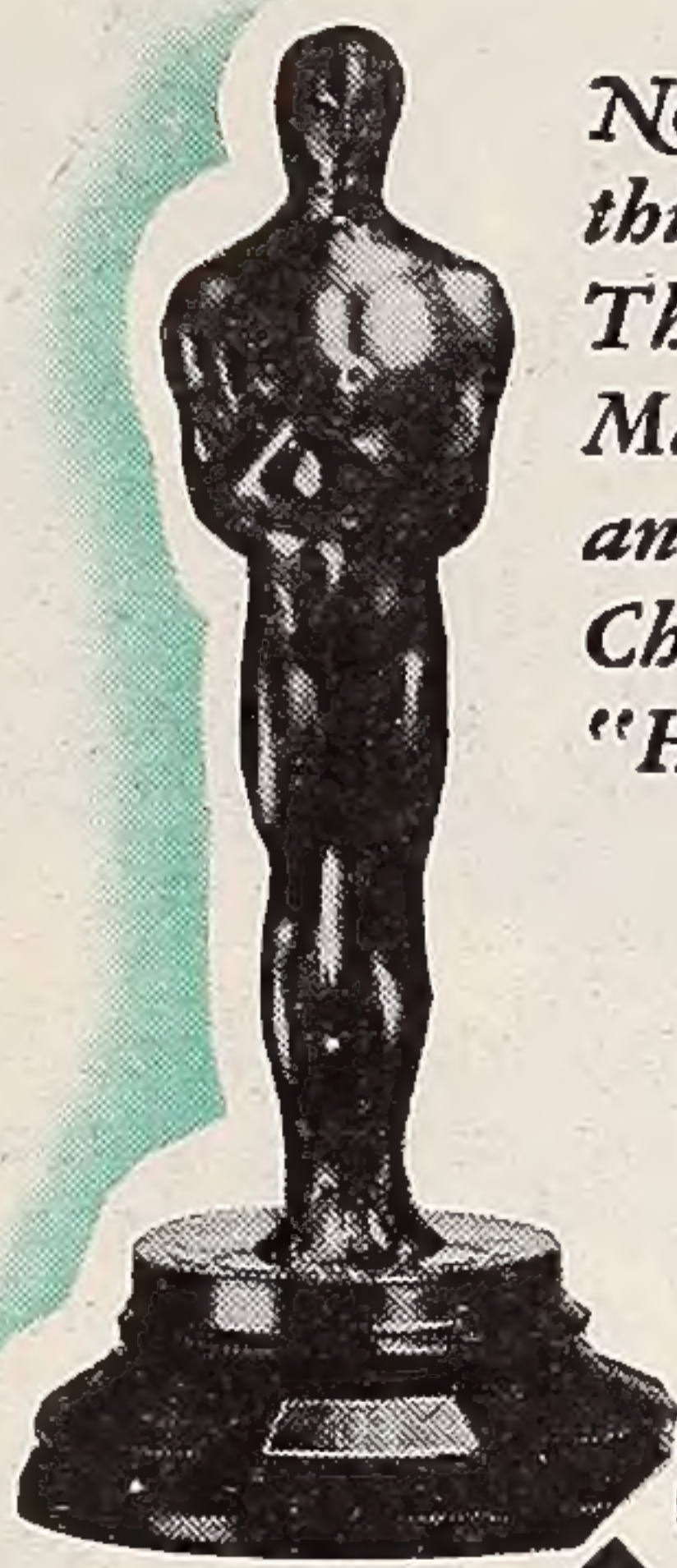
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Cover Portrait of Shirley Temple by Charles Sheldon

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Norma Shearer won
this award for "Smilin'
Through", Fredric
March for "Dr. Jekyll
and Mr. Hyde"...
Chas. Laughton for
"Henry the Eighth".

THREE "BEST" STARS IN A STAR PICTURE



NORMA SHEARER

FREDRIC MARCH

CHARLES LAUGHTON

Romance...tuned to the beat
of your heart...as three win-
ners of Academy of Motion
Picture Arts and Sciences "Best
Performance" awards...are
teamed in a romance greater
than "Smilin' Through." As a
stage play, "The Barretts of
Wimpole Street" scored a three
year triumph. As a Metro-
Goldwyn-Mayer presentation
it brilliantly dominates the
1934 cinema scene!

in *The* **BARRETTS of WIMPOLE STREET**

with

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN
KATHARINE ALEXANDER
From the play by Rudolph Besier
Directed by Sidney Franklin

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture



Ladies
Should
Listen
Para-
mount

A farce-comedy that rolled preview audiences in the aisles. Honestly, you'll enjoy Cary Grant as a light comedian, an American in Paris. He is the apple of so many French ladies' eyes that the telephone girl in his hotel decides to save him—no doubt for herself. It all leads into a merry mix-up. Edward Everett Horton and Frances Drake are also excellent. It's for grown-ups. Ranks as especially good entertainment.



Their
Big
Moment
RKO-
Radio

A good title, but it doesn't fit—because there are no "big moments." However, Zasu Pitts and Slim Summerville manage with their accustomed cleverness to make it amusing at moments. This tale has the comedy team as a pair of fake vaudeville mind-readers, called in on a mystery case. They handle their assignment seriously. It's a good idea that doesn't quite click. Good for general audiences.



The
No-
torious
Sophie
Lang
Para-
mount

Lacking important names, this delightful picture might be overlooked were you not informed in advance that it is worth seeing. The plot revolves around a woman thief who gets involved with a gentleman-crook, which leads to near-arrests, exciting get-aways, and eventually romance for the two. Farce treatment makes it acceptable for general audiences. Gertrude Michael and Paul Cavanagh head the competent cast.



The
Scarlet
Letter
Majestic

Because this brings back many former favorites, Hollywood hoped it would be a good picture. It is something less than expected, sorry to say, and can't be recommended except that it gives you opportunity to see again Colleen Moore, Flora Finch, Betty Blythe, William Farnum, Henry B. Walthall, and other stars of yesterday. You know, of course, the Hawthorne classic on which this picture is based.

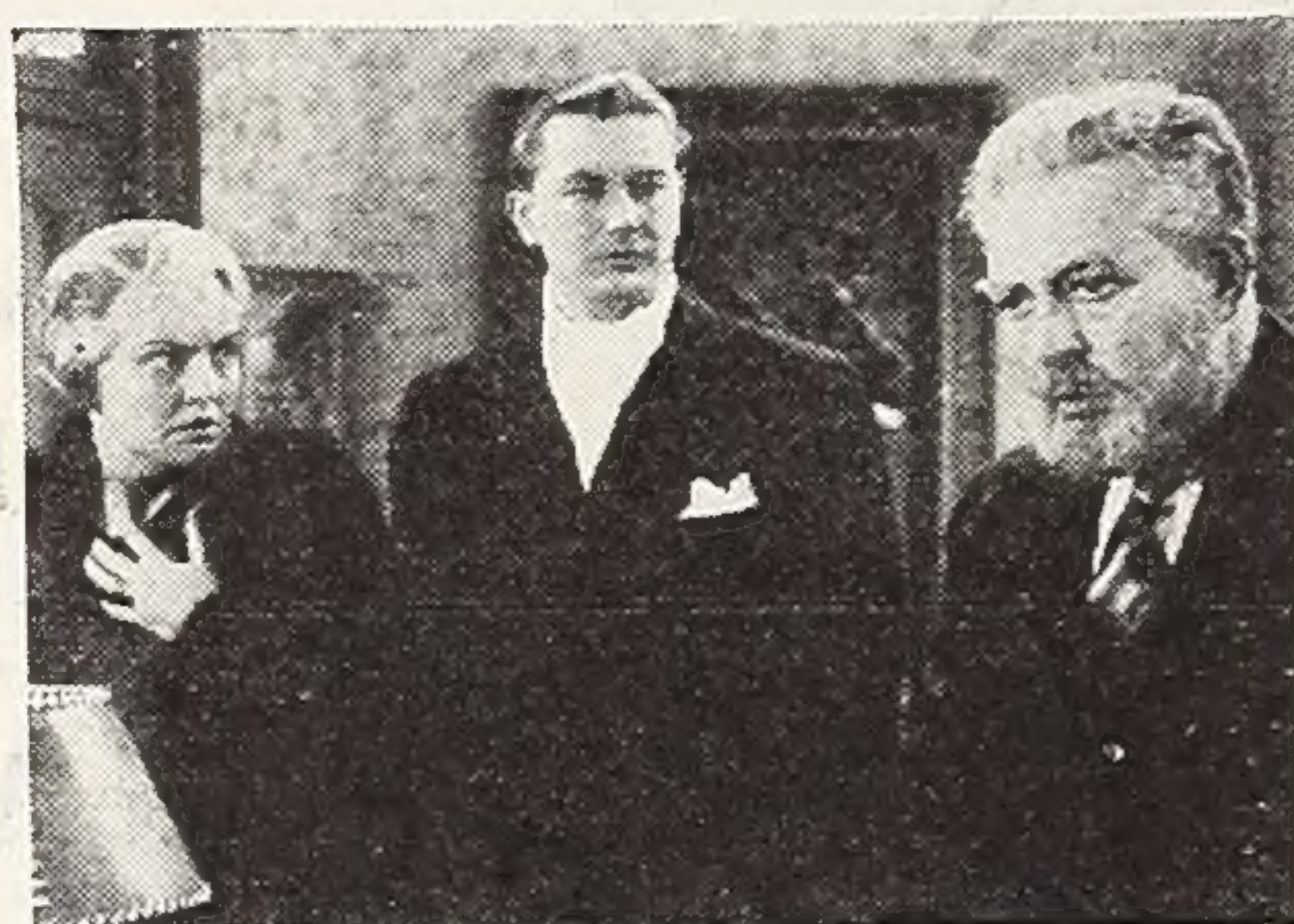
TAGGING the TALKIES

Delight Evans' Reviews
on Pages 56-57

Stam-
boul
Quest
M-G-M



An elaborately staged melodrama dealing with the World War. Myrna Loy is cast as the German spy who goes to Stamboul to "get the goods" on a Turk who is selling information to the enemy. George Brent is the American who falls in love, follows her to Stamboul, where devotion to duty separates them till the war is over. Does not rate your "must" list, but Miss Loy's acting makes it worth while, for adults.



Whom
the
Gods
Destroy
Co-
lumbia

Melodrama that harks back a few years to the era when Emil Jannings was at his peak. But you'll like it, for it is sound "theatre," this story of a prominent man who escapes from a sinking ship in women's clothes, and in shame thereafter he stands apart and sees his family only from the obscurity of disguise. Walter Connolly is impressive as the father, and Robert Young appealing as the son. Take the family.

La
Cuc-
racha
RKO-
Radio



The first production from the company headed by John Hay Whitney affords spectacular evidence of advances in color photography. It is a short subject, runs about Twenty minutes, and your time will be rewarded by a beautiful, dazzling display of artistic costuming and settings. It's all right for youngsters, too. Steffi Duna as the Mexican girl who fights to hold her lover gives a sparkling performance.

Jane
Eyre
Mono-
gram



Don't let the fact that "Jane Eyre" was written for a bygone era keep you away from this very moving, sensitive, and sincerely done romance. You'll miss much if you fail to see Virginia Bruce as *Jane*—a beautiful, really alive *Jane*. It's a triumph for Miss Bruce, and for Colin Clive as *Sir Edward Rochester*. Handsomely staged, the Victorian atmosphere nicely achieved, "Jane Eyre" is good entertainment for everybody.

Charlie
Chan's
Courage
Fox



A pleasing follow-up to the series of entertaining *Chan* stories. The mystery element, of course, is the chief ingredient of entertainment, and we shan't spoil it for you by telling the plot. Warner Oland, returning to his *Chan* rôle, is fine, and a newcomer, Drue Leyton, will catch your eye and bring you back when her next picture shows. You must know by now whether you like these *Chan* stories.

I Give
My
Love
Uni-
versal



A drama of mother love, reminiscent of "Madame X," and distinguished by fine acting by Paul Lukas and Wynne Gibson. The heroine serves a prison term for an accidental killing, and when released leaves the man who loves her and who has adopted her baby boy so the child may not know her disgrace. Emotionally powerful but sombre entertainment, nicely staged and sincerely acted. Youngsters won't enjoy it.

Paris
Inter-
lude
M-G-M



A disjointed story interferes with the entertainment values of this one—which while satisfactory is not up to the high standard of M-G-M offerings. Madge Evans, Robert Young, Otto Kruger, and Una Merkel appear as a group of struggling Americans in Paris. They prove a bad-mannered lot, concerned mainly with guzzling and being boresomely "Bohemian." But a nice cast makes them attractive.

Carl LAEMMLE
presents

GIFT of GAB

UNIVERSAL'S Entertainment
SUPREME!

30 Stars of Screen
and Radio

—all in one bunch in this glorious picture!

★ **Edmund Lowe** ★ **Ruth Etting**

★ GLORIA STUART

★ PHIL BAKER

★ Paul Lukas

★ Ethel Waters

★ Chester Morris

★ Alexander Woolcott

★ Douglass Montgomery

★ Binnie Barnes

★ Roger Pryor

★ Karloff

★ Gene Austin

★ Graham McNamee

★ Bela Lugosi

★ Alice White

★ June Knight

★ Victor Moore

★ Andy Devine

★ Hugh O'Connell

★ Gus Arnheim's Orchestra

★ Sterling Holloway

★ Henry Armetta

★ Downey Sisters

★ Beal Street Boys

★ Douglas Fowley

★ Wini Shaw

★ Helen Vinson

★ Candy and Coco

★ Surprise Personality

**HEAR THESE SONG
HITS—**

"Talking to Myself."

"Blue Sky Avenue"

"I Ain't Gonna Sin No
More."

"Somebody Looks Good
To Me."

"Don't Let This Waltz
Mean Goodbye."

Directed by KARL FREUND

Screen play by RIAN JAMES

Produced by CARL LAEMMLE, Jr.

A
UNIVERSAL
PICTURE

Salutes and Snubs



You've made her a star! Yes, your applause has put little Jean Parker into big billing, and now she is the eighteenth in M-G-M's sparkling star list, in such company as Joan Crawford, Garbo, Norma Shearer, Jean Harlow. How does it seem, Jean? Still keep that little-girl appeal, won't you? We like it!

**Your Salutes are cherished!
Your Snubs are taken to heart!
So register your film thoughts.
They may win a prize for you, too!**

These are exciting times in the affairs of the screen world, and picture-goers realize it as acutely as the producers and the stars. Here speaks the mind of the great mass of the public for whom all pictures are made—the millions whose patronage is the one and only objective of the collective resources of manpower and tremendous enterprise of the motion picture industry.

Your ideas have been, are, and always will be the letter and spirit of the law to which writers, directors, producers and stars must subscribe.

Register your ideas and opinions on any phase of motion pictures which strikes you as the most important from your point of view—be that a criticism, complimentary or adverse, of a particular star, a certain picture, or a broad consideration of some trend in screen entertainment.

There's a thrill in having your ideas put in the record—and the pleasant possibility of collecting handsomely in the event your letter is awarded a prize. \$5.00, you know, goes to each of the writers of the best eight letters each month.

Write your letter now! Make the subject one of general interest; restrict it to fifty words. Address your letter to: Letter Dept., SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th St. We cannot undertake to return letters not used for publication, so please do not make such request, and don't enclose stamps for return of your letters.

The first eight letters receive prizes of \$5.00 each

WE'RE FOR IT!

How about giving us kids a break? To us a break would be a school picture! It sure would be swell to see Tom Brown in a high school picture, having the same thrills and hopes at graduation and the same good times we have had in school. How about it?

M. E. Kelley,
Athens, Me.

RURAL AMERICA SPEAKS!

I am a plain country girl, and know the type of films that appeal to our rural people—stories that thrill our youthful spirit of romance. For this reason I urge producers to film Ella Wheeler Wilcox's "Maurine," Southworth's "St. Elmo," and similar novels that embody beautiful moral lessons.

Minerva Jane Heissler,
204 South 5th St.,
Murray, Calloway Co., Ky.

REELS MAKE RADIO REAL!

An orchid to movies for bringing radio stars to life on the screen. Movies catch 'em in their native lair—the broadcasting studio—and "bring 'em back alive." Always afterward as they broadcast you see the whole act. Homely or handsome, they are no longer ghosts, thanks to movies.

Mrs. Larry Bates,
498 Brown St.,
Napa, Calif.

REVOLT IN THE FACULTY!

I belong to that class known as "school-teacher." I'll admit that as a group we are not "raving beauties," but surely we are not as terrible as the superannuated, vinegary-visaged scare-crows seen on the screen depicting school life?

Have a heart! Give us a break, Hollywood!

H. Coles Cowell,
Box 373,
Pennsboro, W. Va.

FAVORITE TREES!

Maple in gorgeous fall array—Kay Francis.

Weeping willow—ZaSu Pitts.

Fragrant balsam—Mary Brian.

White birch silvered by moonlight—Jean Harlow.

(Continued on page 82)

**Two Great Warner Bros. Stars Bring You
the Screen Version of the Best-Seller that
Rocked the Chancelleries of Europe**

The story of one man
against a million—and of the
woman who loved him, yet
was his enemy to the death.
Told by the man who lived
this astounding romance.



LESLIE
HOWARD

KAY
FRANCIS

APPEAR TOGETHER FOR
THE FIRST TIME IN

**"BRITISH
AGENT"**

With William Gargan in Cast of
Hundreds • By H. Bruce Lockhart
Directed by Michael Curtiz
*** A First National Picture ***

Inside the Stars' Homes

1. Jean Harlow



Jean Harlow and her lovely mother welcome you! Jean shares with you her "pet" food ideas.

THE latest fashionable function, as everyone is aware, is known as the Cocktail Hour. It begins at five o'clock in the afternoon and ends when the guests depart. It's a grand excuse to see and be seen, to wear good-looking "cocktail gowns," and to serve hors d'oeuvres.

"Personally," confided Jean Harlow, from a brocaded fireside seat in her lovely drawing-room, "I loathe cocktails, but I adore the appetizers that go with them!"

Jean lives in a big white house set on a flowery hill. A white door, set in a deep embrasure, opens into a gracious hall from which the stairway rises; to the right, two steps lead down to the drawing-room, a dream in soft pastels. In the subdued blues, greens, beige, pale rose and white, Jean and her mother, Mrs. Bello, have an ideal background. Mrs. Bello is fair and gracious, Jean is like a flame.

SCREENLAND will take you inside the homes of Hollywood stars—in a new way! Now you'll share their favorite recipes, study their home furnishings, really *know* them! First, meet Jean!

By
Betty Boone

"If we are having just two or three in to dinner, we serve cocktails and appetizers in the library, which adjoins the bar," Jean explained, "but for a large dinner party, they are brought in here on trays."

"It's my idea that a good dinner shouldn't be ruined by too much nibbling beforehand," smiled Mrs. Bello, "so we seldom serve more than stuffed celery, two kinds of olives, small pearl onions and perhaps a bowl of nuts. But at a cocktail

party or an after-theatre party, or occasionally on Sunday nights we go in for variety.

"I've always liked dainty things, so I collect interesting recipes and experiment with new ideas. I don't pose as a cook, and Jean's adventures in the culinary art are confined to the barbecue pit by the swimming pool, but both of us enjoy serving unusual dishes."

"There's nothing prettier than a big platter of hors d'oeuvres," said Jean. "Not long ago, I entertained some

Eastern people I didn't know very well, so I couldn't take them out to the barbecue pit. We gave a cocktail party for them and had thirty different kinds of appetizers.

"One of my special favorites is this: Little pieces of toast cut in rounds about a quarter of an inch thick; put an ice-cold bread-and-butter pickle on the toast and some American cheese on top of that; put the whole thing into a very hot oven for a few minutes and serve piping hot. The pickle stays cold and the cheese gets hot, and when you bite down into that crisp icy pickle, through the hot cheese—it's marvelous!"

When Jean has a cocktail party, she usually sets the food out in the dining room so that the guests can see everything and choose whatever they please.

A great silver tray on the table is laden with decorative viands. In the center is a huge red apple, banked with parsley and surrounded by little pearl onions, and gay radishes. Olives wrapped in bacon are stuck on toothpicks and thrust into the apple, and the effect is most attractive. A dish nearby contains thin pieces of chipped beef spread with cream cheese. Another is filled with miniature sausages.

"But lately we've been using miniature wienies," Jean informed me, "they pop, and are so juicy—everyone likes them."

The usual caviar and anchovy paste spread on bits of toast in various delicate shapes are also on hand.

"All the women who come to my parties are wild about one of our specialties," Jean went on. "You take prunes—good, big ones—and boil them—"

"No, darling, you put them in cold water and heat them until they swell," corrected her mother, smiling.

"That shows how much I hang around the kitchen," said Jean, "Anyway, then you seed them and fill them with cream cheese into which you have finely chopped chives and nuts. You can serve them like that, or wrap them in bacon and impale them on toothpicks. Women adore them."

A great success at all Jean's parties is her bowl of shrimps fixed on toothpicks ready to dip into the following tasty dressing: One half pint of cream whipped stiff, into which is stirred four tablespoonsful of horse-radish.

"Occasionally, I add two drops of Worcestershire sauce to the cream, if our guests like the flavor," put in Mrs. Bello. "Men usually like this appetizer best of all, but we always have other special things for men who come to our informal parties. We cut rye bread, one and a half inches wide by three inches long, and butter it thinly; place it on trays that also contain fine imported goose liver sausage, thin slices of salami, pieces of Swiss cheese the same size as the bread, and hot Mexican peppers."

"I think most men hate cocktails," observed Jean, "I don't blame them, because I do, too. But they like dishes like these."

"Oh, yes, we have finely sliced turkey on this tray also," remembered her mother.

"I know something else that makes a hit!" cried Jean. "You mix cream cheese with whipped cream; take a can of clams and cut the clams into tiny pieces the size of your little fingernail and drop them into the cream with a dash of Worcestershire sauce. Have this mixture ice-cold and serve on small pieces of very hot toast."

Another Harlow favorite is a bowl of chopped chicken livers, beside which is placed a platter of Russian rye bread—not toasted.

"Sometimes we serve this liver dish with potato chips to dip in the bowl, but we find that most people like the Russian rye bread," said the blonde star. "We often serve cottage cheese and cream cheese with chives and paprika, into which guests can

(Continued on page 90)



Reduce...

YOUR WAIST AND HIPS

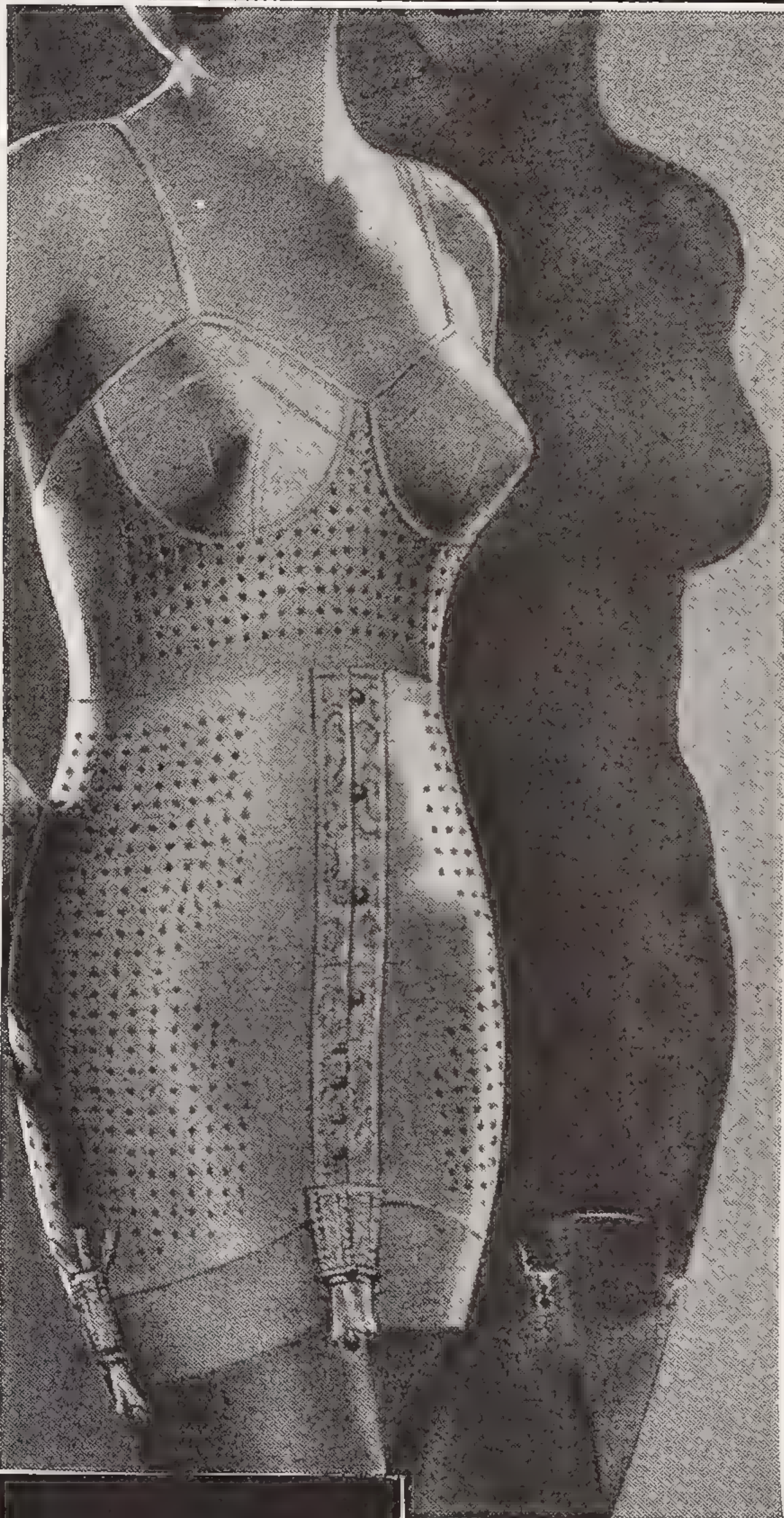
3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS

with the



PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE

.. or it will cost you nothing!



WE WANT YOU to try the Perfolastic Girdle. Test it for yourself for 10 days absolutely FREE. Then, if you have not reduced at least 3 inches around waist and hips, it will cost you nothing!

THE MESSAGE-LIKE ACTION REDUCES

QUICKLY, EASILY AND SAFELY

■ The message-like action of this famous Perfolastic Reducing Girdle takes the place of months of tiring exercises. It removes surplus fat and stimulates the body once more into energetic health.

■ The ventilating perforations allow the skin pores to breathe normally. The inner surface of the Perfolastic Girdle is a delightfully soft, satinized fabric, especially designed to wear next to the body. It does away with all irritation, chafing and discomfort, keeping your body cool and fresh at all times. A special adjustable back allows for perfect fit as inches disappear.

In 10 Short Days You Can Be YOUR SLIMMER SELF WITHOUT EXERCISE, DIET OR DRUGS!

■ "I REDUCED MY HIPS NINE INCHES WITH THE PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE," writes Miss Jean Healy. "The fat seems to have melted away," says Mrs. K. McSorley. "I reduced my waist from 43½ to 34½ inches," writes Mrs. B. Brian. "It massages like magic," writes Mrs. K. Carrol.

These are only a few of hundreds of letters from women who have tested the Perfolastic Girdle!

TEST... the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE at our expense!

■ You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely whether or not this very efficient girdle will reduce you. You do not need to risk one penny... try it for 10 days... then send it back if you are not completely astonished at the wonderful results. Don't wait any longer... act today!

This illustration of the Perfolastic Girdle Also Features the New Perfolastic Uplift Brassiere

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.

41 EAST 42nd ST., Dept. 7310 New York, N. Y.
Without obligation on my part, please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere also sample of perforated Rubber and particulars of your

10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER

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City State

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Post Card

BATTLE *of the* BEAUTIES

FOR

SCREENLAND HONOR PAGE



Miriam Hopkins at her most alluring fails to make much of an impression on Bing Crosby; but oh, what she does to the audience!

THE fight is on! "She Loves Me Not" is the occasion for one of the merriest little picture-stealing contests you've ever watched! Miriam Hopkins, Bing Crosby's co-star, has the time of her life as a gal masquerading in collegian clothes; while Kitty Carlisle, comparative newcomer to the screen, races her for first honors, with Mr. Crosby, and your applause, as the prize. We chuckled at La Hopkins' clever comedy. We thrilled to La Carlisle's gorgeous voice and poise. Perhaps Miriam gives the better show, but somehow it's Kitty you remember. Can it be—they both win? What's YOUR verdict?



Kitty Carlisle seems to have more success with Bing. The question is, which one of the girls wins your warmest applause?

ASK ME!

By Miss Vee Dee

Marie D. So you want me to blaze a trail from Virginia to Hollywood, knock at the pearly gates of the Universal Studios to inquire if it would be oky-doky for you to request a picture of Carl Laemmle Jr.? By all means ask for a picture of this young producer—and here's a toast to you if you get it! The producers and directors aren't in line for as many fan letters as the stars but it wouldn't harm them to get a line of praise, so hop to it, Marie.

Alice E. You've seen Ian Keith in many of the super-colossal films, such as "Queen Christina" and "The Sign of the Cross." Ian was born in Boston, Mass. He has black hair, blue eyes, weighs 175 pounds and is 5 feet 10 inches tall. In "The Sign of the Cross" he was *Tigelinus*.

Diana C. Gary Cooper would appreciate your praise of his ability as an actor. His last picture was for Metro with Marion Davies, "Operator Thirteen." In the large cast are Katherine Alexander, Jean Parker, Ted Healy, Mills Brothers, Russell Hardie and many others. Gary's previous film was "Design for Living," sharing honors with Fredric March and Miriam Hopkins. At present writing Gary is making "Now and Forever" for Paramount, playing with Carole Lombard and Shirley Temple.

Anna M. B. The stars do not give us their home addresses for the simple reason that a letter addressed to their studio will receive the same attention as if sent to their private residence. So write to Gene Raymond at Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. Gene's latest releases are "Flying Down to Rio" with Dolores Del Rio; "I Am Suzanne," with Lilian Harvey; "Coming Out Party" with Frances Dee, and "Sadie McKee" with Joan Crawford.

Phyl W. of Australia. You really have a "crush" on Kay Francis, haven't you? But I'm sure Kay will not let you down. Go on, write to her—she'll love to know just how she stands in Australia. You want her cast in a picture with Robert Montgomery and Franchot Tone—well, you see Kay is on the Warner-First National roster while Bob and Franchot are with M-G-M; so as Patsy Kelly, one of my favorite comedienne, says: "So there you are!"

Phyllis G. None other than the very popular Neil Hamilton came from your home town, Lynn, Mass. Jean Harlow is 5 feet 5 inches tall and weighs 112 pounds. Mae West is 5 feet 5 inches tall, weighs 120 pounds; Ina Claire is 5 feet 5 inches; Una Merkel is 5 feet 5 inches tall, weighs 110 pounds; and Bebe Daniels is 5 feet 5 inches and weighs 120 pounds.



Just good pals! Above, Jackie Coogan and Toby Wing, youngsters who have won fame in films, not taking their companionship as serious romance. Hasn't Jackie grown up since last you saw him on the screen?

Sister Sue. We seem to be waking up to the fact that Diana Wynyard is one of the most clever and interesting personalities of the screen. She was born on January 16, 1908, in London, England. She is 5 feet 6½ inches tall, weighs 127 pounds and has dark blue eyes and golden brown hair.



Elizabeth Allan poses in a black and white creation, above. Elizabeth continues to progress cinematically as more parts come her way.

J. H. of Budapest. I wouldn't have space in my column to give you the names of all the pictures Frank Capra has directed but here are a few: "The Donovan Affair," "Flight," "No Greater Glory," "Lady for a Day," "It Happened One Night," and his latest "Broadway Bill." Frank Capra, was born in Italy, came to America, and was educated in the grade and high schools of Los Angeles, Cal. He also attended the California Institute of Technology at Pasadena, Cal. His screen career started as a writer; then he became a director. Among his earlier pictures are "The Strong Man," "Long Pants," and "For the Love of Mike." He is the father of a new baby boy.

Lynn B. I haven't space for addresses in this department but I'll give you a few of your favorites' latest releases and you can drop them a line at the studio that produced the picture. Charles Starrett and Ralph Bellamy both appeared in "This Man is Mine," with Irene Dunne, released by RKO-Radio Pictures. William Janney was in the cast with Jean Muir in "As the Earth Turns" and "A Modern Hero" with Richard Barthelmess and Jean Muir, released by Warners. Wynne Gibson was in "Sleepers East," released by Fox Films. Nancy Carroll, after a turn on the New York stage, came back to the screen in "Springtime for Henry" with Otto Kruger, for Fox release.

Naomi D. Your favorite, Robert Armstrong, is a free-lance player. One of his later releases was "She Made Her Bed," produced by Paramount Studios, Hollywood, Cal. You might try to locate him at that studio. In this release, Bob played in support of Richard Arlen, Sally Eilers, Grace Bradley and Richard Arlen, Jr. And wasn't young Master Arlen a honey? Father Dick will have to look to his laurels when sonny is on the screen. Am I right, folks?

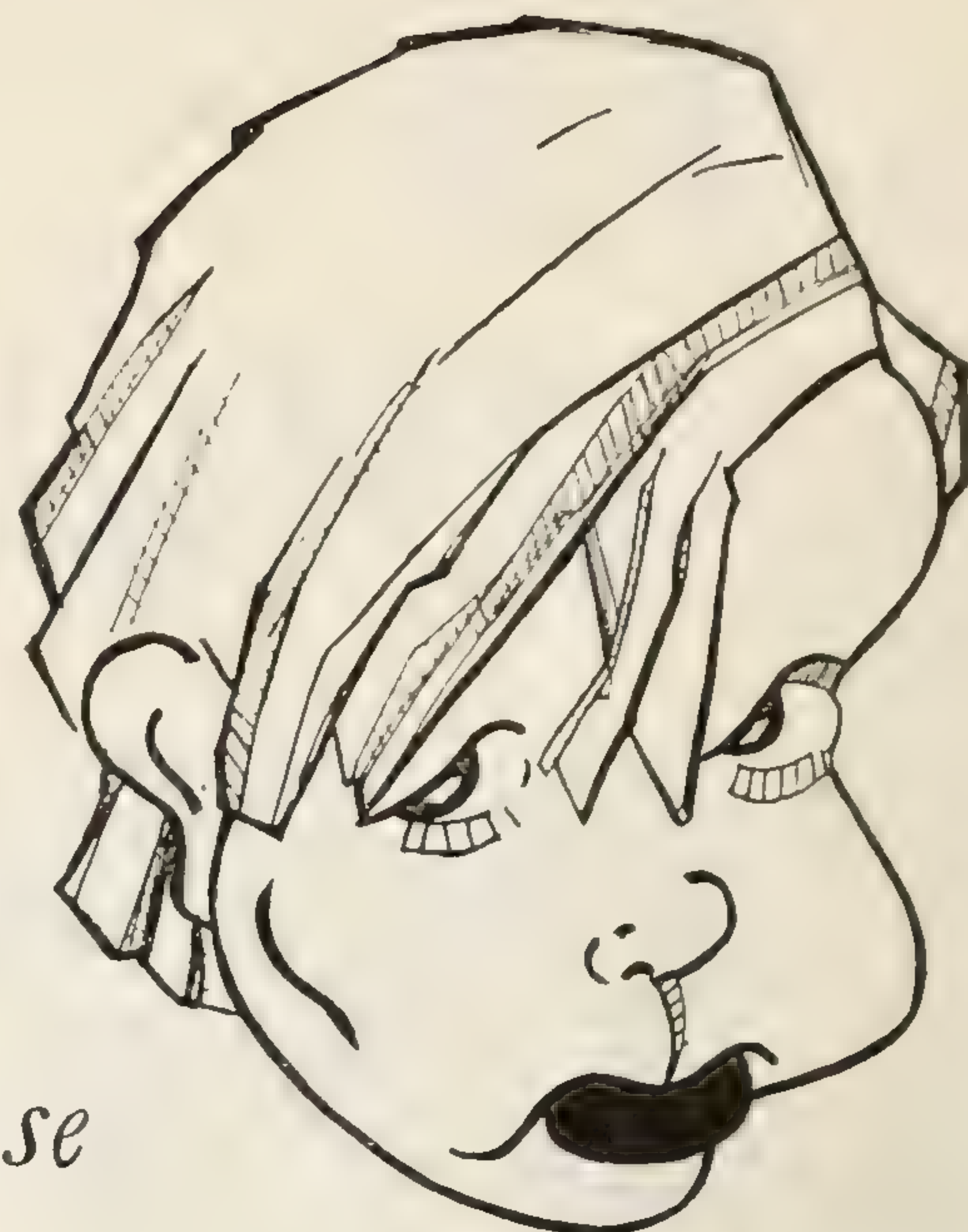
WHOOPLA LUPE

Paprika on chile con carne. Scarlet Cellophane frock with black organdy bows. Urchin with tongue sticking out.

LIPPY COOPER

Lollipops growing in a window-box. Boy wonder playing violin and chewing gum. Bluebirds eating sugared mush.

By Marie House



Prelude to Personalities

As presented in
two-dimensional
funtraits of six
cinema favorites

SOCK-EYE CAGNEY

Peck's Bad Boy in Boy Scout pants. Ginger cookies snapping at each other. Bantam rooster with hoarse crow.

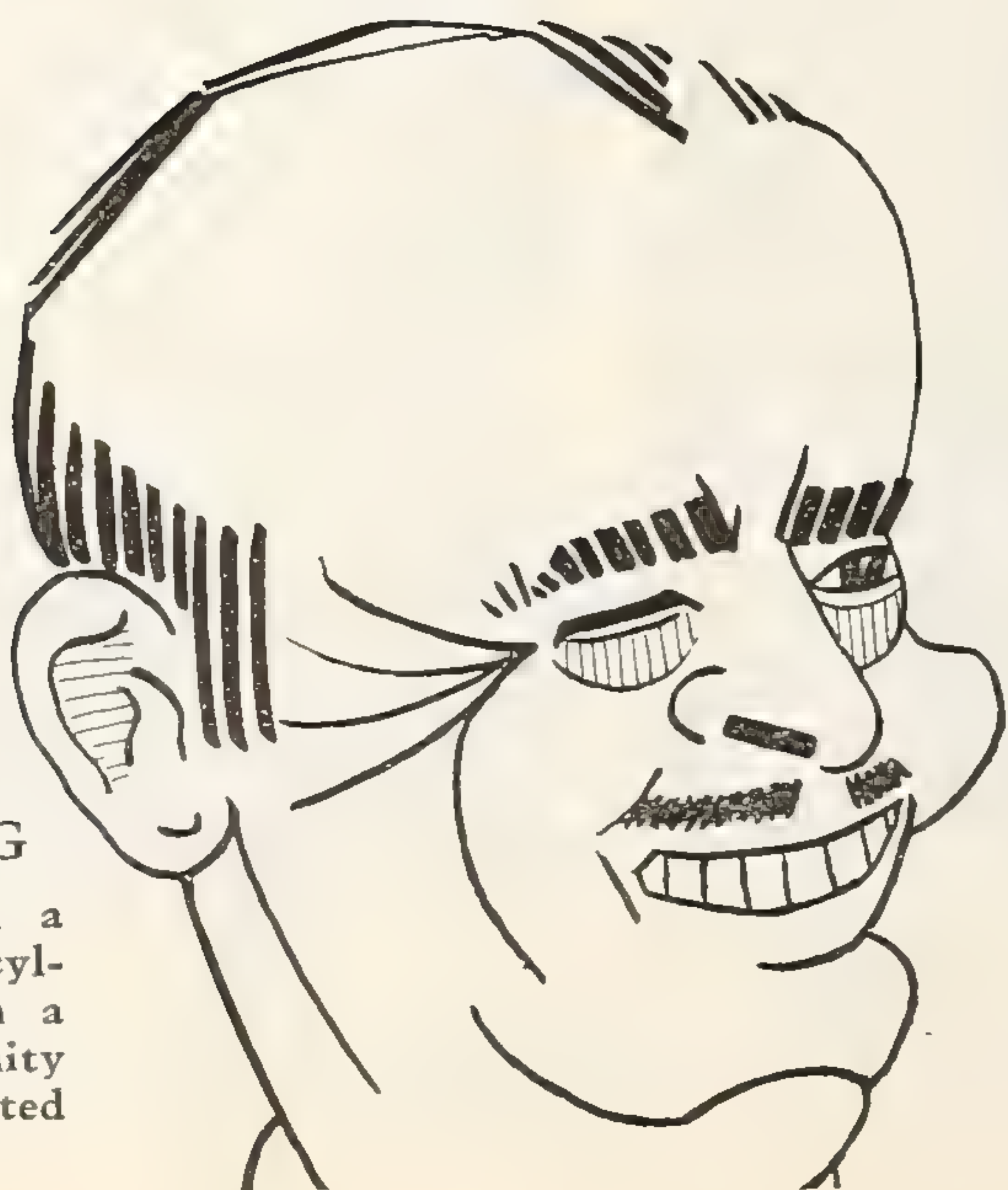
LAMP-EYED DIETRICH

Grand Rapids lamp-shade with cerise fringe. Jasmin perfume by the gallon. Too many white camellias.



SMUG DOUG

Robin Hood in a slicker. Twelve-cylinder motor with a wheeze. Community singing. Syndicated hero.



TWO-SNEER POWELL

Desperate Desmond up to his sneers in villainy. Romantic whispers in a formal garden. Black satin knee-breeches.

The Editor's Page.

AN OPEN LETTER TO JIMMY DUNN FROM DELIGHT EVANS



Jimmy Dunn, good sport! "Baby Take a Bow" was originally his own starring picture, but Shirley Temple's amazing popularity put her name over his. Read how Jimmy took it. Right, Mr. Dunn demonstrates that he can play other scenes besides Shirley-support!



DEAR JIMMY:

I want to apologize.

I always thought you were Hollywood's Play-boy Number One or at least sharing that honor with Jack Oakie. I liked you all right, and thought you might make a good actor some day—say in 1999, when you finally grew up, if ever. But I never, I admit it, took you very seriously. How could I? You were the Perpetual Juvenile; the Anything-for-a-Laugh Boy; the Courtin' Clown of pictures.

And then—well, Jimmy, right now I want to say I was wrong about you. From now on, you are on my list of preferred players. And all because of a certain little sprite of five, whose name I have vowed not to mention once more in this issue. You know whom I mean. Everybody knows. Miss S-rl-ey T-m-ple. Catch on? It seems she's a success. And all of a sudden the public voiced to the exhibitors of the country an unsuppressed desire to see her in anything and everything made of celluloid. There were objections, I hear—notably from one great big he-man star who is still pouting because she was billed as his co-star,

and he didn't want any little five-year-old upstart co-starring with him, no, sir; he just wouldn't stand for it. (But he stood for it). And then a James Dunn picture, "Baby Take a Bow," was scheduled. You were to be the star of the show. That is, until the audiences began to howl for—you know who; and you found yourself a member of the supporting cast.

Did you sulk? Did you scream? You did not. You went right into that picture and gave the performance of your life. Instead of fighting that child-wonder, you loved her, and showed it in all your scenes. You clowned, you danced, you emoted with her; and those scenes of you together will remain in my memory among the most charming, most refreshing ever filmed. And you won the hearts not only of your audience, but of the child you played with. You're her favorite actor. It may have been just smart showmanship on your part. I prefer to believe, and please don't stop me even if I am wrong, that you're one of the few who can take a joke, even if it's on you. Congratulations.



Clark Gable's Real Family Life!

By

James M. Fidler

*You'll know Clark, here in this story,
in a new way—wholesome, manly, and
entirely likeable!*

THIS is a story about Hollywood's outstanding friendship. It is about the magnificent good fellowship that binds a step-father and his children. It is the story of Clark Gable's fond regard for his own step-children, Georgianna and Alfred, and of their equal respect and love for him.

Actually, the comradeship involves Gable and Alfred more than Gable and Georgianna, because, while Clark is fond of his step-daughter, his real affection is devoted to Al. Between the two of them there is an almost father-and-son-like quality to their mutual admiration. It is with Alfred that Gable spends the greater portion of his spare time.

One remark that Gable uttered, when I went out to his house to talk with him about the children, struck me as being almost a "believe it or not." Clark said that neither the son nor the daughter has the slightest interest in motion pictures except as a mode of entertainment!

"Georgianna has been inside the studio fewer than half a dozen times," Gable told me. "Alfred has been

there only twice. One of his visits was for the express purpose of meeting me, to go with me on a fishing trip. The other time, he came to watch the photographing of an intricate process shot for a picture called 'Night Flight.' Al wants to be an aeronautical engineer; in fact, he is already studying toward that end. He came to the studio because he was anxious to observe at close quarters our studio method of making technical shots of airplane maneuvers."

"He is interested in aeronautical engineering?" I echoed. "You mean, he doesn't want to follow in your footsteps; he doesn't want to become a screen star?"

"He wants to be an engineer," Gable repeated. "He doesn't like motion pictures. He particularly dislikes all the ballyhoo that goes with the business. Do you know, he refuses to pose for photographs with me, because he doesn't want his face plastered all over! He has seen people crowd around me in public places, demanding autographs. He doesn't want to be Clark Gable's son, and have to stand for the same pawing. At school, few



Wide World

The Gables! Read what Clark tells about Al, his fine little step-son, in the accompanying exclusive story. Is Clark proud of that boy!

save his better friends know that he is the step-son of a motion picture actor.

"Al and I knew each other before I was plumped into all this fame stuff that has happened to me. A few years ago, we often went downtown together, attended previews together, or went to the various popular restaurants around Hollywood. He won't go with me now, because he has seen the autograph-seekers surround me. He doesn't like it. He has told me he doesn't like it. So he refuses to accompany me to public places except when it is unavoidable.

"He has no awe for me as a screen star. He isn't at all interested in the fact that I'm an actor. I honestly believe that he'd be happier if I were not an actor; if I were just an ordinary business man not surrounded by the halo and fuss that the public creates around its screen favorites.

"Al never talks to me about pictures. For that matter, neither does Georgianna. When I return home from the studio nights, Al and I engage in his problems. He never asks, 'What is Greta Garbo like?' or 'What is Joan Crawford like?'—because he isn't interested. Instead, he invites me to help him solve his troubles. He brings out his engineering books and paraphernalia, and first thing I know, we're sprawled out together on the floor of his workshop.

"Now, I don't know beans about engineering! I never could figure out mathematical problems. I'm a total loss at construction posers. I can't even nail two boards together, and know they'll stay nailed. So pretty soon, Al is telling *me* things, explaining intricate matters to me. At times, I guess he thinks I'm a pretty dumb egg. Yeah, and insofar as engineering is concerned, I guess I am. And no smart cracks, you!

"Al is all boy, thank God! Oh, I'd be fond of him, even if he were not. But I might not be as proud of him, and likely as not we wouldn't be the pals we are. I'm pretty much of an out-of-doors fellow. So is he. He rides, swims, plays tennis and golf, and fishes and hunts with the best of us. He learned to swim when he was four years old. He simply jumped into the water, and he had to swim or drown.

"He has real courage—the deep-down, natural kind. Proof of this

For the first time Clark talks about his step-children! Here's a new and refreshing slant on a Hollywood idol!

came to me two years ago. Al likes dogs; in fact, he's crazy about them. Likes all sorts of animals, as far as that goes. But dogs in particular. Pedigreed or mongrel, dogs are dogs to Al, and he takes to them like a nose to a sweet flower. Well, I had just arrived home from the studio, a couple of years ago, when I saw Al coming down the street from school, swinging his books on a strap. Between the boy and our house, a neighbor was taking her big dog out for an airing.

"Boylike, Al stepped up to the dog and extended his hand. Without warning, the dog leaped for his throat. Al thrust up his arm to protect himself, and thus deflected the dog's aim, so that instead of seizing the bare throat, he caught Al's chin and lower lip between his jaws. The girl-owner screamed, and jerked on the leash. Her jerks pulled the dog loose, but the animal's teeth left a jagged, ugly cut across the boy's lower face.

"During the entire sickening episode, Al didn't utter a sound. The whole thing transpired so rapidly that I hadn't time to aid him, although I started at once, of course. When I reached his side, he was walking toward home, and the blood was pouring from the wound. I hurried him into the house, summoned a doctor, and watched while the physician cauterized and dressed the wound. Not once, from the moment the dog leaped for him until the end of the episode, did Al open his mouth.

"I believe that was the day when I first discovered a deep respect for him. I had loved him before, naturally, but nothing had ever taken place to make me want to put my arm around his shoulders—as I did immediately following the doctor's departure. We've been pals ever since; *real* pals.

"Al often goes with me on fishing and camping trips. When we go away on such jaunts, we don't take a flock of servants with us. We go (*Continued on page 94*)



Home! Here's the comfortable living room of the Clark Gable house. The lovely portrait is of Georgianna. You'll enjoy reading of the magnificent good fellowship that binds a step-father and his children.

Everyone Should Have a Baby!

Says Edward G. Robinson,
in a story he has wanted
to tell the world since the
day his son was born!

By Dena Reed



The Robinsons' California home forms a perfect background for the happy family seen above.



Playing the rôle the famous actor says is the greatest in life—that of father, at left.



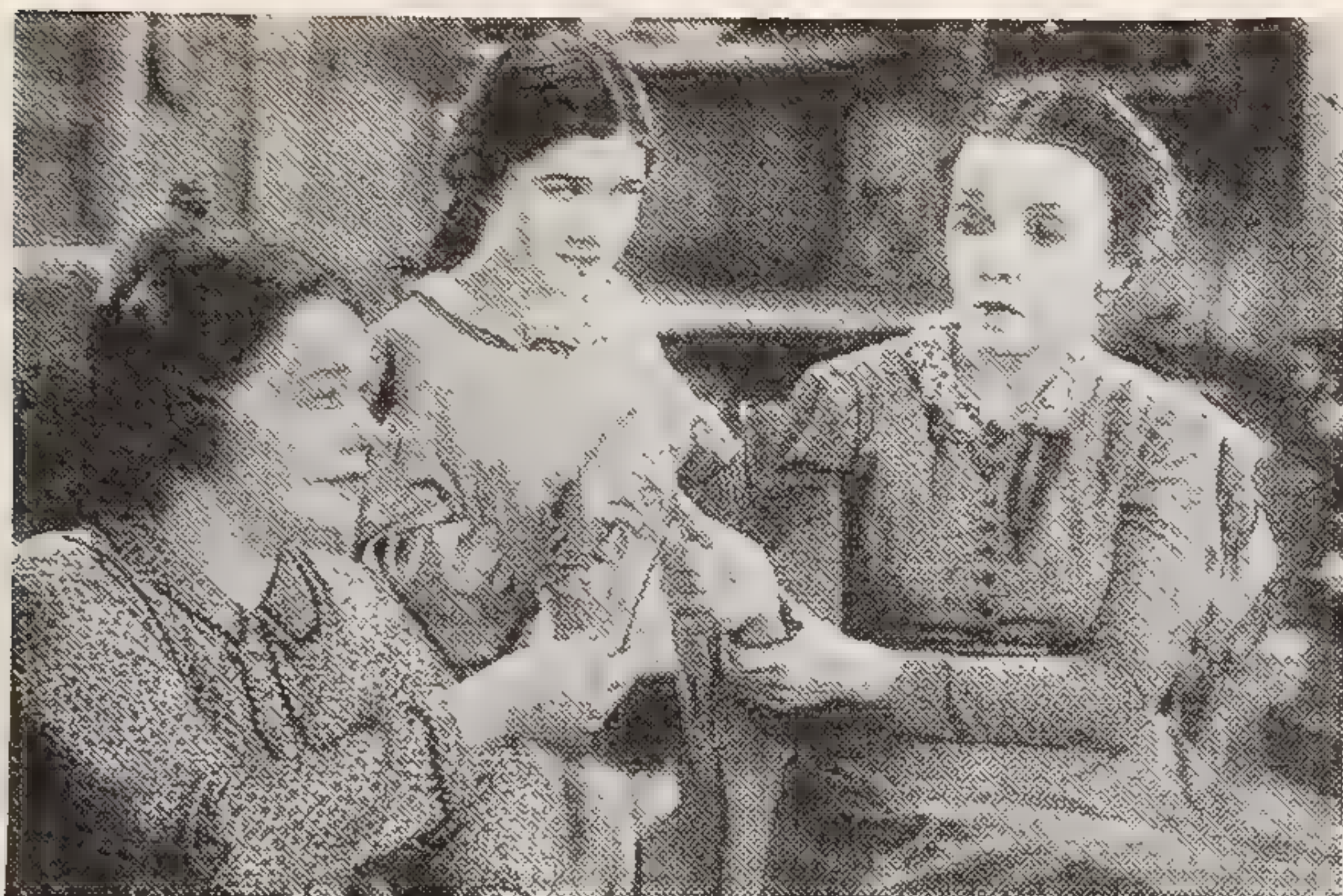
MUSSOLINI and Edward G. Robinson agree on one thing—everyone should have a baby! A great name on the Broadway stage won't do; Hollywood stardom won't suffice; a happy marriage, a beautiful home, wealth, prestige—none of these means anything without eight pounds or so of wailing babyhood—"that links you both to the past and to the future—otherwise you are lost in space!"

It's Robinson talking, the star whom you have thought of as ruthless, calculating, kind, or cruel as the script calls for. Actually he's one of our most intelligent actors, a charming gentleman, and at the moment, the most enthusiastic of fathers, to say the least.

"The story I've wanted to see in print about myself is 'Everyone Should Have a Baby,' by Edward Robinson—even *by request* of Edward Robinson," he declared. "I'd like to see it in big letters across the page. And I mean it!" he added as he puffed on his pipe like a real family man and grinned across at me. "Honestly you don't begin to live until you've had a child. It's the most important thing in life for either a man or a woman."

"A woman, perhaps," I conceded, "but a man? Isn't your career more important?"

"My son is more important to me than ten careers, and yet paradoxically he has given my career a new importance. I always wanted to make good pictures about real characters. Now I wouldn't want to make anything that that boy of mine won't some day be proud of. But aside from that, a man doesn't realize how selfish he's been until he's a father. He's loved his wife and worked and lived for himself. But a baby is the link between the past and the future. After all I and my career will be forgotten some day, but Eddie, Jr., is a production that I hope will never be forgotten. Having a child is a true resurrection or whatever you want to call it. But I'm not talking selfishly now. My son was an individual before he was born. It's uncanny, but Gladys would tell me all the mannerisms he was (Continued on page 89)



Above, Zasu Pitts as Miss Hazy in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," with Pauline Lord, left, in the rôle of Mrs. Wiggs.



Never seen in films is the serious lady shown at the right—Miss Pitts as her friends in private life know her.

"I Don't Think I'm Funny!"

So says Zasu Pitts, Hollywood's paradox, here revealed as she really is in an exclusive interview

By
James B. Fisher

"I DON'T think I'm funny! Most of the time I'm very serious!" This from Zasu Pitts!

At that precise moment, W. C. Fields, enacting a drunk scene, pulled over an old-fashioned wash bowl and pitcher with the handle of his ever-present cane. The crash of breaking crockery seemed almost like a premeditated exclamation point for Zasu's startling remark. She nodded in his direction. "There is my favorite comedian—nose and all!"

We were perched on the edge of a set being used in the filming of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" at the Paramount Studio. Zasu was obviously thrilled at the prospect of working with W. C. Fields and Pauline Lord. She has the greatest admiration for both of them.

"Quiet!" shouted the director. His assistants supplied the echoes. As I watched "W. C." break another pitcher and bowl I had ample opportunity to speculate on Zasu's strange statement. It does not seem so unusual when you really know her.

You see, the comic side of Zasu Pitts is the only side her fans may now see, but the real Zasu has always been of an essentially melancholy nature. It is said that every comic, every circus clown desires to play a tragic rôle. Charlie Chaplin wants to play "Hamlet"—but he can't; Zasu Pitts does not want to be *Ophelia*—but she could!

Zasu has put the "reverse English" on a moss-covered theory, and from tragic or heavy dramatic rôles has progressed to comedy. The instant she appears on the screen is the accepted moment for thousands of movie fans to break into such hearty laughter that her lines cannot be heard. Yet she has not always been a comedienne. In fact, her career started with a high-school play in which she portrayed so well a serious rôle in which both Maude Adams and Mrs. Fiske had starred that she was prompted by the unanimous praise of her townspeople to come (Continued on page 72)





Norma Shearer's sets for "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" were tightly closed. Read the odd reason!



Joan Crawford, below, may welcome Clark Gable on the steps of her portable dressing-room, left, but she cringes at some visitors.



WHY Closed Sets are CLOSED!



The forbidding sound stage of the

IF THERE is any dictum guaranteed to make the Hollywood newspaper man see red it is the CLOSED SET sign staring him in the face just when he is in the frame of mind to drop in and pick up a little studio gossip on the Hollywood honeys at work.

"How come you can't set foot on Norma Shearer's sacred 'The Barretts of Wimpole Street' set when you can get on to watch such swell troupers as John Barrymore, Katharine Hepburn, (yes, it has been done), Barbara Stanwyck, Clark Gable, William Powell, Cagney and Blondell, Warner Baxter, Janet Gaynor, Gary Cooper, Jean Harlow and dozens of other first trench stars of these Hollywood studios?" I recently heard a young syndicate writer squawk to high heaven, and the

M-G-M publicity department. He got the stock reply.

"For the same reason you can't get on Greta Garbo's, Mae West's, Constance Bennett's, Marlene Dietrich's or Ann Harding's!" returned the peppery young thing who dishes out answers as well as publicity. "It's a rule!"

"You mean it's a rush of importance to the head!" retorted the young syndicator.

And generally speaking, that's just about the way the boys and girls who have fought tooth and nail to get on the inside of such pictures in the making as "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," "The Scarlet Empress" and other big films feel about it.

If you can drop in and watch John Barrymore and Fredric March going through their dramatic paces,



Paramount Studio as seen by the outsider.

what's so mysterious and difficult with what Bennett, Norma Shearer, Mae West, and Marlene are doing that they can't stand to be observed? If Jean Harlow can emote before an audience what gets into Joan Crawford now and then when she goes CLOSED SET? Barbara Stanwyck has done as many soul-tearing scenes as Marlene Dietrich, only you can watch Barbara if you've a mind to—and Marlene has two guards at the door to see you don't watch her!

Yet, I wonder if ritziness, exclusiveness, big-headedness or even artistic temperament is wholly to blame for the royal command: NO ONE IS PERMITTED ON THIS SET. . . . THERE IS NO EXCEPTION TO THIS RULE. KEEP OUT . . . THIS MEANS YOU.

Many stars have strange reasons for closing their sets to the press, their friends, and all visitors. You'll want to read why!

By Dorothy Manners

On the "call sheet" at Paramount where they keep track of the various companies in production from day to day, there was one sheet reading: *Working on Stage 6. . . . Miss West . . . Mr. Brown the General and two maids.* THIS SET IS ABSOLUTELY CLOSED TO EVERYONE INCLUDING THE PRESS. DO NOT EMBARRASS THE PUBLICITY DEPARTMENT BY ATTEMPTING TO MAKE EXCEPTION TO THIS RULING.

"And that can't be," said the gentleman who was reading over my shoulder, "because Mae is timid. She's been working on the stage before audiences all her life. Funny to see Mae going movie star on us!"

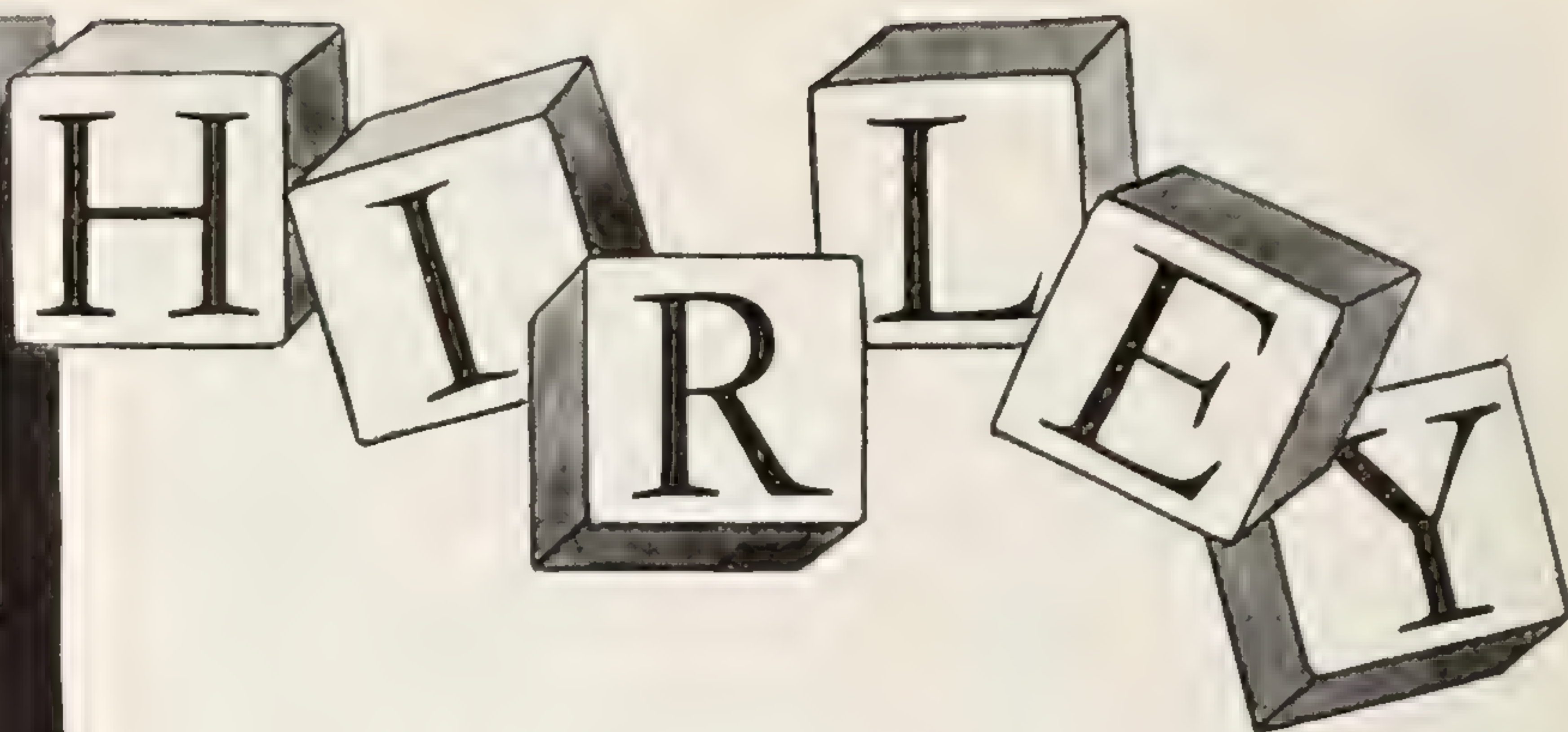
Well, he was right on one point! It does *not* make Mae nervous to be watched by an audience, even when she is going through her wiggliest paces. But it does make her hopping mad to be the victim of rumors which have cropped up from set "bystanders."

The first (Continued on page 76)



Marlene Dietrich, left, cannot be watched while working. The busy scene below, for "The Scarlet Empress," with arrow pointing to Marlene, is as close as you'll ever get to seeing Dietrich in action!





Temple's Mother Tells How Shirley Became a Star!

EVER since Shirley Temple has flashed across the screen stealing the spotlight from Katharine Hepburn, Mae West, Joan Crawford, and the other famous and established stars, every mother in America has wanted to know just how Shirley's mother did it!

Of course, not every mother wants her child to be a movie star. But seeing little Shirley up there on the screen has made many a mother wonder if *her* child has the potentialities that are expressed in Shirley. Maybe a little more spinach—? Or getting to bed an hour earlier every night—? Or taking dancing lessons—? Certainly it would do no harm to have one's own darling demonstrate the grace and intelligence, the glowing health and spontaneity that distinguish Shirley from all the other children in Hollywood—and the world at large. So let's see what Mrs. Temple says about it all. Has she a secret formula? Does she follow the most popular current methods? Or is she just an old-fashioned mother in a new setting?

First, let me introduce you to Shirley as I saw her. Oh, I know you've read about her, and have seen innumerable pictures of her. But that isn't quite the same as spending days with her, as I did. I must confess that her charm completely captivated me right at the outset. Nothing could ever keep this child in the background. She's a very definite personality, destined to stand out from the crowd. A happy, sturdy little girl with dancing eyes, generous dimples, and curly blonde hair that is natural. No "smartiness" whatever, I assure you.

I watched Shirley do a dramatic and very poignant scene with Gary Cooper and Carole Lombard in "Now and Forever," and Shirley's heartbroken sobs when she thinks her Daddy, (Gary), has failed her, were so realistic that I had to blink hard to keep from weeping with her.

"How do you do it?" I asked her, as we walked off the set.

"Oh, I don't know," she answered, simply. "I just pretend I'm sad and then I cry."

"Tell me about her," I asked Mrs. Temple, as we seated ourselves on a bench a few feet from the table where Shirley and her little stand-in, Marilyn Granas, were already happily painting with water colors the fantastic drawings of elephants that Gary had made for her, while Rachel Smith, the studio teacher, sat beside them.

Mrs. Temple is an attractive young woman with much charm. She, too, remains unspoiled by the success showered upon Shirley. She admits that rearing a screen star is a big responsibility but adds that it is a grand adventure.

"Shirley is my dream-daughter come true," she said. "I always wanted a little girl but when two fine sons came it seemed as if our family was complete. My life became filled with domestic and social duties and I had almost given up the idea of another baby. But the desire for a daughter persisted and I knew I'd never be contented until she came."

"During the months before her birth I pushed aside everything else and concentrated on her perfect develop-



Shirley and her attractive mother, Mrs. George F. Temple, who tells you all about the inspiration and training that have gone toward making Shirley a star.

ment, physical and mental. I lived out of doors as much as possible and studied everything I wanted her to be familiar with—music, art, the classics. I wanted her to be artistic, I was determined she should *excel* at something. I didn't especially plan a career and only vaguely thought of acting, but I hoped she would be a musician and a dancer. I had cherished a secret ambition to be a great dancer but never got beyond the ballroom steps. Too, I married very young. But music always made my blood tingle, I could *feel* the dance although I could not execute it, so I dwelt on these thoughts continually and knew very positively, that my child would dance and sing. Her early love of dancing seemed natural to me.

"Shirley was born at our home in Santa Monica, April 23, 1929, and weighed 6½ pounds. She was a fat, roly-poly baby and I remember that Mr. Temple held out her tiny leg for me to see the perfectly rounded calf."

Mrs. Temple insisted on feeding her baby by nature's method for the first four months, easing off into a certain infant food and finally, when Shirley was ten months old, she was put on a whole milk diet.

She's been reared according to schedule and even yet is looked over once a month by a baby specialist. She's never had a sick day, not one. Perhaps that is one reason she has such a sweet, happy disposition that nothing upsets her.

"We have been strict, very strict with her," continued Mrs. Temple, "and none of us spoil her. The responsibility of disciplining her is mine entirely, with no interference from her father or her brothers. When I (Continued on page 78)

For the first time, the mother of the baby screen sensation reveals just how she has brought up her famous daughter! Everything every other mother wants to know about raising a child to be a movie star is told here. And Shirley's admirers of assorted ages will enjoy it, too!

By Maude Cheatham

Big star and little star! Maybe Gary Cooper and other actors might resent having a five-year-old steal their best scenes if Shirley weren't such a natural, unspoiled youngster. As it is, all Hollywood loves her.



Bellamy Isn't Baffled!

Stage or pictures, if it's acting, Ralph takes it all in his stride!

By



"Quit pictures? Not on your life!" says Ralph Bellamy, who promises that if he returns to the stage it will only be for a "vacation."

WAS Ralph Bellamy's decision to pack off to the East to make a picture in New York this summer the prelude to a contemplated Hollywood desertion by one of the films well-favored and highly competent leading men?

That question was bound to arise about an actor, free from contractual obligations to any of the studios but much in demand by most of them, who suddenly quit the Hollywood scene for New York. In Bellamy's case the question became the father to a report that he planned a return to the stage he had walked out on four years ago to accept motion picture offers.

The rumor did not throw Ralph Bellamy into a pet. As a matter of fact one judges that it would take a good deal to disturb the calm good humor of the powerfully-built chap who, a moment before, had breezed into his hotel, after working under studio lights on one of the hottest days New York had known in years, with the announcement that he was "feeling fine. No kidding, this is my weather. I like it hot like this."

"If I do a play," he said in reply to my question, "it will be for the purpose of giving the picture fans a rest from me, and myself a rest to prevent staleness, more than through any desire to return to the theatre as a matter of preference between the studio and the stage."

Ralph had had time to accept the drink which Mrs.

Bellamy prepared for us, and sprawled informally on a divan, the enthusiasm he expressed for pictures was as convincing as his declaration about how the hot weather was to his liking. If the big fellow wanted it "hot" he was getting what he wanted. If only he didn't look so comfortable, I might have drawn some measure of spiteful satisfaction from the spectacle of a person having such absurd ideas get his wish and jolly well pay for for them. His white cheviot jacket was buttoned, his blue shirt was open at the throat, as it was designed to be, even his

occasional sipping of the cooling libation he held in his hand seemed more a gesture of the polite host than for any refreshment he required from it.

"I always want to be in pictures," he went on. "When the time comes that I can no longer act regularly in them, I'll try to become a director, and if I can't direct, I'll do something else connected with the production of motion pictures."

"I feel sure of that, because I believe I am more thoroughly 'sold' on pictures as medium of dramatic expression than any player who has gone into films from the stage."

One might expect an actor who had successfully thwarted the efforts of the casting directors to "type" him, and who as a free lance for a couple of years has played at most of the major studios—something which involves plenty of worries—to crow just a bit. To enjoy at least a little laugh at Hollywood's expense.

At least I expected that, and I tried a lead in that direction. No dice! Bellamy, while not by any means a yes-man for Hollywood, seems too interested in pictures for their own sake to be concerned with any of the more petty or superficial phases of the business.

By the time this interview appears in type, facts about Bellamy's return to the stage may be a matter of public record. In that event, the (Continued on page 92)

But Kitty Carlisle Is!

Tom Kennedy

The screen's new singing star is rather surprised at her sudden success!

THE girl who thought she was "too tall and too funny-faced" to be a motion picture prospect, today stands among the relatively few who have forged ahead from film obscurity to co-stardom after two picture performances!

Just what kind of record should be written to the credit of Kitty Carlisle because of the rapidity of her ascent to prominence, I frankly don't know. Moreover, I don't think it sufficiently important to invoke the statistics for purposes of inscribing the details here.

Sufficiently complete will be this particular record with matters more closely associated with the new singing actress who within a few months of her first appearance on a movie lot has been nominated for co-stardom with Bing Crosby.

To begin with, Kitty Carlisle is so typically herself that there's no sensible reason for drawing parallels. In the first place the pictures went to Kitty—which, these days, is something like the mountain hiking across the continent to pay a visit to a bungalow by the sea!

And if there is something to what Kitty smilingly suggested when she said that "maybe it was the black tights" she wore in her rôle in "Champagne Sec" on the stage, which attracted the movie scouts, we'll wager not one of the talent-seekers who offered her screen tests in behalf of their bosses would admit that today.

Personally, I am all for giving the scouts full credit for knowing a screen possibility when they see and hear one playing in a Broadway musical—black tights to the contrary notwithstanding.

There is the fact, recorded in the public prints after that opening night on Broadway, that the picture scouts formed files and marched behind Mr. Dwight Wiman, producer of "Champagne Sec," to Kitty's dressing room. Waving option contracts and thrusting fountain pens at her, the scouts made a rush for Kitty before she even had a chance to get out of the tights which gave a silken



Here's the girl who couldn't believe she was a screen prospect! And now Kitty Carlisle gains co-starring honors after two screen rôles.

sheen to her shapely limbs. The scouts meant business.

But alas and alack, the chaps who thought they were Johnnies on the spot were to meet disappointment—and at the hands of one of their own number. A Paramount scout, you see, had caught the show out of town, and in the arty quiet of Westport, Connecticut, had secured Kitty Carlisle's name on the dotted line promising his company first screen test. She made good her promise, and that was the only screen test Kitty made. For the Paramount chiefs looked at the result, made their terms, and the day after "Champagne Sec" ran down its last curtain, Kitty was on her way to Hollywood.

When you meet this tallish, dark-haired girl with the responsive, buoyant manner, the first impression is that Kitty Carlisle is one of those people fortunately endowed with a sense of direction and self-assurance that enables them to take everything "in stride."

The scene of this interview was a hotel apartment in New York, during a between-pictures vacation on which Kitty had intended to renew acquaintances in Manhattan after her stay in Hollywood.

"My last vacation in New York," said Kitty, a trifle breathless from running back and forth from one room to another donning millinery and other gee-gaws to be photographed in some of the newer inventions in feminine finery being readied by (Continued on page 92)

Would You be Happy?

By Ruth Tildesley

Mrs. Natalie M. Kalmus, artist and color expert, who tells you what colors to wear, and which ones to avoid



*Kay Francis,
Brunette*

COLORS are more important than you think!

You shouldn't wear blue just because you have blue eyes, or black because you aren't as slender as you were, or gray and red because those are your class colors. Oh, no! You should choose the shades that enhance your own particular personality.

There are colors that can make you look taller, there are those that have a slimming effect, and there are colors that give apparent warmth or coolness or make you feel depressed.

"Poor choice of color can ruin your progress in business or spoil your social aspirations," states Natalie M. Kalmus, artist and expert who passes on the color used in costumes and sets in motion pictures.

"It's a good idea to wear shades that will emphasize your coloring. A New York scientist claims that sixty per cent of personality is expressed through your eyes. So the average blue-eyed woman thinks that she should

*Janet Gaynor,
Red-Head*



Brunettes like Kay Francis should go in for peach, apricot, and yellow; for Copenhagen blue and golden brown, according to our authority.

Girls with red hair and brown eyes, like Janet Gaynor, are advised to wear soft tones of green, turquoise blue, various browns with pink.

Watch Your Colors!

Want to wear the colors most harmonious to your type? Share with the screen stars an authority's advice. You'll be entertained!

wear blue of the same intensity as her eyes and her problem is settled. But it isn't; she is decreasing the effectiveness of her personality.

"What she should do is to wear colors in tones of the complement to blue which is orange; that is, she should choose some tone of orange, apricot, or peach, to build up her distinction of person—another name for personality."

Mrs. Kalmus would like to see Loretta Young wear a sort of grayish orange—a low tone of orange—because of her blue eyes and soft brown hair.

"Pastels are for her, because of her youth, and amethyst is especially good. Warm yellows and henna tones going into darker browns for street wear, are excellent (Continued on page 97)

Loretta Young,
Medium



Are you the medium type, like Loretta Young? Then you should select pastel colors, warm yellows, and low tones of orange, apricot or peach.



Ann Harding,
Blonde

Blues for blondes! But the Ann Harding type can also wear to advantage the yellows, browns, and rusts, suggests our color expert.



AT LAST!

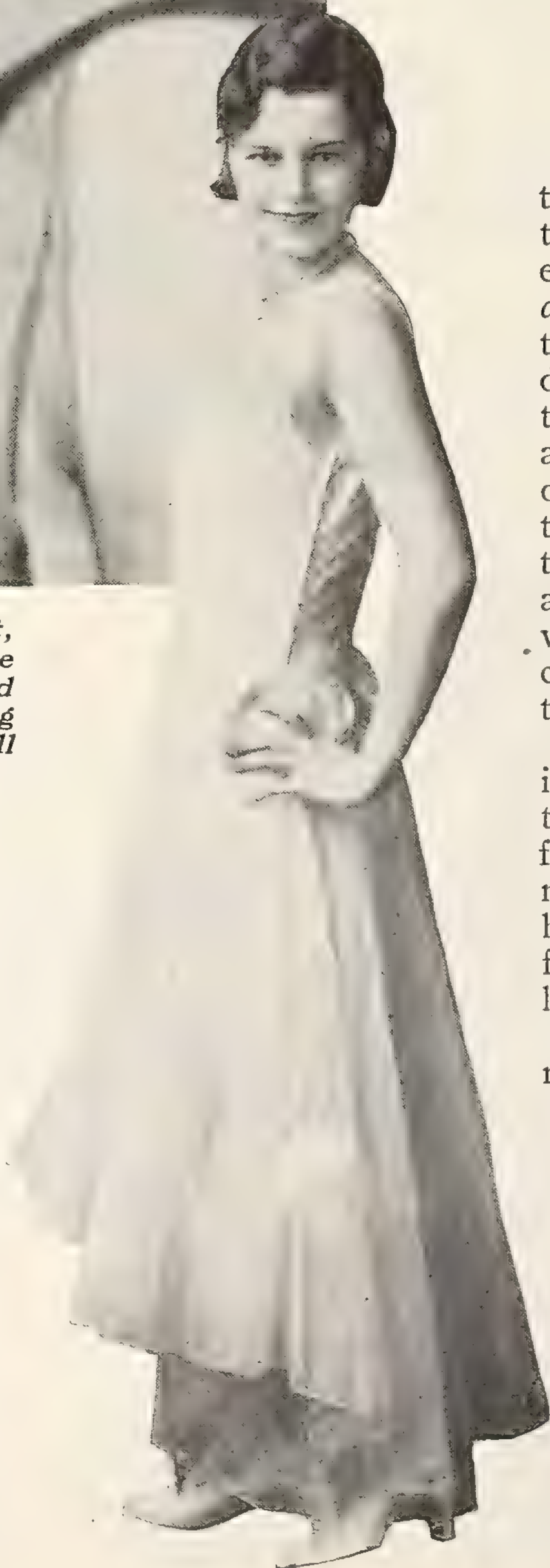
The Real Saga of Sullavan!

By

Hilary Lynn



Margaret Sullavan today, above. Right, "Peggy" Sullavan the débutante, in the white tulle frock she wore when she was presented to Norfolk, Virginia, society at the opening ball of the Norfolk German Club in the fall of 1929.



FOR some time I've had a burning desire to get to the bottom of all these fabulous contradictions concerning the incorrigible (by hearsay) Sullavan. (Please note: the *I* is conspicuous by its absence—as it usually is in Miss Sullavan's infrequent interviews with the press! And that's one of the things that give the publicity boys at Universal nervous indigestion. After all, how can they expect to have stories printed about her when she won't talk about herself?)

One of the current rumors about her is—she is *bitter, resentful, selfish*; that *nothing can touch her*. Which is the reason, they say, that she avoids people. Another is that she's *high-hat*—not in the Garbo way, but *insulting in the Hepburn way*. An act, it's reported. And then again, another theory—voiced by the group who've been reading

too much modern psychology—is that this strange Sullavan girl is eaten up by a *deep-seated inferiority complex* which, they say, is due to the fact, (so they pretend to have discovered from reliable sources), that she was a very strange child, aloof and distant and much later in developing than other children. Or to the much more provocative fact that her early marriage to a fellow actor, in those gay days when she was in summer stock in the vacation coast towns of New England, didn't take.

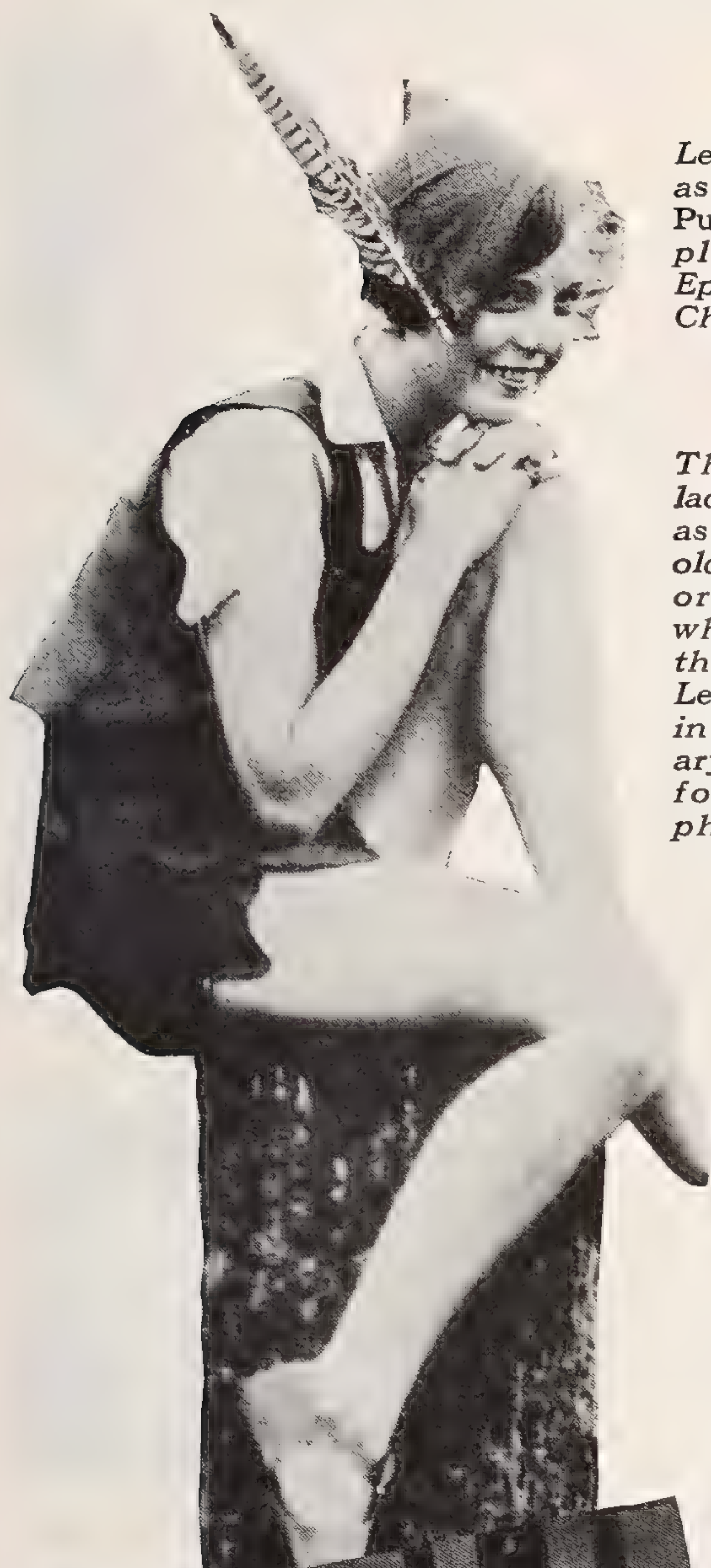
So Hollywood speculates and ties itself into knots, and invents stories that are about 50,000 miles removed from the truth about Sullavan! What makes it doubly hard to make either heads or true tales out of all this false hearsay is that "Peggy" doesn't like to talk about herself.

Well, well, well! How would you really like to know the truth about her?

If we were trying to analyze Margaret Sullavan, (which we are not), we'd probably say the Hollywood fault-finders object to her because she is too normal.

Take just a few indications of that alarming quality: Born in Norfolk, Virginia, she developed like any other healthy American child—slightly on the tomboy side, up through the guinea-pig-rabbit-white-mice-baby-bird-alli-

Solving the mystery of Margaret! All your questions about the brilliant young star are answered in this story with newly revealed facts and family photographs!



Left: Miss Sullavan as she appeared as Puck in the May Day play at Chatham Episcopal Institute, Chatham, Virginia, in 1927.

The lovely young lady below is "Peggy" as she looked in the old-fashioned white organdie costume which she wore at the Washington and Lee fancy dress ball in Norfolk in January, 1930. Never before have these photographs been published.



She was just two years old when the picture above was snapped! We are indebted to Miss Sullavan for permitting us to show you these hitherto unpublished photographs.

gator-dog-and-cat stage to the Girl Scout period. From the age of 13 to 18 she did nothing else but swim, dive, ride, and shoot—things that most Hollywood actresses don't learn until they arrive in the film colony. Spending every summer at girls' camps in Vermont and New Hampshire, she acquired a nice, spicy New England flavor to add to that soft mellow Southern one. Any girl who couldn't climb a mountain range, blaze a trail, take a three-day canoe trip down the Connecticut River in any kind of weather, and sleep on its banks at night beside a camp-fire, was just a sissy to young "Peggy" Sullavan!

Which fact, somehow, puts a kink in those theories about her being a strange, unmanageable, inhibited child.

And she frankly admits that she didn't have any great urge to go on the stage. There was none of that standing before the mirror at night, doing the balcony scene from "Romeo and Juliet" and repeating to herself: "I'm going to be a second Sarah Bernhardt—I'm going to be a second Sarah Bernhardt!"

"If I thought about the stage at all," she told me, "it was probably in the same adolescent, secretly dreaming way I might have thought it fun to have been one of the greatest courtesans of the 18th century French court. It was as romantic and as remote from my life as that!"

And probably only because of the chance suggestion of a school chum that Peggy try out for a part in her school commencement play, "Bab, the Sub-Deb," have we had the moving experience of seeing Margaret Sullavan on the screen.

But even after that amateur success, acting wasn't the great compulsion in Peggy's (Continued on page 84)



New Girls, New Boys!

"Finds" are the life-blood of the film industry! Meet this group of possible stars of tomorrow

By
James M. Fidler



Iris Shunn



George Ford



Betty Bryson



John Bradford



Mona Barrie

NO MOTION picture company is more progressive than the Fox organization in the current race to build new stars for the years to come. In past articles of this series dealing with studio newcomers, I have taken SCREENLAND readers on tours through the Paramount, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and Warner Brothers studios, and on each occasion, I introduced you to the respective young contract players of the lot visited.

The Fox Film Company has almost twice as many "starlets" under contract as its nearest competitor in that field, Warner Brothers. To be more precise, the Fox organization now has a stock company numbering forty-five newcomers. Officials of the company are ready to wager that at least five of these will develop into stars, and that another ten will become featured players.

Before I take you from dressing-room to dressing-room, where you will meet, in person, these comely youngsters, permit me to tell you something about the Fox Dramatic School.

This school is an innovation on the part of studio officials, who hope thus to train raw material into finished product, prepared to handle difficult acting that may be entrusted to them in years to come.

Daily between the hours of nine and twelve noon, dramatic classes are conducted at the Fox studio. Morris Ankrum, veteran writer-actor-director, and Lillian Barkley, well-known dramatic coach, are in charge. Under the tutelage of these two capable leaders, the stock players engage in one-act dramas. Twice monthly, the entire troupe are given lengthy screen tests. Their development as actors and actresses is proven in their tests. The school will eventually bring about a survival of the fittest. Young players who show no promise after months of training will be released from contract, and new talent will replace them.

The building of physical bodies, as well as the development of histrionic talent, is part of the school work. Setting up exercises, bi-weekly classes at the beach, swimming and dancing lessons, and other routine designed to fit bodies for the strenuous grind of acting in motion pictures, are all a part of the Fox school.

The pupils, (if they may be so designated), are taught how to walk, talk, eat, and conduct themselves generally. They acquire poise. Their individual charm is developed. An intensive course in the Fox Dramatic School is almost the equal of a thorough finishing school education.

It is from this school that Fox officials have already graduated several promising young players. It is from this school that the company hopes to pluck many of its principal players during the years to come.

Now, follow me to Dressing-Room Row. Past imposing administration buildings we go, pausing to admire the refreshing green lawns and flowers that surround these buildings. Down beyond the row of projection rooms, where motion pictures in their infancy are projected and re-projected, cut and edited, finally to emerge in finished form for exhibition in every corner of the world. And there, in those beautiful, cheerful bungalows and general quarters, are the dressing-rooms. Come along; let's meet the Fox starlets.

No doubt you are already familiar with the (*Continued on page 80*)



Roxanne Sybil



Nick Foran



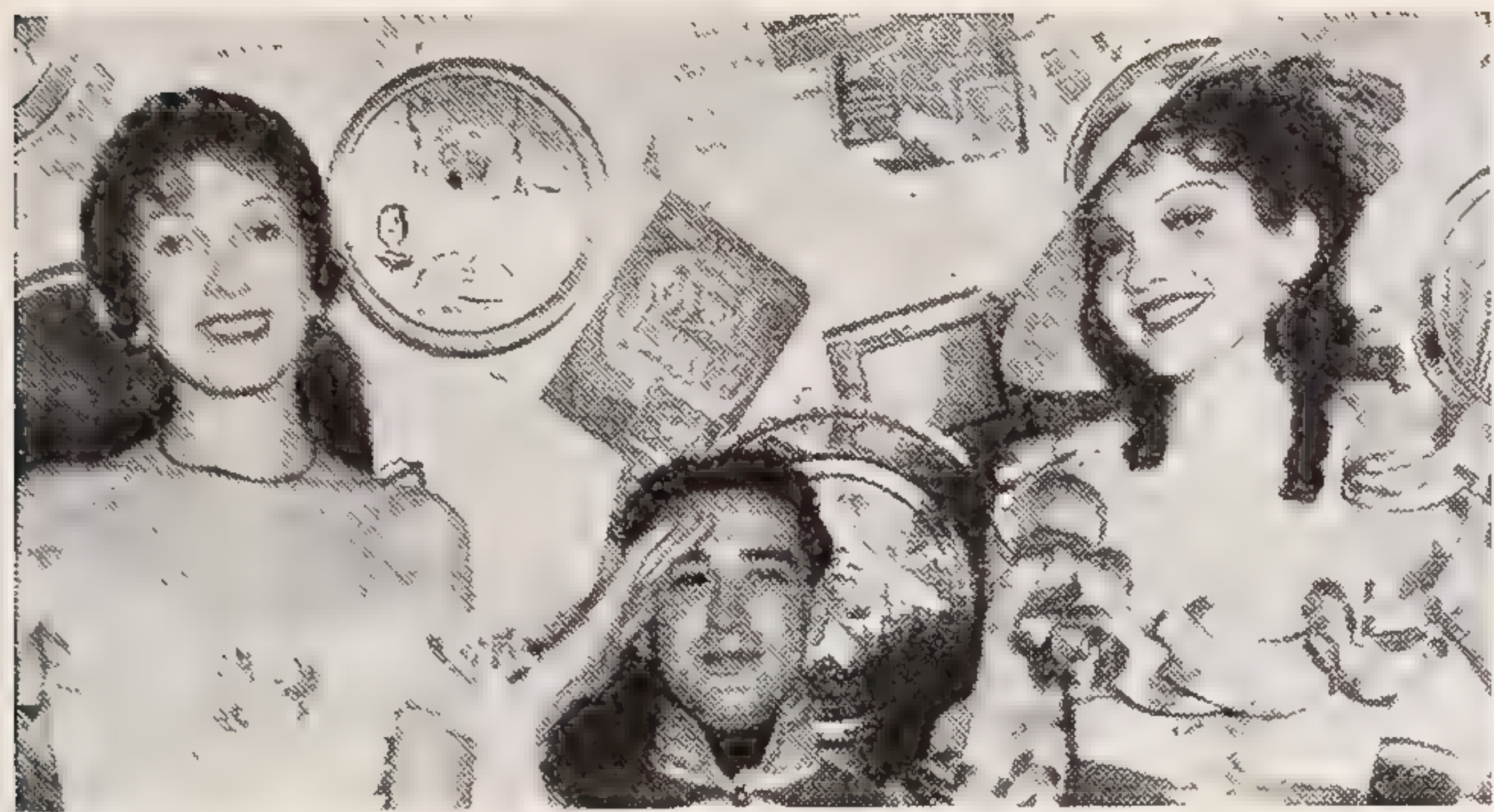
Pat Cunning



Rosemary Ames



Hugh Williams



Aome



Wide World

Claudette, right, in her new rôle of Party Girl! Before she stepped out! Stepping out with her best beau, Norman Foster.

Claudette Steps Out!

WHAT with a clean-up campaign on in Hollywood and every one doing an *Iris March* and dying for purity the night-club owners were just about to throw Jack Oakie and Lyle Talbot out into the night and close up shop when who should suddenly appear on their door-steps but—of all people—Claudette Colbert! Looking like a feminine foible *de luxe*. My, my, were they surprised! Orchestras began to play, Ross and Sargeant and Gene Austin began to sing, necks began to rubber—("It can't be Claudette Colbert, silly! She never goes out at night. Migosh, it is Claudette Colbert!")—and Mr. DeMille's *Cleopatra* began to swig a great big glass of milk. It was indeed an Occasion.

Well, the following morning when I read in Louella's column that Claudette had been seen dancing at the Cocoanut Grove the night before, and the next morning I read that Claudette had looked radiantly lovely at the Marion Davies Benefit Ball at the Biltmore, and the next morning I read that Claudette had been seen at a late hour at the King's Club along with Marlene Dietrich, Douglass Montgomery, Carole Lombard and Russ Colombo, and the next morning I read that one of the most beautiful guests at Junior Laemmle's costume ball was Claudette—well, I just sort of said to myself, for a nice home girl she certainly manages to get about.

Claudette has never before joined in the "social life," as we playfully call it, of our village. Crooners have come and crooners have gone at the Cocoanut Grove but Claudette has never heard them. Many a hostess has written her a note saying "Dinner at eight" only to re-

ceive three dozen white roses at six. Except for an occasional play or preview ten o'clock has usually found Claudette on the safe side of her Brentwood door. Indeed, a Hollywood chauffeur's dream is to drive for Claudette Colbert. She has never been one to pal around with her producers, her directors, and her fellow players. She gives very few dinner parties, usually the same people, and goes to even fewer. (Continued on page 74)

Here's a Colbert
you never knew
before—and
she's the Best!

By

Elizabeth Wilson





Inspiration + Study + Work = Success!

*She has inspired
many stars!
Frances Robin-
son-Duff.*

HOW would you like to meet the person that Katharine Hepburn adores? That Douglass Montgomery visits three times a day? That Helen Hayes, Miriam Hopkins, Ruth Chatterton and countless other stars from Hollywood to Broadway consider an invaluable friend?

Of course, you would! So, come along with me to a four-story English basement house in the fashionable East Sixties of New York and let me introduce you to Frances Robinson-Duff. Her vibrant personality is the power behind the voices of some of your favorite players. She turns nasal tones into silvery notes, and flat, dull speech into rich, shaded inflections. Small wonder that any ambitious actor will sacrifice every leisure hour, (and a goodly portion of his salary!), to study vowels and consonants with her.

Seated on a throne chair in her

Louis Seize study on the top floor, where autographs of the famous, old program clippings, and pictures from her own theatrical scrapbook adorn the walls, she likes to reminisce about the illustrious pupils she has been privileged to teach during the past thirty-four years.

It was exactly thirteen years ago that Ina Claire first came to her. John Gilbert had not as yet crossed her path, but she had other problems!

"I have 'corns' on my larynx. Can you help me?" Ina wanted to know.

Frances Duff not only cured her "corns," but taught her breathing, enunciation, diction, pantomime, voice placement, interpretation of rôles, and the fundamental rules of drama and comedy which govern the art of the theatre.

For thirteen years, she has continued to coach her in every rôle. Even when Miss Claire made her talking screen début in "The Royal Family" Miss Duff watched and worked every day to see that "dat ole debbil mike" played no tricks on her prize pupil.

It was about three years ago that another ambitious actress brought her problems to this great teacher. She had just graduated from Bryn Mawr and had joined a stock company in Baltimore.

"I've had no previous practical experience," she announced. "I'm awkward—my voice is New England at its worst—and I'm flagrantly amateur. What I need is technical training in all branches of dramatic expression. Will you take me on?"

Miss Duff's eyes wandered to the picture of a young girl, whose large picture hat framed the interesting, angular face of Katharine Hepburn.

"I liked her frank, direct manner, and sensed immediately

*Dearest Miss Duff -
I couldn't even begin to
thank you last night for
all I know you've done for
me in this play. I'm so
hopeless when it comes to
saying things - I can
only feel grateful to you
with all my heart
Sincerely
Helen Hayes.*

*Helen Hayes is grateful! Here's a
peek at some hitherto unpublished
correspondence.*



Once there was an ambitious young New York stage actress named Miriam Hopkins—above. She blossomed, through hard work and study, into the lovely star at the right. Read how she persistently plugged away for fame!



Read how some of your screen favorites developed those talents you admire today

Want to read a letter from Katharine Hepburn's mother? You have her permission, so go ahead—below, and right.

My dear Miss Duff. —
I saw Kate
play in Washington.
and I want to
congratulate you
on what you have
done to her voice.
It is lovely! I

was thrilled — she so
longer talks too fast
and her voice is
musical and
delightful — Blessings
on you for all
that you have done,
for her. I hope
to meet you some
day as Kate tells

By Radie Harris

me that you are one of
the most delightful
people in the world —
Thanking you for all
that you have meant to
her, I am,
Yours faithfully,
Katharine Thought-Hepburn

her potential greatness," Miss Duff told me. "We started in to work at once — Katharine had just been given the feminine lead opposite Kenneth MacKenna in the stage play, 'The Big Pond.' Her voice was crisp and cultured, but had a strident tone to it. The first few lessons were spent placing the voice in its entire scale by finding her individual key. She proved an indefatigable student—and a quick one.

"The night 'The Big Pond' was to open at Great Neck for its try-out performance prior to the Broadway premiere, I was detained in New York, and couldn't get there until just before curtain. I made Katharine promise me that she would see no one, eat a light supper and relax in her dressing-room until her first call. But the poor darling was far too nervous and excited by the ordeal confronting her, to remember my rigid instructions! She was like a race-horse, tense at the leash, raring to go—and go she did, exhausting every ounce of her energy! Naturally, she had little left to sustain her through three acts of a professional debut.

"I had been with her during all the rehearsals of the play, and had watched her bring to her rôle the same consummate art that two years later was to bring her world recognition. I knew that when she opened on Broadway, she would be duly acclaimed. But the producers sitting out front at Great Neck that night, were less optimistic.

"She's not good enough for Broadway," was their snap judgment. 'Give her notice after to-



night's performance. She won't do.'

"It was a terrific blow, but Katharine took it like a Spartan. She didn't shed a tear—just sat opposite me, white and gaunt.

"Aren't you proud of me?" she demanded.

"No, I'm not," I retorted. 'I'd much rather see you give vent to your feelings in a burst of hysteria!'

Miss Duff's soft brown eyes flashed in reminiscent amusement. "I realized then and there how much New England 'repression' I would delve through before kindling the flame!"

I thought (Continued on page 94)

Dear Frances
More customers!

First Miss Katharine
Hepburn just graduated
from Bryn Mawr
played two small parts
here — her professional
debut and wants to study.
She really has talent and
loads of personality and
charm. stands awfully and
never sits in a chair
if there's an inch of
floor available. I shall
be in to see you in a
couple of weeks W.O.
all things she is a hit.
With kind regards
Kenneth MacKenna



Above, Douglass Montgomery, a Duff pupil. At left, Kenneth MacKenna "discovers" Hepburn!

THE LOVE STORY OF ONE WOMAN AND ONE MAN..

That mirrors the emotions of
every woman and every man
facing the turmoil of the
world today.

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THE WORLD MOVES ON

THE LOVE STORY OF A CENTURY

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CARROLL
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TONE

Produced by Winfield Sheehan
Directed by John Ford
Author: Reginald Berkeley

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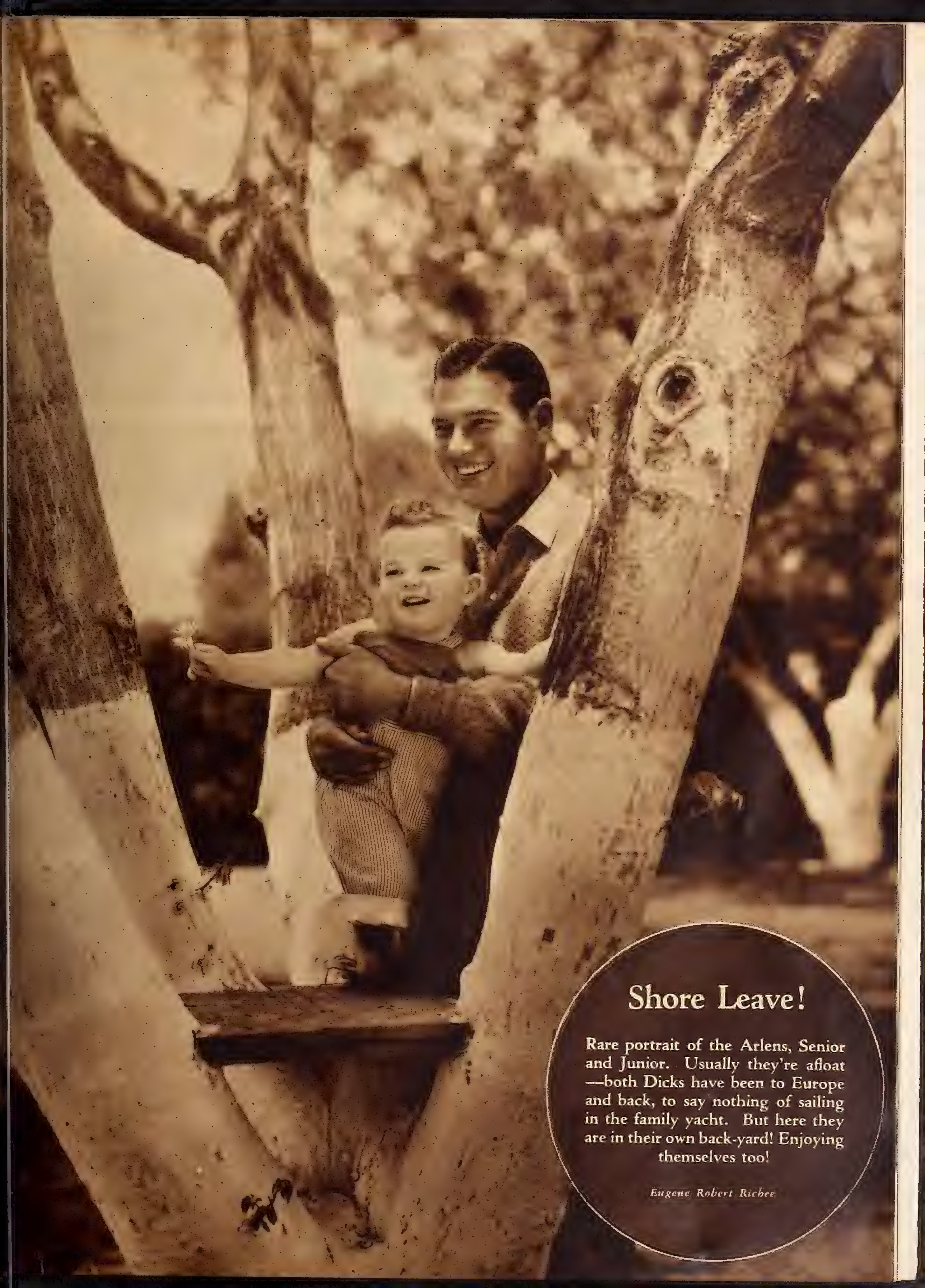
Best wishes to
all my friends everywhere
Sincerely
Harmer Dwyer

Sea-Going Siren!

We can't fool you! Of course Mary Carlisle is much too busy being an ornament to the current cinema to embark on a voyage, but doesn't she make a grand picture against this nautical background? Very seaworthy indeed!

Virgil Abger





Shore Leave!

Rare portrait of the Arlens, Senior and Junior. Usually they're afloat—both Dicks have been to Europe and back, to say nothing of sailing in the family yacht. But here they are in their own back-yard! Enjoying themselves too!

Eugene Robert Richee



Swanson, Song Bird!

It's all right! After all the suspense, Gloria, actress and singer, will be with you very soon as the heroine of "Music in the Air," with John Boles.

Clarence Sinclair Bull

Exclusive pictures of the Santa Monica residence of Norma Shearer and her producer-husband—and don't forget Irving, Jr.!

All photographs exclusive to SCREENLAND, by Clarence Sinclair Bull

The Thalberg home, left, as seen from the Palisades behind the house. Of French-Normandy inspiration, the house faces the Pacific.



Above, a view of the master bedroom, which carries out the color scheme of chartreuse, Delft blue, and oyster white. The head-board of the twin beds is covered in chartreuse velvet. Draperies are cream and blue.



Above, a bit of the nursery of Irving, Jr. The colors are rose, blue, and ivory white. See the pictures of Irving and Norma?

The entrance to the Shearer-Thalberg home is through a grass-carpeted, flower-filled courtyard, leading to the hospitably inviting door.



The dining room, above. Half of the honey-colored chairs are covered in two-toned gray; the others in two-toned yellow. The screen is ivory and gold. Rug is blue-green.



Norma's dressing table, left, made of two-toned honey-colored wood, with chairs covered in Delft blue and chartreuse satin. The carpet and walls are oyster white.

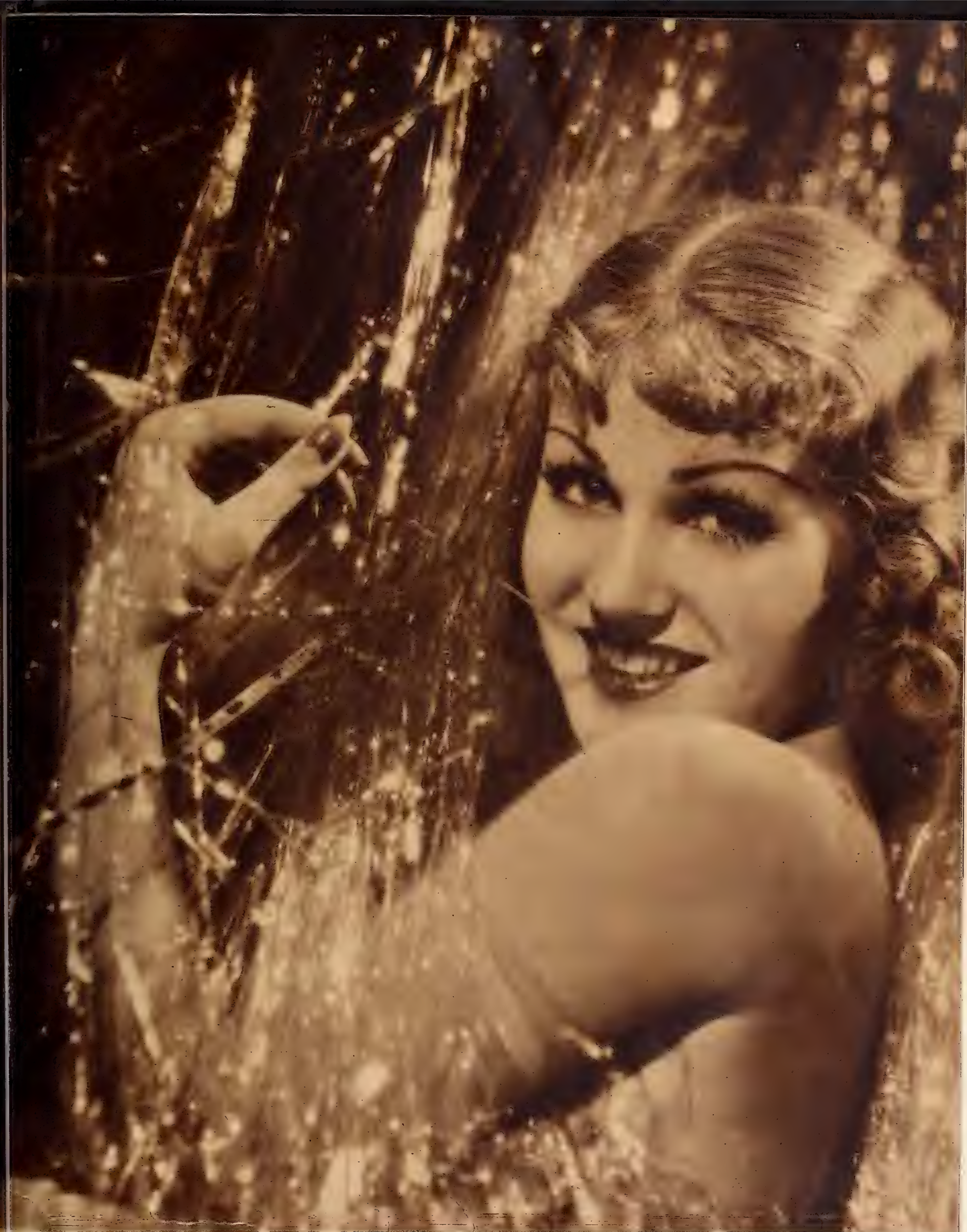
Her
Bar
Berr
adm
Stan
cons



John Engstead

A Grin from Cary Grant!

AND you'd better cherish it, because Cary is going to be pretty busy from now on posing for *moving* pictures, rushing into another new film right after completing two cinemas in quick succession—a large order but Cary's equal to it!



Ray Jones

GRACE BRADLEY glorifies, once and for all, that shimmering stuff that started out wrapping cigarette packages and now appears as evening capes and Joan Crawford dance backgrounds—in short, Cellophane arrives, and Grace with it!

**Rapt in
Cellophane!**

Typically Tracy!

Hand-picked portrait of an actor who hates to pose for 'em! We cornered Spencer and persuaded him to look right out at you, and here's the result!





“Honey” Hudson!

But when you call Rochelle that, keep one eye on her important little pal, who's her self-appointed guardian, even when she's acting with Will Rogers!



Mady Christians

Joseph Schildkraut



Juanita Quigley



Steffi Duna

Russell Hardie



Florence Rice

Elsa Lanchester



Our Own
Hollywood
Party of
Old Friends
and New

Gertrude Michael

Fred Astaire

Jane Wyatt

Let's renew acquaintance with these charming people, foregathered here in happy mood to greet you and say they hope you will like their forthcoming screen appearances

Katherine DeMille

Donald Woods

Ketti Gallian

Reginald Denny



Kenneth Alexander

The New Screen Lovers — Anna Sten and Fredric March

"NANA" STEN has turned ingénue, and very lovely she is, too! Opposite Miss Sten in her new picture is none other than Fredric March. It's all in the interests of "We Live Again," a new cinematic version of Tolstoy's "Resurrection."



Three Paramount Stars Tell HOLLYWOOD'S Make-Up Secret

WHEN you marvel at the beauty, the charm, the personality of Claudette Colbert, of Carole Lombard and of Sylvia Sidney . . . remember, that make-up is something different in Hollywood. The secret is color harmony make-up . . . harmonized color tones in face powder, rouge, lipstick . . . created by Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius, who for twenty-odd years has created make-up for the stars and studios of filmland. ★ Learn how you may enhance the charm of your beauty as famous screen stars do.



CLAUDETTE COLBERT, Featured in Paramount's "Cleopatra" Using Max Factor's Face Powder.

POWDER . . . A color harmony tone in face powder that blends beauty with complexion colorings . . . that clings for hours . . . that actually creates a satin-smooth make-up . . . that is soft and fine in texture. The color harmony shade for Claudette Colbert . . . black hair . . . dark eyes and olive skin . . . is Max Factor's Olive Powder. And to complete the color harmony make-up . . . Max Factor's Raspberry Rouge; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick in Crimson.



CAROLE LOMBARD, Featured in Paramount's "New and Forever" Using Max Factor's Rouge.

ROUGE . . . A rouge in color to harmonize with your powder and complexion colorings. Creamy-smooth . . . as fine as finest skin texture . . . it blends and clings just as you would want it to. The color harmony shade for Carole Lombard . . . light blonde hair . . . fair skin . . . and blue eyes . . . is Max Factor's Blonden Rouge. And, Max Factor's Rachelle Powder and Max Factor's Super-Indelible Vermilion Lipstick complete her color harmony make-up.



SYLVIA SIDNEY, Featured in Paramount's "Thirty Day Princess" Using Max Factor's Lipstick

LIPSTICK . . . Lip make-up to accent alluring beauty must be in color harmony . . . and to keep lips lovely . . . must be permanent and uniform in color . . . smooth in texture and moisture-proof. For Sylvia Sidney . . . to harmonize with her brown hair . . . deep creamy skin . . . and hazel eyes . . . Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick in Carmine is correct. And, Max Factor's Brunette Powder and Carmine Rouge complete the color harmony make-up.

Max Factor ★ Hollywood

SOCIETY MAKE-UP . . . Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick in COLOR HARMONY

Like the Screen Stars . . .

you may now share the luxury of color harmony make-up, created by Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius. Max Factor's Face Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar. Featured by leading stores. ★ Do you know your color harmony in make-up? Mail coupon for personal make-up advice and copy of valuable make-up instruction book.

© 1934. Max Factor

TEST YOUR COLOR HARMONY IN FACE POWDER AND LIPSTICK



MAIL THIS COUPON TO MAX FACTOR . . . HOLLYWOOD JUST fill in the coupon for Purse-Size Box of Powder in your color harmony shade and Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. Enclose 10 cents for postage and handling. You will also receive your Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and a 48-pg. illustrated book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up" . . . Free.

NAME _____
STREET _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ 4-10-72

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE
Fair ☐	Gray ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BROWNETTE
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTE
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	LASHES (Color)	REDHEAD
Olive ☐	Light ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
SKIN Dry ☐	Dark ☐	If Hair is Gray, check type above and here ☐
Only ☐ Normal ☐	AGE	



The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

Janet Gaynor and Lew Ayres in "Servants Entrance"

HOW JACKIE SPENDS HIS MONEY!

*By
Mary
Sharon*



Only ten—and he earns \$1500 a week! Read how Jackie's mother wisely budgets and invests his salary

WHEN Jackie Cooper "comes of age," he will be independently wealthy due to the way his expenses are being budgeted and his earnings invested for him. Comforting thought, that, for any boy.

Fifteen hundred dollars a week is a lot of money for any child to be earning and that is the amount of Jackie's pay check since he became ten years old. His contract is written on a sliding scale and each year for the next three it will be increased by two hundred and fifty dollars per week. If his present contract with M-G-M is not renewed at its expiration, he can retire from films with sufficient wealth to keep him and his parents from want for the rest of their lives!

Jackie loves acting and he wants always to be an actor, but whether he will be able to duplicate his juvenile success when he becomes a man or not, remains to be seen.

For some unknown reason, few children succeed in making the change from kid rôles to grown-up parts. Jackie Coogan, one of the greatest child actors the screen has ever produced, has made several vain attempts to duplicate his early success. Madge Evans is the only child star who has won a place on the screen as a grown-up. And Madge made her come-back via the stage.

In the early days of pictures, a baker's dozen of talented children found both fame and money in pictures; and yet, when they grew up, they were in no better circumstances than ordinary chil-

dren. In several cases, their fortunes were dissipated or filched from them. Finally, the law took a hand. Now, it is practically impossible for children to be robbed of the results of their film labors. Expenditure sheets can be padded, of course, but not to any great extent. All contracts with minors must be approved by the court and moreover, the court decides what amount of money shall be turned over for the care, education, and living expenses of the child.

In Jackie Cooper's case, the court has appointed Mrs. Mabel Bigelow, his mother, to act as his guardian, and she is allowed four hundred dollars weekly. The balance of his salary is invested for him in gilt-edge securities, an endowment fund and real estate.

Jackie has one of the most sensible and clear-minded mothers in Hollywood. Mrs. Bigelow is responsible for her famous son's success and she is rearing him in a normal, sensible manner that brings her the respect of the entire film colony. In order to prevent him from acquiring too much ego, she (Continued on page 70)

SCREENLAND Glamor School

Edited by

Dolores Del Rio



Dolores Del Rio's beautiful back and graceful poise in the picture above best illustrates her Glamor Rule Number 1, which is—correct posture! Beautiful carriage is essential if you would make the most of your clothes, says Dolores.

For distinctive style and charm, study Del Rio! The screen's strikingly original Latin lady here gives you her personal definition of Glamor

Del Rio's most exacting costume! It calls for perfect posture. A white satin gown, moulded to the figure, with a wrap of pastel chiffon with rhinestone clips, left.

All photographs of Del Rio exclusively posed for SCREENLAND by Elmer Fryer



Del Rio's classic beauty is the keynote of her appeal in dress and make-up. Dolores dotes on line and fabric above all else. Her coiffure is invariably simple—and flawless!



Del Rio's most exotic ensemble: the same Japanese print fashions both gown and wrap, with the wrap being made of a darker background. Note the "Madame Butterfly" influence.



Advance note! Del Rio's new fur coat is summer ermine, trimmed with luxurious cuffs of wolf.



Fringe, fringe, and more fringe! The gown pictured above is of rose-beige satin, with huge fringed collar that Dolores manages with an air! See her clip and bracelets?

SCREENLAND'S SPECIAL HANDICAP



Ann Harding's quaint earring suggests that the romantic mood will continue.

Get ready for the new season! It will be exciting! Note these advance suggestions from Hollywood stars



Very, very new! Jane Wyatt, Manhattan socialite now in films, shows you her new muff purse, edged with nutria to match her suit.



Kitty Carlisle shows you, right, her new one-piece dress of green plaid wool, with black velvet collar and bow. Her beret is black velvet, too.



A new version of the popular high neckline is shown in the grey-blue matelasse gown worn, above, by Jane Wyatt, and designed by Vera West. Study this one!

Make notes on Jane Wyatt's smart suit, left. It's two-toned plaid in brown, with kolinsky fur forming a continuous jacket trimming.

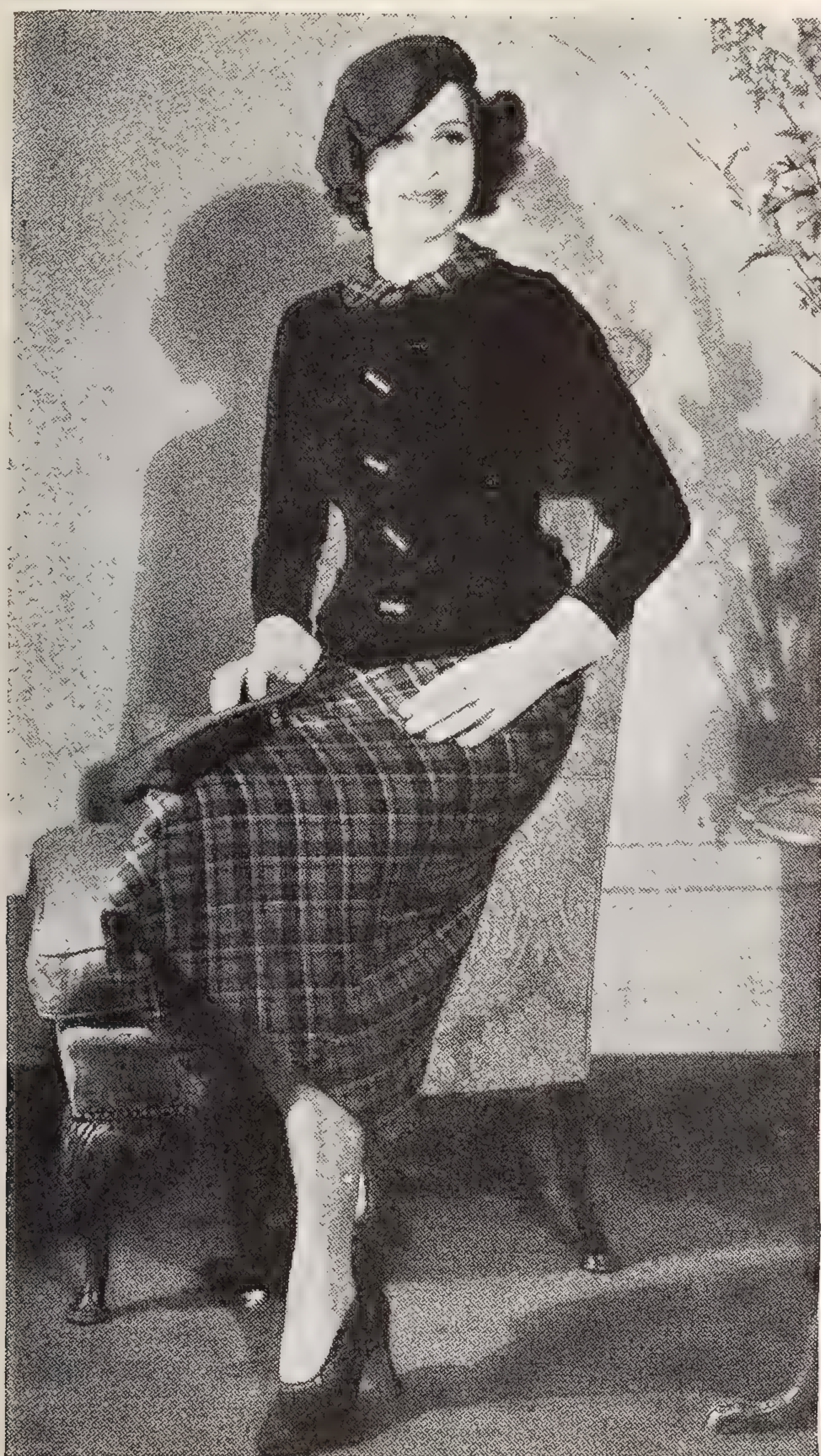


Madge Evans is showing off, and how charmingly, her favorite clip—something very clever to enhance the square neck of her evening gown.

Everything new!
As usual, the screen colony leads with thrilling fashion ideas. Here they are!



Una Merkel's favorite curly coiffure. Try this one on your own little head!



Plaids will be good! Kitty Carlisle's two-piece dress, above, boasts plaid wool skirt with plaid collar on the velveteen blouse.



Leopard is on the loose again. It's used to trim Kitty Carlisle's tailored street dress, right. Kitty likes that pleated bosom effect, the boyish collar, and leather belt. See her smart handbag and gloves?

Designed by Hollywood, this grand grey and blue tweed tailleur, for Jane Wyatt's wear in "One More River," Jane's film debut for Universal. Note interesting sleeves, with fox wound 'round; the two-button fastening; and the pleating at the neck. And—don't neglect the hat, whose brim is square in front!



SCREENLAND'S Critic Really Sees the Pictures!

One Night
of Love
Columbia



Here's that "new and different" entertainment you've been waiting for! Grace Moore's magnificent new picture is one of the notable cinemas of all time. It marks a fresh cycle in musical screen entertainment, offering scenes from grand opera in the true tradition, and for good measure providing fresh and frothy sidelights on the career of a prima donna. When Miss Moore sings and acts colorful scenes from "Carmen" and "Madame Butterfly" in the best Metropolitan Opera manner, you feel that your good old movies are aiming high, and accurately. But just in case you may not happen to be opera-minded, Miss Moore sings just as beautifully in the popular manner, so your price of admission covers practically the entire entertainment field. There's a good, upstanding story which presents the golden-voiced Grace as an American girl ambitious to become a great singer, with Tullio Carminati at his very best providing continental charm in the rôle of her teacher and impresario, and Lyle Talbot contrasting as a vigorous American suitor. But of course, it is for the marvelously managed musical interest that "One Night of Love" chiefly impresses, and for the glorious voice of its star.

Here Comes
The Navy
Warners



Put Jimmy Cagney and the U. S. Navy together, and what happens? Just what you thought! A smashing hit! Uncle Sam himself co-operated in making this picture, providing some of his best battleships, plenty of authentic atmosphere and real thrills. And Cagney, not to be outdone, turns in his best performance in a long time. Well, maybe all the competition put the fighting little Irishman on his mettle! He has to work, and work hard, to prevent Uncle Sam, or Pat O'Brien, from stealing his picture. He plays a rough, tough middy whose real reason for joining the Navy is merely to pay off an old score on Pat; but by the time the Navy has put him through the paces, from training station to shipboard, he has changed from scoffer to hero, and even to shaking hands with Mr. O'Brien. Gloria Stuart is the Girl whose good opinion, to say nothing of affection, Cagney is forced to fight to win. She's prettier than ever. Frank McHugh is comedy relief, and he *really* is, this time. "Here Comes the Navy" is a treat for boys of all ages, the Navy maneuvers alone making the picture worth seeing. It's not only patriotic to see this one, it's a lot of fun! And Cagney's best.

REVIEWS of the Best Pictures By

Delight Evans

The
The Old-
Fashioned
Way
Paramount



If you are, as I am, a W. C. Fields complete push-over, then rush to see his latest. It's also his funniest. If for some weird reason you are still immune to the Fieldsian fascination, let me beg that you give him one more chance. If "The Old-Fashioned Way" doesn't make you howl, scream, giggle, gasp, or at least chuckle and chortle, then I am disappointed in you, but *really* disappointed. This new Fields-day is perhaps the craziest screen entertainment of the month. It is designed for merriment, and achieves its purpose. The star plays a fearful and wonderful character called *The Great McGonigle*, a trouping thespian of the old school, back in the gay nineties. He encounters unsympathetic sheriffs, aspiring sopranos, hard-hearted land-ladies, and Baby LeRoy. Incidentally, Master LeRoy was never more superb—who else could tweak the Fields nose with such incomparable abandon and *éclat*. Romance, too, in the few minutes in which Mr. Fields must perforce rest up for his next scene; romance presenting young Joe Morrison, a most promising newcomer, with Judith Allen. But it's Fields, mostly Fields, who makes "The Old-Fashioned Way" such a grand family show.

You Can Count on these Criticisms

Reviews without Prejudice, Fear or Favor!

See You At the Cinema!

I'll be there, because I'll want to see again some of the pictures that I "caught" at pre-views this month. You'll be there, and your friends, because you won't want to miss the movies of the moment. There are some grand ones!

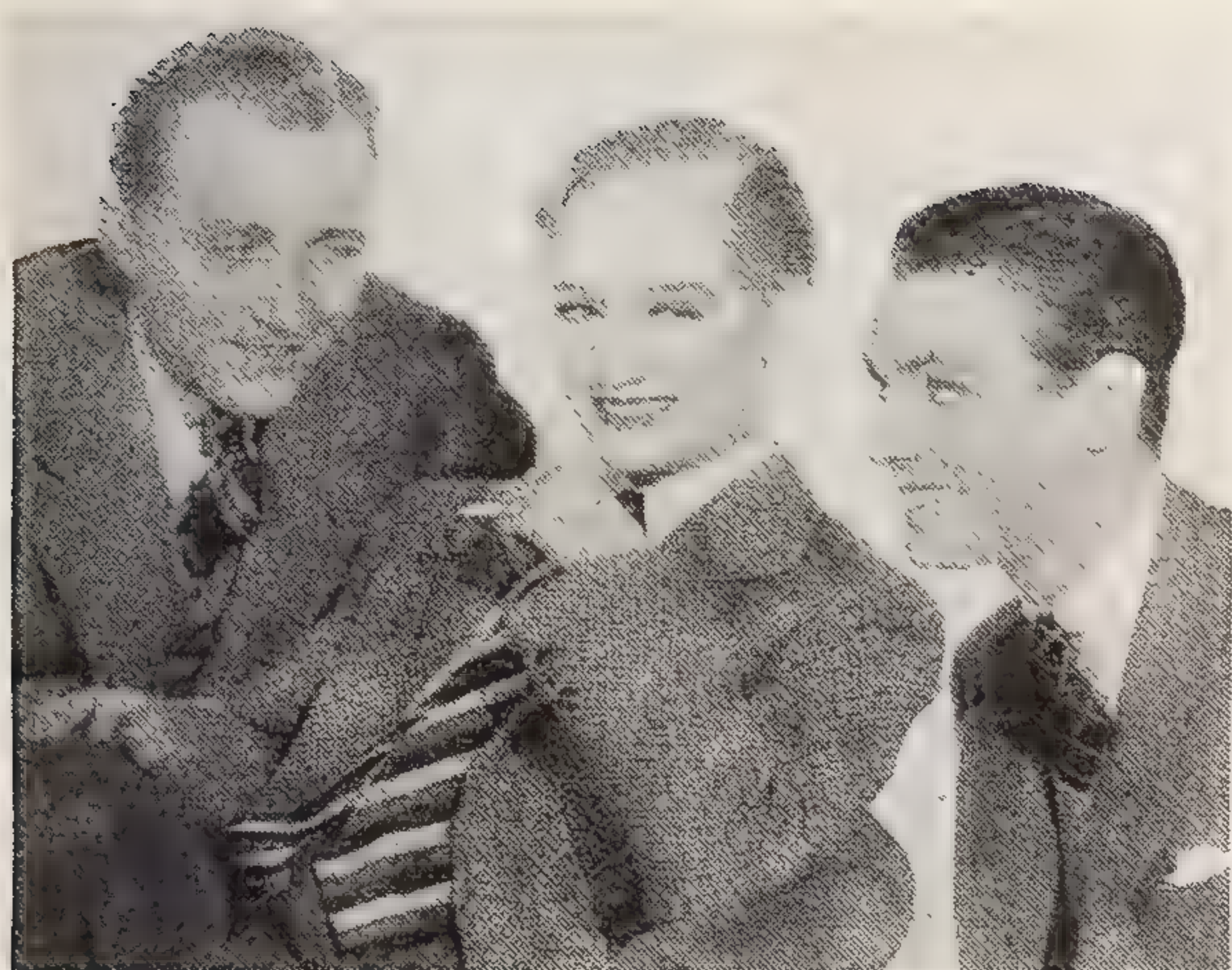
For the whole family, what better entertainment than George Arliss in "The Last Gentleman" or Shirley Temple in "Baby Take a Bow?" For music lovers, and in fact for everybody, there's Grace Moore in "One Night of Love," something very new in musical motion pictures. For fun—and for the sophisticated—"She Loves Me Not," "Here Comes the Navy," and "The Old-Fashioned Way."



Baby Take
A Bow
Fox



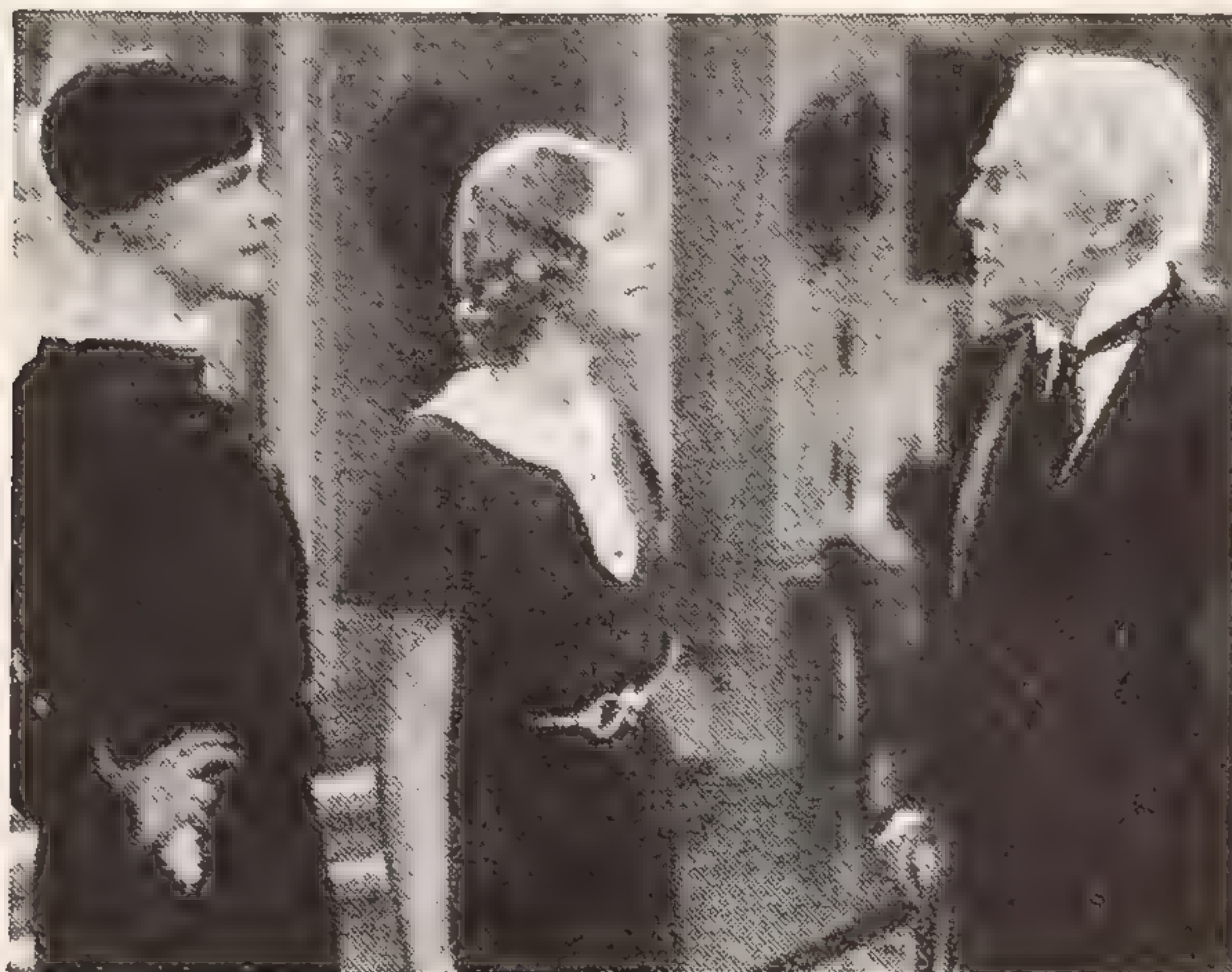
Boys and girls, ladies and gentlemen, and fellas! Here's a picture to put on your "Don't Miss" list—not only because it is Shirley Temple's current release, but because it is clever entertainment in its own right. Surely, it's an ideal vehicle for the little Temple's talents; but also legitimately interesting as to plot and purpose. Shirley is a joy, as always; she fits in perfectly; but the film has other appeal, as well—for example, the immensely likable performance of Jimmy Dunn; the real-girl charm of Claire Trevor; and the excitement that ensues when Jimmy is "framed" in the theft of a pearl necklace, which Jimmy's little daughter, played by none other than La Temple, is using as a new toy. There's suspense for you, when Shirley plays "hide-and-seek" with Daddy and the pearls; when the little cut-up makes friends with the bad, mean crooks; and finally when the trail of the pearls gets warmer and warmer until—but let Shirley tell it! The child wonder has not gone smarty on us; she stays unspoiled, sweet, and natural. And don't let anybody try to tell me she isn't an actress! Why, she could steal a scene from Zasu Pitts herself. Now *there's* an idea!



She Loves
Me Not
Paramount



Grand fun! For sophisticated comedy, this picture is the plum of the month. It has spirit and dash and speed; it has practically perfect performances; and its dialogues fairly crackle with cleverness. Here is one stage success that profits by its screen translation, to my mind. Certainly the original production boasted no dazzling Miriam, (at her most bewitching), Hopkins; no Bing Crosby; no sweet Kitty Carlisle. The songs that slow up the action a bit are so pleasant that you can't seriously carp at their inclusion, particularly when they are sung so smoothly by Bing and the distinguished Miss Carlisle. The story? Now you don't want me to spoil it for you, do you? You already know that it's all about a blonde and beautiful nightclub singer who invades Princeton tracked by the law and the lawless, and succeeds in upsetting the dignity of Old Nassau to a nicety. There's suspense in every scene, and the most hilarious denouement in movie history. The really charming love interest is exquisitely enacted and sung by Bing and Miss Carlisle. Then there's Eddie Nugent, back again, as ingratiating as ever; and Lynne Overman. If you miss this, you're not the discerning adult I took you for.



The Last
Gentleman
United
Artists



George Arliss has done it again! I don't mean to give you the impression that "The Last Gentleman" is the important production that "The House of Rothschild" was; but it is screen entertainment far above the average nevertheless. George Arliss could not make a cheap or tawdry picture! His latest characterization, that of a crochety, eccentric old man, is along the lines of his memorable "Old English," but in a New England setting. As *Cabot Barr*, wealthy old chap who has sport confusing all his heirs and other assorted relatives, Mr. Arliss gives a performance that glitters with acting flourishes, but always remains believable. His relatives, assembled on a pretext so that he may study them at his leisure, reveal themselves to his shrewd eye in their true colors. Only one, his grand-daughter, dares to face him honestly. He has his revenge, and *what* a revenge! You will find this a very human, very touching and most wholesome picture. As usual in an Arliss film, the supporting cast is superlative. Charlotte Henry, (ex-"Alice in Wonderland"), brings sparkle to the rôle of the grand-daughter. Edna May Oliver and Ralph Morgan are excellent. Of course, for the family!

Let Them Guide You to the Good Films

Mary Wallace, Paramount's youngest baby star, (next to Baby LeRoy, of course!), gives you an idea!



Of course you can have a lithe and healthy figure if you follow the same guidance as given to the Hollywood stars! Our series, suggesting exercises and sane diet will aid you

How To Have A Hollywood Figure!

THIS time I want to talk especially to girls between the ages of 13 and 21!

A good many of you, I'm sure, worry yourselves sick every time you get on the scales, because you find you've gained an extra pound or so; or you read that Claudette Colbert can wear size 10 dresses and fret because size 16 is too small for you.

Maybe you do need to reduce a bit but more likely your extra weight and larger measurements merely mean that you are growing.

Recently, two items in the newspapers have come to my attention: A young girl committed suicide while in a "fit of depression"; investigation produced a diary covering a year or so, in which were many entries like this:

"Was so hungry I had to eat again."

"Tried not to eat but couldn't help it."

"Dieted on fruit juice since Wednesday, but feel terribly weak."

"Seem to be taking on weight, in spite of eating



The see-saw exercise, demonstrated by James Davies and Mary Wallace. First position, above. See article for complete description, of course.



Second position of the see-saw exercise, which Mr. Davies recommends as excellent for strengthening the muscles of the abdomen. Fun, too!

James Davies, Hollywood's popular physical culturist, is here to help you! Write to him about your own weight and diet problems. The most interesting of your questions will be answered in this department. Mr. Davies is too busy with his own work in Hollywood to answer you by mail; but he will select representative questions to answer in the magazine. Address him in care of SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th St., N. Y. C.

nothing"—tragic evidence of wrong notions about diet.

Although I saw no mention of it in the newspaper accounts of the case, it was clear to me that the girl had undermined her constitution by erratic attempts to reduce by dieting or going without food, without the advice of a physician, and that this in turn affected her mental health.

A second note in the news told of a young heiress who had been taken to a hospital because of "fainting fits" which were diagnosed by physicians as "a form of starvation" produced by unwise dieting in an effort to reduce a normally healthy young body.

Both these girls had evidently been trying to reach an arbitrary weight that was unsafe for them. I have never seen either of them but I believe that if a doctor had examined each girl he would have fixed her correct weight at quite a few pounds above that ideal she had in mind.

I've said it before, but I say it again: You girls who are growing need nourishing food to build up muscle and tissue and to create bones, and any diet without advice from a physician who has made a careful examination is not safe.

You can take off unbecoming bulges of fat with exercise, and it will be good for you in every way. Active exercise at your age is the best beauty doctor you can engage. It will not only improve your figure, but it will give you color, clear your skin, and make your eyes brighter.

Strenuous diets, instead of giving you a sylphlike figure, will cause eruptions on the chest and back, nervousness, constipation and irritability.

Under-eating is worse than over-eating at your age. If you have more than your quota of pounds now, it's better than being underweight while you are growing, especially if you are growing fast. Between 13 and 16 watch yourself carefully that you don't lose too much,



See-saw, see-saw! Miss Wallace and Mr. Davies show you exactly how to do this exercise as described fully by Mr. Davies in the accompanying article.



Here's an exercise planned to keep you in good condition! Mary Wallace raises her arms high above her head, and raises her right knee, foot pointing downward, as high as it will go. Then left knee. Try this one! You'll enjoy it, and benefit your health.

and don't neglect nourishing foods.

Active exercise will burn up fat more quickly than you could possibly lose it by dieting, and will also aid digestion.

Most of you youngsters play tennis and swim, I know. As a rule these sports are good for you. But some of you tear into a game and play it with all your might, don't you? Then you're exhausted. If you play less strenuously and find yourself still very tired, stop playing and go to a doctor. He may discover that you shouldn't do strenuous exercises. If there is anything wrong with you physically he (Continued on page 73)



Hollywood has called Jacques Fray and Mario Braggiotti.

Getting acquainted
with the air stars
you often hear but
seldom see

By

Tom Kennedy



Don Ameche, hero of "First Nighter" radioplays.



June Meredith, one of radio's dramatic stars.

SO GENEROUSLY do radio and the movies lend and borrow the headline talent of their respective fields, that it's difficult these days to find a radio star who has not just completed some picture work, or is about to sign for an appearance before the cameras.

The two Big Boys of the amusement world are real pals. You'd never have thought that possible some years ago when movie theatre men were glaring at radio as the arch enemy of the box office. At that time S. L. Rothafel, Roxy, was the spearhead of a minority group who contended that movies and radio could help each other, and so defended himself against the critics of his Sunday night air shows from the Capital theatre.

Of course, minor frictions flare now and then, but these sputter out with no more damage than results from a little family tiff. Last fall, for example, some exhibitors called on Eddie Cantor to stop broadcasting Sunday nights, claiming he was hurting picture theatre attendance. Eddie shrewdly gave heed to the complaint, made a statement of undying loyalty and devotion to the theatre, and that was that. More recently Lanny Ross had a little sponsor trouble over his desire to make more motion pictures. Lanny stood his ground, and now has a contract which permits him to do pictures, and even personal appearances at theatres, as often as opportunity presents.

When it comes to dramatic acting the established air performers seem to hold their own and a little to boot against the occasional radio excursions of the picture stars.

It takes something more, evidently, than ability at reading lines to successfully project dramatic characterizations over the air waves. One notable group in radio serves as an example.

For more than three years the "First Nighter" programs have held their own as coast-to-coast radio features on an N.B.C. network. During that time an extraordinary range of dramatic playlets have been produced by this compact and highly efficient radio troupe under the direction of Charles P. Hughes, and featuring June Meredith and Don Ameche, with Cliff Sourbier as the third important member of the cast.

Hughes tells you that the whole thing started with an idea wrapped up in the phrase "a little theatre off Times Square." Somehow that line, which Hughes coined, hit him as the foundation on which he could do a different style of radio playlet. Whether it was just one of those little things that give people confidence, or really an "idea," Hughes proceeded to make good with it, starting humbly as a number on a local Chicago station. Shortly after its sponsor brought the "First Nighter" to the networks, a check-up showed that a tremendous audience (*Continued on page 95*)

BEAUTY

Hand Made!

Yes, you hold
Beauty right
in your hands!

*Expressive, artistic
hands—the hands of
Katharine Hepburn.*

HOW much
genuine
loveliness
there is in
the hands of Katharine Hepburn!

Yet they are practical, lovable, impetuous hands, ones that are destined to do things. In modeling them for the Waterman collection, the young American sculptress, Helen Liedloff, has caught them in that world of make-believe in which they are so thoroughly at home. They are speaking hands. Without being at all like the pose in "Morning Glory" they somehow remind one of the clasped palms in that inimitable scene where a stage-struck girl bent her cheek upon them and became a *Juliet* like no other, a *Juliet* we like to think one William Shakespeare would have liked to see.

But perhaps we are sentimentalizing. *Juliet* always affects us that way. And Katharine Hepburn. And lovely hands! After all, hands are just hands! They are



*By
Josephine
Felts*

*Photographed by
Paul J. Woolf*

a matter of course. They work on typewriters for us. They wipe babies' noses. They pet and work and play. And in everything they do, they tell things about

ourselves—truthful and sometimes startling things. Just what do yours tell about you?

Some people believe that you can tell fortunes by looking at hands. I go farther than that. I believe you can do mind-reading! You can tell by looking at her hands how much a girl thinks of herself. Whether she takes pride in her appearance. How interested she is in the good opinion of the people she meets.

The hands of a star, next to face and figure, are her greatest asset or her greatest drawback. Nothing in the world so contributes to poise and charm, to a sense of confidence in oneself, as well-groomed, lovely hands.

"What do you do when you (Continued on page 86)

Telling all that's newsy and interesting about the stars and the studios



Grecian inspiration! As fetchingly lovely as her gown is simple, is Loretta Young as she poses with such unusual grace in the portrait at the right. Flowing lines capture the glowing beauty that is Loretta's. You'll see her on the screen in this costume soon.

WISE Charlie Chaplin, the old fox! His new motion picture is being filmed both as a talking motion picture and as a silent picture. The talking picture will be released first. If that version shows signs of flopping, the silent picture will be rushed into the breach—and Charlie will remain a non-talking star.

HOLLYWOOD is like New York—big crowds of idle people gather to watch street goings-on. Such a crowd mustered in front of a boulevard theatre to watch the unloading of a black bear in a cage. The first spectator to arrive—and one of the last to depart—was a homely fellow known to the world as Will Rogers.

She's happy! Anyway, Ginger Rogers certainly looks happy as she does a Helen Morgan, comfortably seated on the studio piano which accompanies the famous Red Head, shown at the right.



Here's



Steps toward stardom! Barbara Robbins, former stage star, for whom a brilliant screen future is predicted, in a scene with John Beal from the film in which she makes her debut.

THE world mourns Marie Dressler, a great troupier and a woman as widely respected and admired for her human qualities as for the outstanding achievements which distinguished her career.

It was natural that Marie Dressler should express the wish that she be remembered for the parts she played on the screen. When she faced distress, it was the motion picture that provided the opportunity she richly deserved.

She will be remembered as she had wished. Her portrayals in "Anna Christie," "Min and Bill," and other films will endure as standards of the highest artistry in screen character acting.

No grander salute could be offered the memory of a great troupier than the genuine gratitude of the film industry and all who love the screen, for her distinguished service to motion pictures.

Hollywood!

By
Weston
East



More romance! Diana Wynyard and Frank Lawton as they appear together in a new picture. Compare with the scene directly at the left and decide which you like the better.

A PATHETIC scene occurred at Warner Brothers studio when Jean Muir, after completion of a sequence in which she enacted the rôle of a wall-flower, ran crying from the set and to her dressing-room.

She was found there, fifteen minutes later, by an assistant director. She was still sobbing convulsively. When the assistant director asked the reason, she at first refused to tell. Finally she broke down and confessed that all of her life she has been a wall-flower. The picture scene was so true to life that she couldn't withhold her tears.

THE funniest crack of the month is from the lips of slow-talking, fast-cracking Stuart Erwin. He was with a group discussing Chaplin's new picture.

"They've been announcing the start of that picture so long," opined Stuart, "if they wait much longer, Paulette Goddard will have to play a grandma rôle."



She's vogue! Frances Drake is indeed up to the minute in her ice-green satin hostess gown, shown at the left. Important details are a large rose fastening at the shoulder of the bodice—and Frances herself, of course.



YOU can never guess who writes the most beautiful love letters in Hollywood. Nor to whom they are written.

Well, Virginia Bruce, ex-wife of John Gilbert, writes them. And she sends one every week to—of all people—John Gilbert!

ACCORDING to reports, when Gloria Swanson moved into the dressing-room that once housed Lilian Harvey, her first act was to rid the place of Lilian's notorious ermine-trimmed lampshade. As a matter of record, Miss Harvey herself tossed this shade away weeks before she broke her contract, because she regarded it as an unlucky piece of furniture.

Not a sister act! At the left you see Alice White, Ruth Etting, and Gloria Stuart, doing a blues number that will be a feature of a romantic tale dealing with radio and titled "Gift of Gab."

THE reason for all those rumors about Bing Crosby retiring from the screen can at last be traced to Bing's own inferiority complex. Bing believes he is a most ordinary looking fellow, and thinks his appearance doesn't fit with what people imagine him to be when they hear him sing. So he has audibly voiced the plaint that he might be forced to quit motion pictures in order to preserve his radio career.

LONG ere this reaches you, barring accidents or a change of plans, Will Rogers, his wife, and his two sons, Will, Jr. and Jimmy, will have departed on a world tour. The Rogers family will visit Honolulu, Japan, China, Siberia, Russia, Finland, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Germany, France, Italy, Spain, and England.

The one member of the family not making the trip is Mary Rogers, who is getting "acting experience" in a summer stock company in Maine, and who is so serious about her career that even a trip around the world couldn't entice her away.

ANOTHER big box-office star of the silent days is determined to make a come-back in the pictures—and since Thomas Meighan has the reputation for doing what he sets out to do, this is one case which may well prove an exception to the rule that come-backs on the average fail to materialize.

Tommy went back to Hollywood to play in "Peck's Bad Boy," in which Jackie Cooper is starred—liked the "feel" of the old job, and is now in New York to close his home there and with his wife, the former Frances Ring of the stage, take up permanent residence in Beverly Hills, whence the star of "The Miracle Man" and many other great films will make the rounds of the casting offices.

AS THIS is written, there is confined in the Los Angeles General Hospital a woman who was a popular star a few years ago. She is Pauline Garon, once the wife of director Lowell Sherman, and a former Wampas Baby Star.

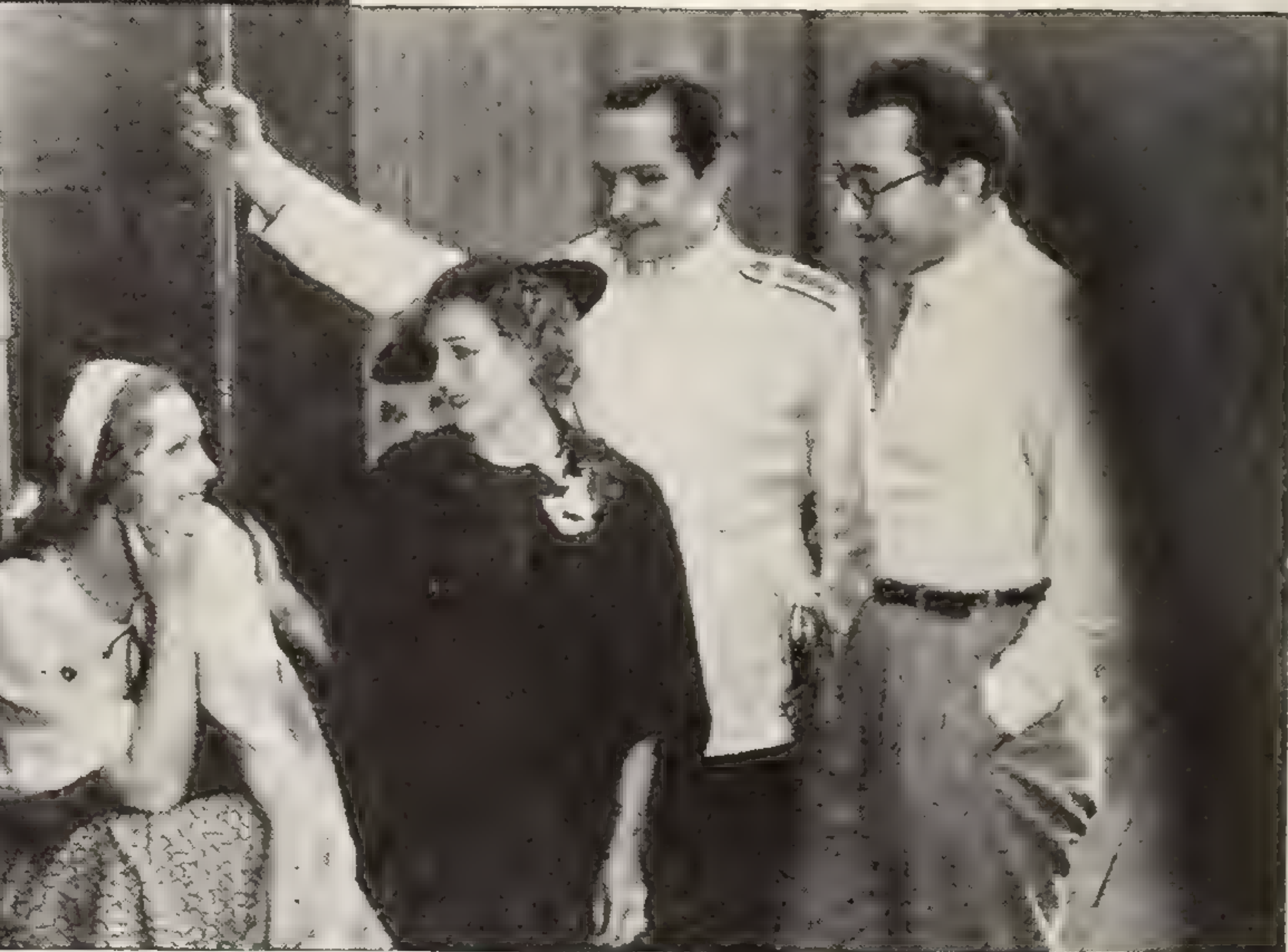
Pauline is a victim of infantile paralysis, and if you want her to know that you remember her and that you're wishing her a speedy recovery, why not drop Pauline a letter at the hospital.



Here's Pauline Lord! Noted stage star lured at last to the screen because she was offered the rôle of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch."



Grand romantic team! Irene Dunne and John Boles once more share leading honors in a dramatic picture. Above, Irene and John in character make-up for their newest co-starring effort. Looks promising!



Distinguished company! Above, Anna Sten, Mary Pickford, Fredric March, and Director Rouben Mamoulian visit on a set for the Russian star's new film.

Comedy relief! Boris Karloff and Bela Lugosi, left, in a lighter moment of their new thrill drama together. Judged by the make-up it'll be interesting!



Here's Mrs. Wiggs! The beloved character herself as Pauline Lord portrays her for the screen version of the famous novel.

SHIRLEY TEMPLE is no exception to the rule that when a new star zooms over the horizon everybody from professors of psychology to the cop on the beat offer explanations for the phenomenon. That's theory. Here's fact, which proves that Shirley can make her screen reflection so real that even a little girl of four thought her own image was coming back at her as from a mirror.

It happened at a showing in New York of "Baby Take A Bow." The youngster already alluded to sat beside her mother in rapt attention to the entertainment unfolded on the screen. Suddenly the four-year old fan turned to her mother and exclaimed "Mummy, is that me?"

There's realism for you!

GUESS who was voted the most popular screen star by a student body of historic Oxford University, England's most venerable college.

Not Greta Garbo. No, nor Janet Gaynor. Nor Joan Crawford, nor Jean Harlow. The favorite, selected by popular vote, is Ned Sparks, that very comical comic.

A GREAT many executives of a great many studios are wishing they could get into position to kick themselves in the place where kicks usually land.

When talking pictures first came into being, the studio officials decided that in order to film all the plays and stories they had purchased for silent production, they had to buy "talkie" or "dialogue" rights. For this purpose, millions of dollars were spent.

The other day Sol Lesser, an independent producer, decided that the term "dramatic rights," under which stories are purchased, should include dialogue or talkie rights. This producer went to court—and won his case. For a few thousand dollars, Lesser got what officials of the bigger studios spent millions to get.

THE loyalty of fans to the memory of Rudolf Valentino is unbelievable. For instance, there is one woman who insisted upon living in Valentino's old Hollywood house, despite the fact that the building has been condemned, and may fall down. Police have chased the woman away several times, but each time this happens, she has sneaked back into the house the minute the officers left it unguarded.

YOU can never tell where you'll find an embryo movie star. Look where Norma Shearer found one just for instance. Norma was having some carpenter work done on her beachhouse.

The carpenters arrived, but before they actually began work, one asked permission to use the telephone. Norma gave assent—and the carpenter called the Central Casting Bureau, to learn if there was an extra job for him!

CLARK GABLE gets one of SCREENLAND's big movie close-ups for his courtesy at a local shooting gallery.

Gable and an unidentified young lady were fighting it out for first place in a clay pigeon event. The match ended with the two tied, which necessitated shooting off the tie. Each had two shots, and the lady fired first. Both of her shots hit their marks. When Gable's turn came, he deliberately fired both barrels of his shotgun at the same pigeon. The lady won first place—and Clark won a lot of respect and new friends.



Pat's screen sweetheart! The belle and the dandy you see above are Pat Paterson and Nils Asther, quaintly romantic as the characters they portray in a picture for which they provide love interest.



Charles' screen sweetheart! The handsome Charles Boyer, Pat Paterson's husband in real life, makes love to Jean Parker, above, in a scene for "Caravan."

Real-life sweethearts! On the right, Pat Paterson and Charles Boyer, husband and wife, forget make-believe romance when they meet at the studio café.





Hollywood's new importation! Above, Binnie Barnes, English beauty, whom you are to see in Universal films.



Broadway trio! Three stage stars, above, now in films. Hugh O'Connell, Henry Hull and Victor Moore, reading from left to right.



Will they duplicate the Gable-Colbert co-starring success? Above, Warner Baxter and Myrna Loy, romantic leads in the new picture directed by Frank Capra, who gave us, bless 'im, "It happened One Night" and other hits.

IT REMAINED for Clark Gable to give a sensible explanation of "mistaken conceit."

"Many screen stars are so described," Gable said, "because people are *looking* for reasons to apply the hi-hat phrase. For instance, suppose A and B, two friends, pass on the street, and A fails to see B. Later, B says, 'I saw A on the street today, but he didn't see me,' and that ends the matter.

"But let A become a movie star, and *then* let them pass on the street, and let A again fail to see B. At once B hastens around town crying, 'A has gone hi-hat. He passed me up on the street today, without speaking.' And because it is human to believe the worst about another human being, everybody agrees that A is a conceited ass."

Thanks, Clark. Actually, the explanation is most reasonable.

LOOKS like Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur may be making the very article they spurned when they refused to have any stars in their first picture, "Crime Without Passion." Even before the latter was completed the two producers signed Whitney Bourne for their second production for Paramount. Miss Bourne, a Social Registerite, was brand new to pictures when the Hecht-MacArthur team signed her, but if they keep on signing her, how long will it be before there'll be another star in the picture firmament?

HERE is an insight into Bing Crosby's lack of ego that will amuse you. One day the studio had need for a Crosby phonograph record. Somebody had the happy thought to go to Bing's dressing room, where he has a phonograph and a fine library of music.

A thorough search brought forth a most noteworthy fact: *In his entire collection of phonograph records, Bing does not have one of his own recordings!*



A cluster of stars who will shine in the English film "Chu Chin Chow." In the group above are: Anna May Wong, Fritz Korner and George Robey.



Character study! Above, close-up of Charles Laughton as you will see him in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street."

TO TALK of the first real photoplay ever made seems like reaching back into the dim, distant past of long, long ago. But it takes a reminder such as any fan attending the special showing of "Nell Gwyn" in New York recently might have seen to make you realize that movies are not so old after all.

The reminder was a medium tall woman, modishly dressed in a green gown featuring the straight silhouette lines of her figure, her blonde hair stylishly bobbed. The lady was Blanche Sweet, heroine of "Judith of Bethulia," generally regarded as the first successful effort at dramatic story telling in picture form. "Judith" was produced by D. W. Griffith, who was also one of that audience—and "Griff," jaunty in his white linens, straight-shouldered and wearing a healthy tan over his sharply featured face, looked far, very far from "old."

LUPE VELEZ has been taking elocution lessons. Like most of her race, she experiences trouble with words that contain the sound—*vee*. So her lessons include the word—*bivalve*.

"Bivalve?" queried Lupe. "What ees eet?"

She was told that a bivalve is an oyster. So imagine the consternation of a waiter, a few days afterwards, when Lupe ordered for dinner, "one dozen bivalves."

IMAGINE for yourself the excitement of that little extra girl who was standing near one of the big stages, where a small fire had broken out, and heard a voice behind her say, "Fire! Vell, maybe I von't haf to vork today!"

Yes, it was Greta Garbo. The burning stage contained the set where she was making scenes for her new picture. After a few minutes, during which Greta chatted sociably, firemen conquered the small blaze.

Whereupon Garbo's expression saddened. "Fire's out," she said. "Vell, goodbye. I guess I vill have to vork!"



Romance of the studios! Above, the lovely Gloria Stuart and Arthur Sheekman, writer, register happiness in this pose for the camera when the happy couple announced plans for their recent marriage.

HEART BEATS AND UNBEATS
DEPT.:

DAN CUPID is wearing, in addition to his bow and quiver of arrows, a broad smile. And well he might, for matrimonial waters are more serene than usual in Hollywood.

Of course, there is the Lupe Velez-Johnny Weissmuller blow-up, but *that* happens so often that it no longer flusters Cupid. Then, too, there are the Jean Harlow and Ruth Chatterton divorces hovering in the background, but Dan has known about them for a long time.

The sunnier side of romance in Hollywood is that Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone are happy again, after reports of a cooling. Joan says she won't marry Franchot, and the reason is that she fears that if she does, the gossips will try to tear that marriage, as they have other marriages, (including Joan's first with Doug, Jr.) However, there is a likelihood that Joan will change her mind, and that she and Tone will wed.

Adolphe Menjou and Verree Teasdale will probably be man and wife by the time you read this. As quickly as possible, they're going away on a protracted honeymoon, because Miss Teasdale has been in ill health, and Adolphe thinks she needs a long rest.

Marian Nixon and director William Seiter have reporters sitting on needles and pins. You see, reporters fear that Bill and



Robert Donat, English actor, and Elissa Landi, above, enact a scene for "The Count of Monte Cristo."

Marian may marry secretly. Right now Miss Nixon is wearing the most beautiful of bracelets, given to her by Seiter. It bears the inscription: "I love you." Nice?

Phil Regan, the radio singer who has made good in the movies, is scheduled to wed his Eastern sweetheart, Josephine



Juliette Compton, above, displays a satin evening gown in the newest Hollywood Design.

Dwight, this coming October or so. Gloria Stuart, too, has become Mrs. Arthur Sheekman. Arthur is a writer, and a clever one. That nuptial event may happen any old time.

Tom Brown is still wooing Anita Louise ardently. Tom told friends that he proposed to Anita nine times, and eight times she said, "No." "What about the ninth time?" eagerly demanded the friends. "She just shook her head," Tom explained, sadly.

Gene Raymond has been escorting Nancy Carroll about town, (Janet Gaynor having gone to Europe). The Russ Columbo-Carole Lombard romance is one of Hollywood's most charming. That romance between Phillips Holmes and Florence Rice is flourishing again.

YOU'VE heard and read about secretaries in studios being given screen contracts, (Dorothy Wilson), and about cameramen winning movie jobs, (George O'Brien), but here is a new one:

In the RKO publicity department, there was employed, as an artist, a Chinese chap named Keye Luke. In a roundabout way, M-G-M studio officials learned that Luke was a dramatic star at college, so he was summoned for a test.

The test was successful, and wonder of all wonders, Luke's first screen rôle is in support of Greta Garbo in "The Painted Veil." Dozens of actors volunteered to play the part free of charge, merely for the prestige it offered.

CAROLE LOMBARD and Gary Cooper lunched together in the studio café. The waitress, hovering over the table, says that Gary chirped: "You should see the Biblical gown an extra is wearing on our set."

"Biblical gown?" echoed Carole. "Lo and behold!" murmured Cooper.



The wheels of "Caravan" come to rest, and Jean Parker, costumed for the characterization she will provide in that important production, improves the opportunity to pose for us as you see her above. Very nice, Jean!



Above, June Knight, who comes back to the pictures in an important rôle opposite Russ Columbo.

SINCE her divorce from John Gilbert, Virginia Bruce retains her married name—Mrs. John Gilbert. . . . Fifi D'Orsay is studying English; she wants to lose her accent so that she can play a wider variety of screen rôles. . . . In the hospital room where Shirley Temple was born hangs a picture of the child star, put there by the management "as an inspiration for other mothers". . . . One Indian family is unhappy; the parents named their baby Kent Douglass because he was their movie favorite—and then he changed his name back to Douglass Montgomery. . . . Dick Powell is studying grand opera—his chosen career to follow pictures and radio. . . . The biggest monthly floral bill is Gene Raymond's; he supplies his mother and several girls with posies, roses—and orchids. . . . Katharine Hepburn has ended her long studio fight, and has signed a new two-year movie contract. . . . The death of Alec B. Francis, 70-year-old character actor, was a shock to his wide circle of friends in and out of Hollywood. . . . An armed guard stands watch outside the Greta Garbo sets, which is somewhat discouraging to visitors. . . . Dorothy Drake, Wampas Baby Star, changed her name to Mary Wallace; old name too similar to Frances Drake.

THE daughter of a friend of Groucho Marx visited the comedian at his studio and was intrigued by mechanism of the art department. Before she left she confided her own ambition to be a fashion expert.

"You want to be a designer, eh?" questioned Groucho. "You take my advice and follow another career. My brother is a horrible example. He is a designer. *He has designs on blondes.*"



Maxine Doyle and Phil Regan personify young love in a new film in which you will see them together.

HERE is a new note in studio efficiency—employees of Warner Brothers have been requested to save all burned-out electric light globes. These globes, when exploded, sound exactly like revolver shots, so the studio property department inaugurated a "save-the-useless-bulb week."

LATEST type of Hollywood social event is the skating party—Cary Grant started it, with about twenty couples invited. . . . Otto Kruger's goldfish were washed down a bath-tub drain; plumbers removed the tub to rescue the fish. . . . On her visit to Europe, Janet Gaynor told Hollywood friends, she will see Greta Garbo's former home in Sweden. . . . Proof that Stepin Fetchit is really slow: he suffered *spring fever* during August! . . . A fan threatened to send to newspapers an unflattering photo of Rosemary Ames, taken at the age of 14, if the actress refused to send a new autographed picture; Rosemary complied. . . . Maurice Chevalier's Hollywood career is not yet ended; he has signed a new long-term contract with M-G-M. . . . Ralph Bellamy trained-it back and forth across the continent to fulfill a radio contract signed months previously. Jimmie Durante owns *and wears* an overcoat with three-inch, green and purple checks.

UNFORTUNATELY, the name of the actress cannot be revealed, but it happens that a certain leading lady in the movies was once very, very ill. So ill, in fact, that doctors gave her only a short time to live. So what did she do but call in some poor friends and relatives, and divide among them every stitch of clothing she had in the world. Then she got well—and was she embarrassed!



Nancy Carroll's newest screen assignment is a rôle opposite Gene Raymond. You see them above, in the midst of a big moment for the picture. Looks as though their hearts were in their work.

How Jackie Spends His Money

Continued from page 51

keeps him with boys of his own age as much as possible. She says that the most dangerous influence on screen children is the flattery they receive from adults.

When he is not working at the studio, Jackie lives the carefree, normal life of the average American boy. A peep at his budget proves this.

When he first became a star, tradespeople tried to run up their prices whenever Mrs. Bigelow appeared in a shop with him. They don't do that any more for the simple reason that if they do not give her the same courtesy and fairness that they accord other patrons, she takes her trade elsewhere.

Mrs. Bigelow is one of the most thrifty shoppers in Hollywood. Having known days when it was necessary to pinch pennies to keep them going, she has learned the value of a dollar. The prices she pays for Jackie's clothes will compare favorably with the prices that the average American boy's mother expends for the same apparel.

The matter of wardrobe is important with every actor. It is with Jackie. He must always look neat and nice, so he cannot wear clothes quite so long as the average boy of his age. He doesn't keep a separate wardrobe for the screen but makes his clothes serve a dual purpose. He is terribly "hard" on clothes, too. Scuffs out the toes of his shoes and wears the elbows out of his sweaters in an unbelievably short time. He is a little rough-neck around the house—is forever climbing trees in the garden or building things; is forever needing things patched and darned.

Here is Jackie's clothes budget, as Mrs. Bigelow gave it to me.

His overcoat is the most expensive item in his wardrobe. He is growing so fast the last two years that he has had one each year, a camels-hair overcoat that costs thirty-five dollars. As Jackie has an unusually large head and he does not look well in a cap that is too large in front, his caps are made to order and cost five dollars each. He has one to match his overcoat and each suit of clothes.

Jackie is now ten years old, but he is stocky in build and as large as a thirteen-year-old boy, so all of his suits are tailored to measure. He gets three at a time. A navy blue for dress wear and one gray and one brown suit for day-time wear. His suits cost twenty-five dollars each.

His biggest item as far as amounts are concerned, is hose. His mother buys his socks by the dozen pair and he never wears anything except black and brown. She gets them for two dollars and fifty cents a dozen. Jackie loves to wear tennies shoes but hardly ever does except when he is actually playing tennis, because Mrs. Bigelow does not like him to risk fallen arches. She buys him sturdy, all leather shoes—black for dress and brown for everyday wear. She pays five dollars a pair for all of his shoes and gets three pairs at a time. Jackie wears them out at the rate of a pair every month. One reason why his mother buys his clothes in lots of three or more is, that often he is working on a picture and cannot go down-town to be fitted for clothing without disrupting or, at least, interfering with the production schedule. So she keeps a reserve of everything on hand.

Jackie usually has three pair of knock-about short pants which he wears for second-best. They cost six and a half dollars per pair and last him one year, or until he outgrows them. He prefers to wear corduroy pants and sweat shirts around the

house and garden and he has four pair each year. These cost him three dollars each. He wears sweaters in winter almost constantly and his mother buys these by the half dozen. He has six of the play sweaters at one dollar each and six good ones that range in price from three to six dollars each.

Jackie has two chamois jackets in his wardrobe, one for studio wear and one to use when he goes on a camping or outing trip. The jacket he keeps for studio wear



No make-believe here! Try to tell Baby LeRoy that woolly pet he holds in his hands is anything but his own real toy dog! Just Try!

costs twelve dollars and his camping jacket cost eight dollars and fifty cents.

He has a scarf to wear with each suit, three in all, and they cost two dollars each. For rainy weather, he has a rain coat, which costs five dollars; rubber boots at six dollars, and a trench coat of which he is very proud and which cost (in Jackie's estimation) the exorbitant sum of twenty-five dollars.

He has riding boots, which were made to measure for fifteen dollars. Jackie has been riding horseback for several years but when he starred in "The Lone Cowboy" for Paramount, he became an expert horseman. He rides a great deal with Mr. Bigelow, his step-father, of whom he is very fond. Mrs. Bigelow does not ride, but the two "men-folk" can often be seen riding along the Beverly Hills bridle path or in Griffith park.

Jackie has a cowboy outfit, chaps, sombrero and vest, but these were gifts from Wally Beery.

He has three pairs of gloves. A pair of dress gloves that cost four dollars, a pair of driving gloves that cost three, and a pair of gauntlet gloves that cost two dollars.

He usually has eight suits of underwear. In summer he wears two-piece nainsook vests and shorts that cost one dollar each and in winter he wears shorts and mixed-wool vests which come to one dollar and twenty-five cents per suit. This makes eight dollars for summer underwear and ten dollars for his winter undersuits—a yearly total of eighteen dollars.

Ten dollars will cover smaller items such as handkerchiefs, bill folds, etc. This completes Jackie's clothes budget.

It is surprisingly simple, too, for a child star's wardrobe. There is nothing ostentatious about Jackie's life or his clothes. He wears the same kind and cut of clothes that the average American boy wears. The only difference is in the number, and this is to meet the emergency requirements of his work.

Mrs. Bigelow says that Jackie is tidy around the house but he plays rough and is out-of-doors every minute and it is a problem to keep his wardrobe ship-shape.

One of the biggest disappointments in Jackie's life is the fact that he cannot go to public school. At present, his tutor is hired by the studio and is paid fifty dollars per week. She is also a welfare worker and watches over him on the set while he is working. Mrs. Bigelow does not accompany him to the studio as a rule. She feels he is perfectly capable of getting along without her and she doesn't interfere or advise him in any way when he is working.

Jackie goes to school the year round but is allowed periodic vacations. When he is not on call at the studio, his teacher comes to the house in Beverly Hills and teaches him from nine to twelve. He is then allowed one hour for luncheon. He is taking French and piano lessons twice a week, at two and a half dollars a lesson, and they come directly after his noon hour. Then, he practices an hour each day on the piano so that he is never really free to do as he pleases until around three o'clock. He has several boy friends of his own age in the neighborhood and they are dismissed at this same hour from the public school which they attend nearby, and from then until dinner time they are all together.

They can usually be found in Jackie's back yard. They aren't very quiet or orderly in their play. They prefer guns and war games. Jackie is interested in American history and they often re-enact some of the battles about which they have studied.

Jackie has a gun collection of which a grown-up might be proud. It has been a real hobby with him ever since he worked with Wally Beery in "The Champ." Wally is one of his heroes and no doubt this accounts for Jackie's love of guns. Wally's pride is in his guns, dogs, and plane. Jackie mirrors Wally's hobbies in his own. Every penny practically of his allowance goes for material with which he builds toy airplane models. He has fourteen which he has built himself from pictures of famous planes. Jackie is not mechanically inclined but he has the necessary patience to keep everlastingly at it and he doesn't quit until he feels that he has rightly accomplished whatever he is attempting to do.

Ever since he worked with Wally, he has loved dogs, but no dog has ever claimed as large a share of his affections as "Dink," the little gray dog that was purchased by the technical crew and actors in "The

Champ" and presented to him at the finish of the production. Jackie made a real pal of "Dink." He could not have loved a brother more. The dog guarded him zealously, too. Even Mrs. Bigelow could not come into Jackie's room at night unless she made herself known to the little animal. It always slept on the foot of the bed and if anyone attempted to enter it would stand up over Jackie's sleeping figure and should they venture to come near, it would growl a low, throaty warning. A bodyguard was superfluous as long as "Dink" lived.

However, a year ago, a speedster ran over the little animal a block from the house as it was crossing the road. It crawled home to die in Jackie's arms and it almost broke his heart. He still feels bereaved over the loss of his little pet. He has had two dogs since then of which he has been fond, but the dog does not live that can take the place of the loyal, squat-bodied little "Dink."

The other day when he came out of his dentist's office, Jackie found a note on the steering wheel of his car from Lee Duncan, who wrote that the daughter of Rin-Tin-Tin has had puppies and that Jackie might have one if he wanted it. He did want it and as soon as the pup is big enough to take away from its mother, he is going to have a police puppy.

Jackie goes regularly to the dentist to have his teeth examined. He has just lost two of his eye teeth and he had to have plates made before he could begin "Treasure Island." They cost fifty dollars each and the studio paid the bill. Jackie's dental bill amounts to about twenty-five dollars a year, ordinarily.

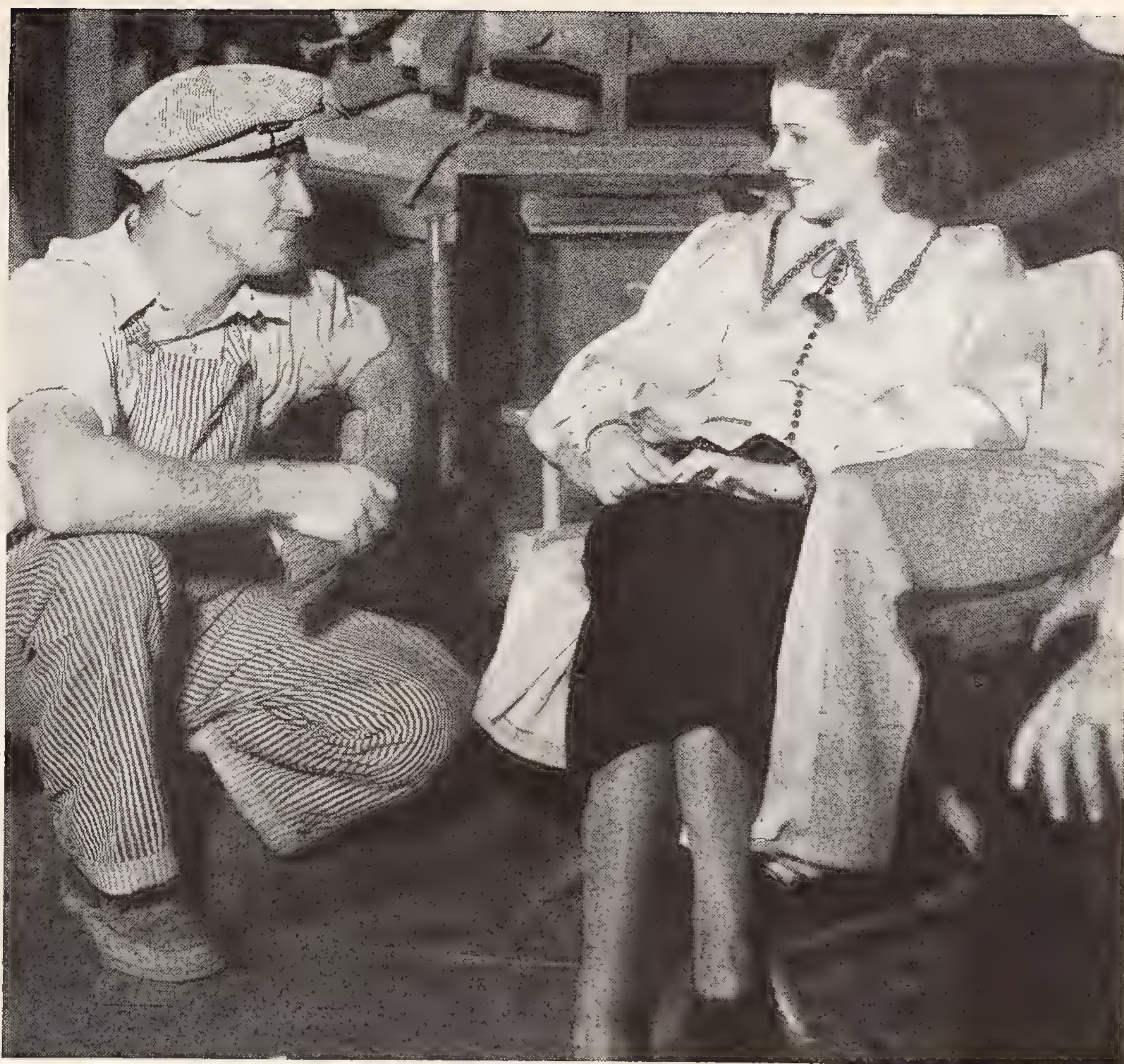
Jackie's mother has tried to get him to take dancing lessons but to date he has succeeded in talking her out of it. He does take boxing lessons daily, however, from Mike Cantwell, except on Saturday and Sunday. Mike was Max Baer's trainer while Max was in Hollywood. At present, he is training movie actors. Jackie is the only child that is taking lessons from him and he pays fifteen dollars a week for the privilege.

Jackie is given an allowance of two dollars a week. He used to get it once a week, but sometimes he fell from grace and was deprived of it, so he hit upon the scheme of being paid twice weekly. So, now if he isn't the best boy in the world he doesn't lose his whole weekly allowance. Most of it goes for materials for his toy airplanes and for gun caps. Sometimes he treats the boys to a show at the neighborhood theatre. His mother allows him five dollars a month for theatre tickets and amusements but if he runs over this amount he pays it out of his weekly allowance.

Jackie supplements his allowance by going on errands for his mother whenever he can. He has a bicycle and enjoys going. However, he has not the liberties and privileges of an ordinary American boy. There are many things he would like to do that his prominence as the foremost boy actor on the screen prohibits him from doing. He has wanted to accompany one of his boy friends to boy scout camp for several years now but it is out of the question. The problem of his personal safety intervenes.

He is never impressed with his importance but he understands that somehow he is not so free as other boys. There is the bodyguard who goes wherever Jackie goes. He accompanies him to the studio and sleeps near him at night. For this protection, Jackie pays thirty-five dollars a week. Jackie has had his bodyguard for nearly three years now.

The rest of the four hundred dollar weekly allowance granted by the court is expended on the actual upkeep of the house. I almost overlooked the item of fan photos.



Fellow workers talk it over! Above, Janet Gaynor enjoys a brief respite between scenes for her new picture in conversation with one of the electricians on the set—his name's Peterson, lucky chap!

Jackie's fan mail which he sends out himself costs around five hundred dollars a year. The studio sends out photos for all letters addressed to him at the studio, but he gets a great deal of fan mail at his home. How his fans get his address is a mystery, but they do, and the postman always brings him greetings, often from far-off China, Australia, and New Zealand. He gets many letters from England, too.

Jackie doesn't need to spend any money on toys. He has gifts galore from his studio friends and fans. His mother and father presented him with a punching bag, boxing gloves and shoes on his tenth birthday. He has some beautiful boats that he is able to sail on water. He plans on entering one of them in the next regatta held in Hollywood. One of the boats was given him by his uncle, Norman Taurog, and another was the gift of Tallulah Bankhead.

The Paramount Studio gave him a bicycle when he completed his rôle in "Skippy." He has since outgrown it and traded it in on a larger one. Mr. Louis B. Mayer gave him a motion picture projection machine. Joan Crawford presented him with a large, world globe that rests on a floor standard, a useful and lovely gift for any boy. She also gave him a nice wrist watch. Sid Grauman presented him with a silver-handled pocket knife. The list is endless. Practically everyone of importance in Hollywood has given him something at one time or another.

Jackie's doctor bills are usually nil. However, last year he became ill very suddenly. The Bigelow family physician was out of town and they called another doctor. This is the only time that she can remember, says Mrs. Bigelow, of being overcharged for anything. As soon as the doctor examined Jackie, he pronounced it acute appendicitis, rushed him to the hospital and operated. Mrs. Bigelow was so frightened by the sudden illness that she

neglected to ask the physician his fee. He sent a bill shortly after Jackie recovered, asking a payment of five thousand dollars. Mrs. Bigelow refused to pay it, at first. However, her attorney advised her to settle the bill for half that amount rather than carry the case to court. So it cost little Jackie exactly twenty-five hundred dollars to get his appendix out, where an ordinary American boy would have been taken care of in the same manner for much less.

Mrs. Bigelow says she has never had any trouble about Jackie's diet, because he really likes the things that are good for him. He can't get enough of spinach and vegetables and he enjoys meat in moderation. He doesn't drink either tea or coffee, and the biggest item about his eating is getting enough for him. He has a prodigious appetite, as boys of his age have who spend much time out-of-doors.

Jackie is a child star and a wonderful little actor, but you would never know it from meeting or talking with him. He is a well-balanced young American in spite of his tremendous talent and growing wealth. He spends his time, too, as most young Americans do, with certain hours for work, for school, and for play. The radio and motion picture theatre offer the larger share of his amusements. Each year, Mr. and Mrs. Bigelow take him for a short vacation either to Catalina Island or to the desert. They do not go to Palm Springs or any of the expensive vacation spots, but to small places like Twenty-Nine Palms.

Jackie loves camping out, and finds his greatest measure of fun on these holiday excursions to the desert.

His money is being invested for him in gilt-edge securities, partly in bonds, partly in an endowment fund, and the rest in real estate. So that if the day ever comes when he will be just Mr. John Cooper, gentleman, he will have something to show for his work and years as a child picture star.

"I Don't Think I'm Funny"

Continued from page 19



Lilian Ellis, Viennese musical comedy star, now devoting her talents to film comedies.

to Hollywood. The wistful grace of her every gesture, the plaintiveness of her voice seemed to everyone to be those qualities which heralded a great dramatic actress. Her career proves them to be both right and wrong. The dramatic rôles in which she first won praise have not been forgotten. The dank, dour tragedies directed by Eric von Stroheim established her as a great dramatic actress, but it is as a comedienne that she has come to be one of America's favorites.

But by this time Fields had succeeded in breaking the second set of crockery, much to the enjoyment of everyone on the set. Zasu and I were at liberty to continue our conversation without the benefit of any directorial scowls. She looked at me with a slow smile.

"I don't know why you want to interview me—why don't you pick on someone who is really glamorous? Dietrich or Lombard, for instance. People want to read about them—not about me. There is nothing really interesting to say about me."

But there is something interesting to say about this charming and much-too-modest actress!

When Zasu stepped from the train in Los Angeles her ears still tingled with the prophetic praise of her home-folks. She was going to have a career; she was sure of it. Her first experiences, however, were discouraging. The best she could get were some parts in two-reel comedies. To her they were experience, merely sign-posts along the road to recognition. To the producers these parts were not comedy. If anything or anyone in a slap-stick comedy can be serious the small parts played by Zasu were just that. Here was no one who, in herself, could produce a laugh; she was merely the serious character on whom all the silly pranks of comedy could be sprung.

From these insignificant particles of serious characterization Zasu graduated to a rôle in Mary Pickford's picture, "The Little Princess." Incidentally, this rôle grew to such menacing proportions under the skillful, intuitive dramatic technique of

Zasu Pitts that most of it had to be cut to save the position of America's curly-headed darling. For Zasu took the part of a "slavey," a pathetic, down-trodden, bewildered maid-of-all-work and made a major characterization of it. She made the part so wistfully appealing, in fact, that it endangered the importance of the star. Therefore it was reduced to appropriate and discreet proportions. Despite the fact that Mary Pickford thus saved her own rôle in the picture, she recognized the real ability of this little girl from the country and sent her to Mack Sennett with a letter of highest recommendation.

And now in speaking of Mary Pickford Zasu says: "No one has ever succeeded in taking her place. There has never been a screen personality who represented quite the same thing to the picture public. She was more than a favorite star, she was practically an ideal. Perhaps if there were more pictures of the type she used to make there would not be all this howl about censorship right now."

But let us return to our story. Zasu first went to see Sennett at the time when, under Sennett's banner, Charlie Chaplin was rising to the dizzy heights of stardom. His superb skill in combining the ridiculous comedy of his make-up and antics with a hint of tragedy made him universally appealing. These were just the qualities that Mary Pickford saw in Zasu Pitts. But Sennett missed badly. He looked at Zasu, shook his head and said, "You don't look funny to me!"

This comedy producer was not the only one to miss Zasu's possibilities. Despite the fact that she got many small parts, no one could visualize her as a comedienne or, for that matter, as a dramatic actress. There was, however, one person who had become not only a great friend of Zasu's but a great believer in her ability. This was Frances Marion, then a writer at Famous Players, now the Paramount lot. Barrie's play, "What Every Woman Knows," was about to be produced and she recognized at once that Zasu Pitts was the one person best suited to handle the whimsical, tragi-comedy required of the lead in this famous play. She went to William de Mille, who was to direct the picture, to plead with him to give Zasu the part. Finally he was persuaded to grant this actress an interview. Zasu was sent for.

When she arrived in de Mille's office he treated her to a devastating barrage of silence. Then, seeing that she was suitably impressed by these tactics, he suddenly bent forward and looking at her long hair asked earnestly and firmly, "Have you any sex appeal?" When she finally mustered enough courage to speak, the best she could manage was, "Well, I've just been married!" She did *not* get the part—it was given to Lois Wilson.

Now she laughs about this encounter and says, "So I just slunk away feeling sad and not so very sexy!"

Just after this strange interview Zasu was discovered by Eric von Stroheim. He demanded that she be given an important rôle in the picture which he was about to do. The picture was "Greed" and the part was far removed from comedy. It was tragic and realistic in the extreme. Her experiences in working under this director, who was soon to be hailed as a genius, were so grim and so unrelieved by any vestige of humor that they hurried the turning point in her career.

For she had experienced enough of the tragic side of life. Melancholy by nature,

the circumstances surrounding her youth had been none too cheerful. She had been lonely. Now her work was throwing her with a group of people to whom humor and cheerfulness were unknown quantities. Von Stroheim had through his own experiences come to recognize only the grim realities of existence. His humor, if it can be called that, is of the same nature expressed by a cat when it toys with a stricken mouse. Her friendship with Barbara La Marr brought her into closer contact with tragedy, for it was at this period that this beautiful actress was going through the illness that resulted in her death. And after Barbara's death Zasu adopted her child, whom she is bringing up with her own. Marriage difficulties arose to give Zasu an added taste of woe. On top of this she was assigned another part under von Stroheim, that of the club-footed princess in "The Wedding March."

This pathetic characterization, which she did so excellently, was really the turning point for Zasu. Tragedy had become so much a part of her nature, so intimately a part of all her surroundings, her acquaintances, that either consciously or unconsciously she began to over-emphasize its effects. In order to "take the bumps" she had to develop a sense of humor. Its expression was through an over-emphasis of her very real bewilderment at the harshness of life.

In mock despair she wrings her hands, is helplessly, hopelessly inadequate at coping with the morbid drama which the scene of life itself presents. So woeful is she that merely through over-expression of her own and her friend's deep-rooted tragedy, it becomes comedy—not for herself but those who see her. Suddenly she represents no longer the serious side of life to those who watch her on the screen. Her difficulties, expressed in her own inimitable manner, are the source of laughter to the picture public. Because people cannot laugh at their own troubles, they must laugh at hers.

Thus it is that Zasu, in all her present-day screen characterizations, represents, not necessarily a comic figure, but one who tries quite ineffectually to cope with the difficulties presented in a certain unfortunate situation. In the early tragic rôles which she handled so expertly the public did not laugh—the public cried. But through stressing over-much this same plaintive, woeful quality of acting they now laugh. So the next time you see Zasu just remember that you are not necessarily laughing at comedy—you're really laughing at "ole man trouble" herself!

In Hollywood Zasu has a reputation for cheerfulness and light-spirited gaiety. When she drives through the studio gates in the morning on her way to work a general lift in morale is noticeable from the gate-man right on through the company with which she is working. Only her real, her close friends know that she may have spent the night in tears because of the many difficulties which beset her.

Now, however, a new day has dawned for this justly famous comedienne. Her marriage to Eddie Woodhall, one-time tennis star, has brought her long delayed happiness. Her new part, that of Miss Hazy in "Mrs. Wiggs of The Cabbage Patch" offers her one of the best opportunities she has had recently to play a really sincere rôle. She hopes for more parts of the same kind when she finishes this one.

She says: "I'm happy and I hope I stay that way!"

How to Have a Hollywood Figure

Continued from page 59

will know it, and today doctors understand how to correct conditions that baffled their fathers. Heart ailments aren't necessarily fatal, but you can strain your heart badly if you go in for sports too strenuously when you are under par.

I have men clients—big, strapping fellows with huge biceps—who have ruptured heart muscles. I insist that every one take a physician's examination to see what form of exercise is safe for them.

Find out your normal weight and try to stay near that mark.

I'm giving you a chart of normal weight for girls of various heights according to age, but this should be regarded as a guide only. The fad for measuring yourself can be overdone. Don't let it become an obsession, and be sure you take into consideration whether your hands and feet are large or small, if your bone structure is naturally bigger than average. If you are sixteen and small, perhaps you should weigh the same as a 14-year-old; if you are heavily set, the chart for 18 or 20 might be nearer your correct weight.

Most girls of your age have friends who like to do the same things. So I've planned a few exercises that you can do together. These will keep you in good condition, and I think you will enjoy them.

1. Stand with your back to a wall, arms raised high above your head; raise the right knee, foot pointing downward, as high as it will go. Then left knee. Now try same exercise with your friend pushing against the knee as you raise it. This exercise is excellent for constipation also.

2. Then there is the see-saw exercise: Sit back to back on the floor, legs straight out in front of you, hands clasped behind neck. One girl leans backward as heavily as she can, pushing the other one forward as low as she can go; the second girl tries to hold back all the time; then she leans backward and forces her resisting friend to bend down toward her knees; back and

WEIGHT TABLE FOR GIRLS

Showing normal weights for girls of various heights according to age. As explained in the accompanying article, the chart is to be used only as a guide. Blank spaces occur under certain heights for the reason that such measurements for the specified ages are below average, abnormal, and therefore are not given in the physician's table of averages upon which the chart is based.

HEIGHT	AGE							
	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
4 ft. 5 in.	70 lbs.							
4 ft. 6 in.	73 lbs.							
4 ft. 7 in.	76 lbs.	77						
4 ft. 8 in.	80 lbs.	81						
4 ft. 9 in.	84 lbs.	85	86					
4 ft. 10 in.	88 lbs.	89	90	91	93	95	98	102
4 ft. 11 in.	93 lbs.	94	95	96	98	100	103	107
5 ft.	97 lbs.	99	100	102	104	106	109	112
5 ft. 1 in.	102 lbs.	104	106	108	109	111	113	115
5 ft. 2 in.	107 lbs.	109	111	113	114	115	116	118
5 ft. 3 in.	112 lbs.	113	115	117	118	119	120	121
5 ft. 4 in.	117 lbs.	118	119	120	121	122	123	124
5 ft. 5 in.	119 lbs.	120	122	123	124	125	126	127
5 ft. 6 in.	121 lbs.	122	124	126	127	128	129	130
5 ft. 7 in.	124 lbs.	126	127	128	129	130	131	133
5 ft. 8 in.	126 lbs.	128	130	132	133	134	135	137
5 ft. 9 in.	129 lbs.	131	133	135	136	137	138	140
5 ft. 10 in.		134	136	138	139	140	141	143

Note: In considering this chart, remember that screen stars must always be from 10 to 20 pounds underweight because the camera photographs them larger than they are. But this is a gauge for you if you feel under par. Put health before slimness, especially if you are still growing.



First position of the chest expansion exercise, as explained in the accompanying article. Try this health-builder. It's real fun.

forth they go, see-saw, see-saw. This strengthens the muscles of the abdomen.

3. One girl stands behind the other, giving support with her own chest (a cushion may be used between the two, if desired); the girl in back grasps her friend's elbows and draws them back while the friend is taking in a deep breath. This will hurt a little at first, but it is an excellent exercise to develop a good chest expansion.

I know that exercise is often looked upon as a deadly bore and any excuse will do to postpone it, but if you allow yourself to do that, the extra weight will soon spoil any attempt to look like Miriam Hopkins or Carole Lombard. Regularity is necessary for results.

You can add interest and zest to the exercise period by combining dance exercises with the other calisthenics. Most girls like to dance and you can do this alone or with your girl friend. Turn on the radio, or put on a record; or if you can't do this, try whistling or humming while you dance. Rolls of fat around the hips can be reduced by dance movements.

Try kicking steps, while hopping on one foot; for example: Stand with right toe turned out, left heel at instep of right foot; give a hop and at same time raise left knee upward, describing a semi-circle in the air with the left foot. To make semi-circle, left leg must swing out a little at the knee. Repeat hop and knee-raising with a light and graceful motion six times. Now repeat, hopping on left foot and raising right knee. Hold arms out a little below shoulder level, with elbows nicely rounded.

Here's another exercise excellent for reducing stout legs: Stand with right foot in front of left and almost parallel, toe of left foot behind heel of right. Raise right leg, knee stiff, until foot is about 18 inches from the floor. Give a high jump upward, and at the same time bring left leg up and beat it against calf of right. In landing bend knees and ankles so that you come down softly. Do not come down with a thud. This exercise requires very quick action of the legs. Repeat with right leg behind, beating left calf on jump. Do this 4 to 6 times at first, until muscles are accustomed to it. Remember to land lightly every time. Then do various dance steps and bend down to touch floor with fingers and up as high as you can reach, first to right, then to left, as you dance.

Follow these dancing exercises with a brisk massage, including the slapping movement given in former articles.

In your local papers you often see advice from doctors recommending that women who wish to reduce should fast for several days every month. YOU are too young to do this without the advice of your personal physician. So DON'T.

One difficulty about very strict diets is that girls don't know how to begin to eat when the diet is over. I've told you not to fast, but if you have done it anyway, follow this advice: Break your fast with liquids—fruit juices, broths, soups, taken every hour or two, not very much at a time. Then you may graduate to cereals and easily digested foods. It may be a month before you can go in for heavy

meals without danger of physical harm.

Don't think you can fast for days and then go to a banquet and devour everything on the table!

This was impressed on me years ago when I was trapping up in Alaska. One day our party found three men on the trail, starving. They had been robbed by Indians and had had nothing to eat for nearly three weeks and were on the verge of death. We took them to our cabin and fed them on soup, giving them a small portion at a time every few hours.

The second night, one of the men felt so ravenously hungry that he got up while we were asleep, cooked himself a big venison steak and gorged on it. He died the next day. The others got well, which proves my point.

I see by the papers that the girls in Racine, Wisconsin, have decided to have Mae West figures and that they have, therefore, gone in for ice cream sodas and banana splits in a big way. Let me advise them—and all of you—that Mae West never drinks sodas or goes in for rich dishes of any kind. She exercises, takes massage and is careful of her figure. Yes, I think it's fine to have curves, but you won't get them from rich food.

A good many young girls who have slender bodies worry about their fat faces. As a rule a plump face belongs to youth, but if yours is causing you to lose sleep, you can make it a little slimmer by regular facial massage, including the slapping movement. This slapping massage may be done with a patten or a large velour puff mounted at the end of a whalebone. Tense the cheek muscles and pat briskly about 20 times on each cheek. Now with the heel of the hand massage the tensed muscles with a firm rotary motion about six times. Then bathe the face with ice or a mild astringent for several minutes. Dry, pat on skin tonic, and let dry on the skin.

All the cautions I've been giving you about fasting and too much exercise doesn't mean that I recommend to you to lie in the shade or lounge by the fire with a book, whenever you are not in school or at work, and then to drink milk and eat nourishing food in order to be safe. It is vitally necessary at your age that you take



Completing the "duet" exercise for developing the chest—one of several ideas outlined in this article for companionable health-seekers.

exercise, and unless you want to, there's something wrong somewhere, and you should try to locate the cause.

If you secretly have an eye on Hollywood, it is up to you to acquire and preserve a slender, beautiful figure. It needn't be hard to do this; you can enjoy it, if you will.

The best exercise for the average girl is that taken outdoors in her favorite sport. Horseback riding, tennis, hiking, gardening, swimming and diving are excellent, but for very busy people these are not available at sufficiently frequent intervals. An oc-

casional game or an occasional hike may make you feel fine, but the good effects wear off if you can't do it regularly.

So if you aren't able to get in tennis or swimming or other outdoor sports every day, take up regular exercise. Anyone can find time for ten or fifteen minutes exercise, night or morning, to keep in trim.

I suppose you think that I'm always harping on posture, but it means a lot if you have any screen ambitions. How far do you think Marlene Dietrich would have gone if she had had one shoulder higher than the other?

Aside from the fact that your clothes don't look well when your shoulders aren't even, the knowledge that you are deformed isn't pleasant. Habitual faulty posture is often the cause of these defects.

There are some simple exercises that may be used to correct minor defects. For a condition in which the right shoulder is a little lower than the left, and the left hip lower than the right, try this: Sit or stand up. Stretch right arm straight out to the side at shoulder level, then bend the elbow, bringing the hand to the back of the neck. Place the left hand against the left side about midway between the waist and armpit, with elbow bent out at side. Bend trunk over to the left. Rise and repeat from five to ten times.

Another very simple exercise for the same purpose may be done in a standing position. Stand with elbows bent at sides and hands on shoulders. Slowly stretch one arm straight up above the head and stretch the other arm out to the side at shoulder level. If it is the right shoulder that is lower than the other, the right arm should be the one to stretch upward, but if the left shoulder is low, stretch up with that arm.

A variation of the above exercise may be had by lifting a two or three pound weight, like a book, in the hand that is stretched upward. The other hand, on the side of the high shoulder, may be placed on the hip. Repeat the upward thrusts about ten times.

(Next month I'll have more advice for you, which will include answers to some of your personal problems you've written me about.)

Claudette Steps Out!

Continued from page 31

So why all this stepping out? So I decided to drop what I was doing—and I was doing pretty good, too—and get the heck out to Brentwood.

Immediately I got out of my car Prince, the Colbert pooch, came lumbering up and planted his dirty paws right smack on the shoulders of my white polo coat, fresh from the dry cleaner's, which put me in a nasty frame of mind, I'm telling you. Colbert is certainly an expensive girl to know—what with those dry cleaning bills and a long distance telephone. I was informed by the maid that Miss Colbert hadn't awakened as yet, which enraged me all the more as it was twelve-thirty and it has always been my boast that Claudette was the one movie star in Hollywood you could call at nine in the morning and receive not only a "hello," but a cheerful "hello." Things were looking dire, dire indeed. So I just threw my white polo coat on the floor and told Prince to enjoy himself, which he did.

"Madame," I said when I was admitted to her bedroom, a little something in white and taupe and fuzzy balls whipped up by Billy Haines, and with those inevitable curved chairs which always break when I lean back, "I am on the verge of reporting you to the Revolution. The very idea of

lying abed like a capitalist until one o'clock. Remember what happened to Marie Antoinette."

"Huh," huffed Miss Colbert, attacking a grapefruit with more vigor than stay-out-lates usually muster the morning after. "I had fun! I didn't know I could do it," Claudette continued. "I sat in that club for four hours without being the least bit bored. It was awfully funny. I don't believe anyone had ever asked for chocolate cake in that place before. During the evening, and morning, I had six cups of tea, three pieces of chocolate cake, and a glass of milk."

"Just a playgirl," I sniffed.

"Those night clubs are a lot of fun, really. I saw Snaggle Tooth and talked to him for hours. He's most amusing. I don't see why you don't like him."

"I don't like him?" I screamed. "I've always liked him. It's you who don't like him. It's you who've always hated night clubs. Gosh, everything's topsy-turvy. Next thing I know you'll be liking the Insect."

"I do," Claudette announced calmly. "I've invited her to dinner. And you'll kindly refrain from talking about my guests."

"It's crazy, it's all crazy. For years, Claudette, we have agreed that the Insect is poisonous. Oh, well, just skip it."

"Oh, I'm changing in a lot of ways. I like a lot of people I didn't like once, and I like doing a lot of things that used to bore me. Wouldn't it be funny if I started giving parties? Why, I haven't entertained since I left New York."

"It'll be a *Cleopatra* costume ball at the Vendome," I said morosely. "But before you start inviting all the people you used to think were dull, please tell me what all this stepping out business is. You're in Louella's column every morning and Harrison Carroll's column every night. You've looked 'radiantly beautiful' at ten different places. I've wasted sixty cents trying to find you at home all week. It used to take my best wheedling to get you to a preview, and I must say your other friends didn't get you much further, and now you start stepping out all over the place, delving into night life and everything. How come?"

"It's my shyness," Claudette confessed. "It isn't any more. Pouf—like that—it disappeared." She slipped into a shirt and slacks for tennis—for something had to be done about those three pieces of chocolate

cake. "All my life I have been face-conscious, or leg-conscious, or voice-conscious and simply frightened to death of people. I always imagined they were talking about me, criticising me, when really I suppose they weren't even aware of my presence. When I first came to Hollywood, I tried my best to get over my shyness and Norman and I went to a few parties—but I was miserable, completely miserable, and ended up with nervous indigestion. I would see a couple of producers, and the director of my next picture, sitting over in the corner talking in whispers, and I was just certain that they were saying, 'That's Claudette Colbert, New York stage actress. Heaven only knows why Paramount brought her out here. Look at that face—you can't photograph *that*!' Or if I entered a living room and a couple of stars suddenly stopped talking I was sure that they had been discussing me and my face would burn for hours.

"A rather awful thing happened to me a week or so before I came to Hollywood which didn't help my shyness at all. It sounds silly now but at the time it kept me awake for nights afterwards. A boy I have known for years took me to the Paramount Theatre in New York to see my picture 'The Wiser Sex' which was running there that week. This boy is lots of fun, but always ribbing. When 'The Wiser Sex with Claudette Colbert' was flashed on the screen, he arose, pretended to put on his coat, and said in a loud whisper, 'Aw nuts, I don't want to see that Colbert! She can't act!' Immediately, but immediately, the man back of him got up, grabbed his coat, and remarked—on his way out—'Brother, you said a mouthful!' Well, it sort of got me. Every time I went to one of my pictures after that I could imagine that I saw the entire audience walking out. And the night I sang on the radio I had a perfect picture of ten million people hastily dialing for another station.

"And of course a review I received in an Eastern paper once didn't help matters much. It said, 'The picture is awful enough, but Claudette Colbert is worse.' I almost gave up my career after that. It's always been a queer thing, but I can face ten thousand people—if they are on the other side of the footlights—but put ten people in a room with me and I'm frightened silly. So what with imagining that everybody was talking about me, in a critical way, and what with never being able to think up any smart repartee when introduced to a Hollywood celebrity, I just decided the best place for me was by my own fireside with a few friends who'd like me whether I was a great actress or a flop.

"But somehow, since I have been branching out in pictures, I have also felt like branching out in my private life. I realize now that I have always liked people, but have been so shy and sensitive that I have avoided them. I don't believe I'm shy any more. I can meet the biggest producers and directors without batting an eyelash. Please don't think me conceited, but I sort of like to pretend to myself that they are sitting over there in the corner whispering, 'That's Claudette Colbert. I'm after her for a picture.'"

And that, by heck, is just exactly what they are saying—except they are saying it in italics. Since her sensational success in "The Sign of the Cross," "Torch Singer," and "It Happened One Night"—and just wait until you see Miss Gorgeous in "Cleopatra"—every producer in Hollywood has been trying to sign Claudette for a picture. Universal, holding out John Stahl as a bait, got her first—but as soon as "Imitation of Life" is finished will come a picture at Paramount, at Columbia, at Metro, at Warners, and so on far into the

next two years. At last, Colbert is more than a sauce.

So Claudette in her modest way is saying that she is overcoming her shyness and therefore can step out a bit and meet people and enjoy herself. But in my frank way I'm saying that it's because she has gained confidence in herself. There's nothing like a little confidence to help one put one's best foot forward. When I first started going to previews with Claudette she would dress up like a million dollars and then would dash out of the theatre five minutes before the picture was over just to keep people from seeing her. Thank heavens, now we don't have to dash, and I've left a good pair of gloves behind for the last time. Fans, stars, and just "private people" stimulate her now, and she feels the need of this stimulation.

A lot of thanks should go to C. B. DeMille in this little matter of helping Claudette gain confidence in herself. One of the things that Claudette has always been particularly self-conscious about is her voice. It has a strange, husky quality about it that came from a series of colds when she was a kid which completely robbed her of a singing voice which her father was joyously having developed. After her sickness when she heard her "new voice" she cried for days, and another

siege of shyness set in. She was so conscious of her voice that the movie executives became conscious of it, too. So when DeMille was looking around for his *Poppaea* for "The Sign of the Cross"—he tested hundreds of actresses—he happened to be in the projection room one night when they were showing the "rushes" of Claudette's picture. DeMille sprang from his seat and made his way out of that projection room, going straight to the big mogul's office.

"I want Colbert," he announced.

"Okay. And while you are at it try to cure her of that funny, husky catch which creeps into her voice."

"I'll do nothing of the sort," DeMille answered. "It was that husky catch which tipped me off that she is the only one suited for the part."

And later to Claudette he said, "How is your figure?"

"It's all right," said Claudette a bit dubiously, "what there is of it."

Well, DeMille set forth right away to prove to Claudette that she has an interesting voice, a perfect figure, and a lovely face. Claudette isn't completely sold yet—but she's willing to admit that maybe everything wasn't as bad as she thought. And at least she can face the music—and the people.



Allan Hale and Claudette Colbert are companion troupers in the new picture John M. Stahl will offer as his next directorial effort. You see them above having a chat between "takes" at the studio where they are making the new production.

Why Closed Sets Are Closed

Continued from page 21

two days of shooting "The Belle of the Nineties" was not a closed set. The third day it was! The reason for this drastic change of Mae's mind is centered in the visit of two ladies, one a newspaper woman and the other an "out-of-towner" who had obtained permission to watch Mae go through her motions.

It was one of those days when nothing was going right. Even her costume did not fit—until she had stood for hours having alterations. Johnny Mack Brown was sniffing around with a slight cold that was registering in the microphone. "Take" after "take" was being N.G.'d—(no good)—by the sound technician. Mae was upset, and because of that, she was frequently blowing up in her "lines."

John Miljan was saying to her: "Have you forgotten you have lost your jewelry?" and Mae was supposed to answer: "No, and I ain't forgotten how I got it, either!" A simple line. Yet because of many things it kept eluding her.

The lady visitors sat and took notice. The next day the story was all over town that *la West* couldn't really write the movie stories she was getting credit and money for *because she couldn't even remember her own lines!* Such gossip as this Mae considered not only damaging to her reputation, but downright aggravatin'! The same day a newspaper man dropped over to see what was going on, and reported in his column the next evening that Mae and her director were quarreling on the set over certain bits of action. In exasperation, Mae explained they hadn't been quarreling, only discussing, which is part and parcel of the game of making movies. "I'm sick and tired of all this made-up stuff about what's takin' place on my sets!" said Mae—and on went the CLOSED SET sign.

Joan Crawford is not an out-and-out "closed set" star. There are times, during the lighter scenes of her pictures, when Joan's set is open to visitors who have business there. But when Joan goes into the dramatic scenes of "Sadie McKee," or any other picture, the set is as closed as a Marlene Dietrich-Von Sternberg sound stage. No, it isn't that it makes Joan nervous to be watched, either. After all, the set is crowded with electricians, carpenters, assistant directors and cameramen who are watching her. But the point is, Joan is used to these people. They are comfortable. *Their thought waves are friendly*—for anybody with an unfriendly thought wave does not remain long employed in Joan's companies. She's extremely sensitive to thought waves, is Joan, so sensitive it amounts almost to mind reading.

The best example of this occurred just the other day while Joan and Clark Gable were making close-ups for a love scene in "Chained." A "bit player" who used to know Joan very well when they were both starting out in the movies, dropped over on the set to see her and say "Hello." Joan received her graciously and they chatted for quite awhile before director Clarence Brown called Joan back before the camera. The visiting girl remained to see the scene shot, but not for long! An assistant director asked her politely if she would not stand so close to the camera that Miss Crawford and Mr. Gable could see her. In a little while she left—without ever knowing that Joan had given the signal that she wanted her to go—because she, Joan, could sense the unflattering and uncomplimentary things her erstwhile friend was thinking about her! And just to prove how right Joan was: this girl was later overheard to remark that Joan was

"friendly enough, but always acting, both on and off the screen!"

Norma Shearer insists her tightly closed sets are not inspired from nervousness, but because so much time can, and has been lost, by stopping to chat with reporters and visiting celebrities and wives of important men who come to the studios on visits. Norma is a very friendly girl. She likes people. She likes to talk to them, and if they are interesting, she can become wholly wrapped up in the exploits of the newest aviator, or the Chinese lady doctor. Far from unfriendly reasons—Norma's sets are



Mr. and Mrs. Charles Laughton, (Elsa Lanchester), both of whom now are doing pictures in Hollywood.

closed because her interest can become *too* friendly. Another thing—as the wife of Irving Thalberg she feels a certain hostess obligation to visiting dignitaries, that she should spend more time with them than it would be necessary for any other star to do.

"Besides," explained Norma, "the visitor on the set can completely destroy a mood that has taken hours to build up. To hear a wise-cracking remark made even while I am powdering my nose between scenes can entirely undo the mood that the cast, the director and I have spent hours nursing to a climax. Everything that happens on a motion picture set that is not directly concerned with the actual taking of the picture is an extravagant, time-wasting distraction!"

"For these reasons 'The Barretts of Wimpole Street' was the most closed of closed sets. The only time we let down was to welcome Charles Laughton, who had just arrived from England, to play the rôle of my father in the picture. When Mr. Laughton came visiting to say 'Hello' a few days before he actually started work we took off a whole hour to welcome him and congratulate him on winning the Academy Award for the best acting performance of the year."

Constance Bennett is the only one of the closed-set stars I encountered, who admitted that visitors are kept off her set because she cannot stand to have people standing around gawking at her. Away from the studio Connie flees from crowds, and cameramen (when she can), and it disconcerts and embarrasses her to be recognized. For anyone not actually connected with the making of the picture to watch her work, nearly drives her crazy.

For one thing, Connie has never had

any stage experience, and she has never made a single personal appearance. It's an out and out case of stage fright, self-consciousness, and cold feet with Connie, and she makes no bones about it.

"It actually makes my knees go limp to feel someone staring at me, and yes, even reporters stare and gawk when they come onto a motion picture set. It's awful, too, to hear the whispers, whispers, whispers! I always feel they are talking about me—criticizing my appearance or my work." And that is the main and only reason why no one, except Gilbert Roland, was allowed on the set of the new Bennett picture—or any other Bennett picture if Connie can help it, and she usually can! There is only one writer, a man who has been her friend for many years, who has ever been able to get a Bennett production story.

The Dietrich-Von Sternberg and the Greta Garbo sets have been saved for the last for, yea, verily, 'tis harder for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for any man, poor or rich, to set foot on the sets of the two queens when the camera is turning. With Norma Shearer, or Mae West, or even Connie Bennett there is always a bare possibility that someone might get to them if the studio was burning down—or the end of the world came. But with Dietrich and Garbo, you can take my word for it that Judgment Day would come along and rock them into eternity without anyone ever getting on to their bolted sets to warn of what was approaching!

With Garbo, it is a combination of showmanship (maintaining her well established mystery act), and a truly timid, retiring disposition. So far as anyone knows, Max Baer is the only person in the world who ever got away with "sneaking" onto a Garbo set. He claims he watched her shoot several scenes without her ever realizing he was present—and maybe he did. You know Maxie. Always clowning! But if it's true, it was an accident.

The reason Marlene Dietrich permits no one on her sets is—Josef von Sternberg! Marlene's *Svengali* has a fetish for privacy. Someone once said that he directed a picture after the manner of a Yankee Spy conducting activities in a Confederate stronghold. Players in his casts are requested not to repeat even to friends descriptions of their rôles, or any of the dialogue taking place. No one can describe a costume, or hum a musical score. Whether this is pure self-protection with von Sternberg (fear a rival producer might try to beat him to the market with his own ideas) or merely an unreasonable artistic urge on his part, is a moot question. The funniest story coming from the CLOSED SET policy on "The Scarlet Empress" was when Von made all the cameramen and electricians and his assistants leave the set while only he, and his gorgeous German star occupied the stage—Marlene before the camera and von Sternberg turning the crank on it!

The fact that little "set gossip" is published concerning a Garbo or Dietrich picture serves its purpose well in stirring up interest in everything they undertake. But it can also be a boomerang when a picture that has been whispered into solemn importance so sacred and secret that no one knows what it is going to be (but they expect nothing short of a miracle), turns out to be just "another picture," as did "The Scarlet Empress."

Then, is it any wonder that the newspaper boys tear their hair and jump up and down in trying to figure out: "What's all the shooting for behind those closed sets?"



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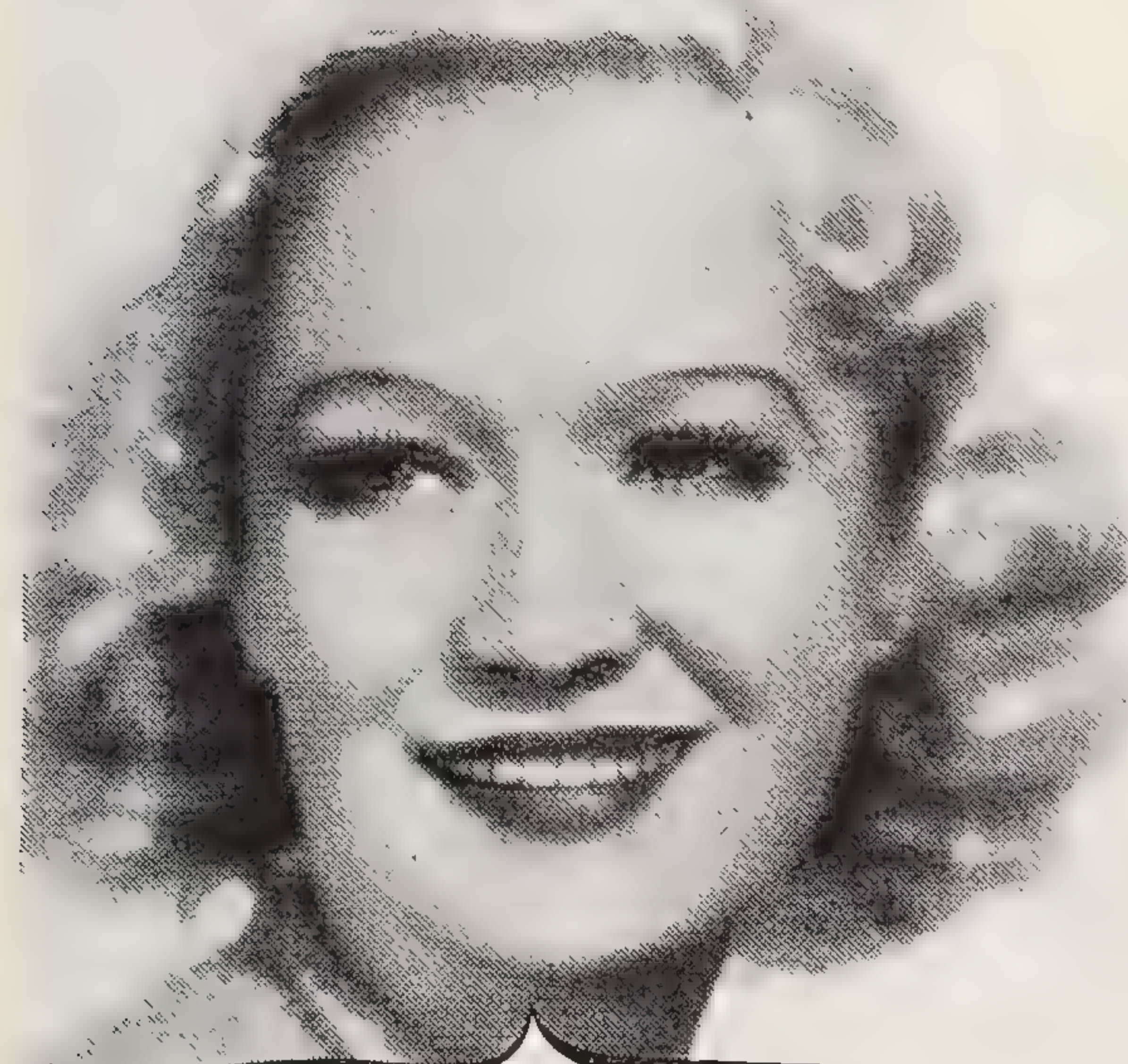
Have you seen warning signals of this distressing modern com-

plexion trouble—enlarged pores, tiny blemishes, dullness—black-heads, perhaps?

Cosmetics need not harm even delicate skin unless they are allowed to *choke the pores*. Many a girl who *thinks* she removes cosmetics thoroughly actually leaves bits of stale rouge and powder in the pores day after day. Then the pores become clogged, distended—Cosmetic Skin develops.

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MIRIAM HOPKINS

STAR OF PARAMOUNT'S
"SHE LOVES ME NOT"

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Shirley Temple's Mother Tells How Shirley Became A Star

Continued from page 23

she speaks her mind. There is no argument, no pleading, no begging. I have never permitted any impudence, crying, or displays of temper. I have taught her to wait on herself and to be independent. And also, I have taught her not to be afraid of anything. She never hesitates to do whatever the director asks of her and I recall in 'Little Miss Marker,' that everyone marveled that she had no fear of the stampeding horse.

"I have given the rearing of Shirley a great deal of thought. I've tried to meet each problem promptly so as to avoid repetition. I never let her dictate to me and I never let her 'get away with' anything, nor do I bribe her. That is fatal. She must do what I ask because it is right, not because of a reward of candy or some special privilege.

"I seldom have to resort to other means of disciplining than reasoning with her. When she does anything that deserves punishment I explain to her exactly why it is wrong and why it must not be done again. Just telling children, 'Don't do that,' is evading the issue and leaves them uncertain. It is amazing how readily they understand if you will take the time to explain that something is either wrong or in bad taste and must not be repeated.

"Oh, yes, Shirley has had a few paddlings. When a child is very young you have to be direct in corrections. Fortunately she never had a yen for matches or scissors, and never ran away.

"My most effective punishment at present is removing her plate at dinner while she is sent to her room until peace is restored. However, these occasions are rare, for as I say, a little explaining usually smooths out our difficulties.

"Constantly correcting, criticising, and belittling a child's efforts have a bad effect, with a danger of an inferiority complex developing. I have guarded against this, for I didn't want a namby-pamby child, nor a mere echo. I want Shirley to be free to express herself naturally, to think for herself and develop her own distinct personality.

"I began this training very early and it means constant vigilance. I soon learned not to let my affection make me too lenient—that is most harmful, for it brings trouble later on. Instead, I'm trying to teach her how to meet each problem wisely. This, I believe, is the real mission of mother love.

"Shirley talked before she was a year old, but never baby talk. We all helped her to pronounce each word correctly. And she never walked, she *danced!*

"Always on her tiptoes, she would follow the sunbeams in the garden, playing with them as if they were human companions. She always had a *pictorial* imagination.

"When she was three we let her begin dancing lessons and she took to tap-dancing at once. I had to stop her from practicing for she loved it and always had a new step she wanted to perfect, going over and over it with infinite patience."

Mrs. Temple laughed, "Shirley's film career was thrust upon her, we never thought of it.

"She was about three and a half when we were approached by executives of Educational Studios who asked us to permit Shirley to play a leading rôle in their 'Baby Burlesque' series. We talked it over. It seemed an important step and we felt it only just to let her try it. She has always been accustomed to attention for wherever we go people notice her so it means nothing to her and the studios haven't changed her in the least.

"We never repeat praises or compliments and she has no idea she is considered a success. Sometimes after a scene she asks me if she did all right. With my commendation I always throw in a word of discouragement. I feel this is the better way for it keeps her striving to improve."

There was a real story-book element in the way Shirley was discovered for her big chance in "Stand Up and Cheer," the Fox musical, which flashed her on the screen as a sensational juvenile "find."

The studio was frantically searching for a talented youngster who could sing, dance, and act. One afternoon, Jay Gorney, composer of the music in "Stand Up and Cheer," attended a preview of a "Baby Burlesque" comedy, and there on the screen before him was the very child he was looking for. Coming out of the theatre he saw Shirley and her mother and introducing himself, he asked them to come to the Fox studio the next day.

The first test given Shirley sent the officials into raptures and when "Stand Up and Cheer," was completed, they signed her to a five year contract. Then came bits in "Change of Heart" and "Bottoms Up," followed by "Baby Take a Bow," virtually

a starring picture for Shirley Temple.

She was borrowed by Paramount for "Little Miss Marker," which proved beyond a doubt that this tot is a dramatic actress as well as a singing, dancing comedienne. She's a marvel of naturalness in miniature, with a personal magnetism that reaches the hearts of every audience. She is cute without being over-cute, and she has absolutely no trace of self-consciousness.

Again at Paramount, Shirley has a starring part with Gary Cooper and Carole Lombard in "Now and Forever," while her own studio is busily preparing other pictures for its dimpled darling.

I asked Mrs. Temple about the influence at the studios for children and met with an emphatic answer. She said, "It is an excellent experience in every way for Shirley. A clean, wholesome atmosphere surrounds her every minute and she has never seen or heard a single thing that was detrimental. Mr. Temple and I both consider her contact with these charming, busy, ambitious people a splendid incentive. Between scenes, Shirley is getting a regular kindergarten course from the studio teacher."

Shirley is permitted to be on the studio set six hours a day, with three hours of actual camera work. She looks upon the



Helen Twelvetrees adds an outdoor girl rôle to the varied list of screen portrayals she has offered during an acting career of many outstanding accomplishments.

whole thing as play, as one grand game, and never tires of it. She has the remarkable energy of perfect health.

Her routine includes regular meals and regular bedtime. She gets ten full hours of sleep every night. For breakfast she has orange juice, cereal, coddled egg and all the milk she can drink.

She has dinner at noon, and it consists of vegetable or cream soup, a plate of two vegetables with chicken or lamb. Her favorite desserts are ice cream—"with gravy"—meaning chocolate sauce, *blanc mange*, and jello. No pies, cakes, or candy, and no "piecing" between meals.

Mrs. Temple tells me that the recipe for her famous vegetable soup includes, besides the shank of beef and a wide assortment of vegetables, both rice and barley. These add to the delicious flavor and also are nourishing.

Shirley likes spinach. And she still takes her cod liver oil twice a day.

A simple supper of a vegetable, stewed fruit, and a big malted milk is followed by a story hour with her daddy, George P. Temple. Usually she goes through the scenes of the day for his benefit. Bedtime comes and there is no fussing. The lights are turned out and she is left alone.

"Shirley is my job, a twenty-four-hour-a-day job, for I am always with her," said Mrs. Temple. "Her father is manager of a branch bank in Los Angeles, and he is investing her salary so if at the end of her five year contract she does not wish to continue in pictures, she will have money to follow any other vocation."

At this point in our conversation, Director Henry Hathaway called out, "Shirley, where's our Shirley?" and she sang back, "Coming!"

Running to her mother she breathlessly exclaimed, "Oh, Mommy, we're having such fun painting. Do I look all right?"

Her curls were rearranged, her wide collar straightened, a soft chamois rubbed across the eager face—(she uses no make-up)—and she was ready to become the actress in another dramatic scene. And Shirley Temple is the studio marvel—she is always letter perfect in her lines.

"When she begins a new picture," her mother explained, "I tell her the entire story in detail. It is sometimes uncanny how she grasps the adult problems. Then, at breakfast, I read the lines she is to speak in scenes that day and we go over and over them to get the full meaning of each phrase, talking them naturally, just as if we were the people in the play. That is all she needs, for with her retentive memory she never forgets or transposes a word."

Shirley seems devoid of the usual childish vanity for there is no preening before mirrors. But—she insists on having her hands clean. And they always are, for she washes them dozens of times a day.

While she loves all the stars with whom she has played, Jimmy Dunn is her favorite. He's such a jolly playmate, and every time they get together they immediately swing into their tap-dance routine which was the high spot in "Stand Up and Cheer," and also "Baby Take a Bow." Jimmy says he lost ten pounds making these pictures, for Shirley's unflagging energy kept him practicing at all hours.

After a vacation of six weeks, Shirley and Jimmy will again be co-starred in "Baby Face," much to their delight.

"They gave me a lovely party at the studio on my birthday," she told me. "I wish you had been there. I wish everybody had been there. We had such fun, and there was lots of ice cream, too."

A sweet, happy little girl is Shirley, unconscious that today she is the screen's greatest sensation, a "miracle" star that only comes once in a decade.

Is your hair **TOO DRY** or **TOO OILY** to do these **New Hollywood Curls?**



The demurely waved front of this coiffure is offset by giddy curls that riot up the back and peek over the crown like roses on a fence. *Curls*, mind you—not frizzes! If your hair is too dry and harsh to look lustrous in this style of a Hollywood star, use Packer's *Olive Oil Shampoo* treatment below.

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OLIVE OIL SHAMPOO
for **DRY** hair



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If your hair is too oily, the oil glands in your scalp are over-active. Use Packer's *Pine Tar Shampoo*—it is made especially for oily hair. This shampoo is gently astringent. It tends to tighten up and so to normalize the relaxed oil glands.

It's quick, easy and can be used with absolute safety to your hair. Use Packer's *Pine Tar Shampoo* every four or five days at first if necessary, until your hair begins to show a natural softness and fluffiness. Begin this evening with Packer's *Pine Tar Shampoo* to get your hair in lovely condition. Its makers have been specialists in the care of the hair for over 60 years.

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for **OILY** hair

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New Girls, New Boys!

Continued from page 30

better known of the young actors and actresses we are about to encounter. That impishly lovely girl over there, for instance, is Pat Patterson. She is talking to Alice Faye and Claire Trevor—and of course you know Alice and Claire. And then there's little Rochelle Hudson. But these girls are already well established. Let's dash on to Rosemary Ames. She is the tall young lady who moved with such willowy grace through "I Believed In You." Rosemary is likely to go very far, if the right opportunities come her way. Miss Ames is five feet, six inches in height, and she weighs 128 pounds. Her eyes are grey, and inclined to be enticing. She is a blonde. And bless us, she has freckles! After a liberal education in the finest American schools, Rosemary went to London, registered at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Arts—and wound up on the London stage. All such roads lead to Hollywood—so watch Miss Ames.

Comes now Mona Barrie, an outspoken young woman from Australia, who expresses amazement that American people think of her country as a small island "off somewhere." "As if we were like Fiji," sniffs Mona. When five foot five inch Mona sniffs, she does a most entrancing job of it! Don't let me forget to tell you that she weighs 114 pounds, and has hazel eyes and brown hair. She was born in London, England.

Movies are just a stop-over for Mona. She isn't interested in them. Her acting-love is the stage. She was on her way from the Australian stage to the London stage when she met an important movie executive in New York. Thus she was side-tracked to Hollywood. But only temporarily, Mona says. She gives herself two years to make good in a big way. If she is only moderately successful, she'll quit at the end of two years, and continue on her interrupted journey to the London stage. You may see Miss Barrie in "Too Many Women" and "One Night of Love."

Isn't Astrid Allwyn a catchy name? Well, she's a catchy gal! She is Swedish, and so is Garbo, but Garbo is aloof, while Astrid is friendly-like. Astrid is smaller than Greta; Astrid is five feet, two and one-half inches high. She weighs 117 pounds. Her eyes are brown and her hair ash-blond.

Miss Allwyn is experiencing her second start in pictures. In 1931, she appeared in "Lady With a Past" and "Love Affair." She became ill, and went to the desert to recuperate. Now she is back, under contract again, and you may see the charming lady if you attend a theatre where "Servant's Entrance" is being shown.

June Vlassek is the lovely girl whose dancing almost stole "I Loved You Wednesday" from that picture's star, Elissa Landi. In addition to being most graceful, June is beautiful. She is five feet, three and one-half inches in height, and she is 104 pounds of most correctly placed flesh and bone. She has albino blonde hair and fun-filled blue eyes. Most of her brief life, she has been a stage dancer, but despite her youthful years, she has shown rare screen promise, which has caused Fox executives to bank heavily on her future.

And now we come upon the entire assemblage of stock girls who are enrolled in the Fox Dramatic School. Just look at them! Healthy, exuberant youth in all its glory and young budding ambition! There are too many of them to tell much about all, so let us go from one to another, and see for ourselves what each looks like.

Betty Bryson is a tiny five foot one and

one-half inches. She has wavy brown hair and brown eyes, which is as it should be, because hasn't her uncle, Warner Baxter, the same color eyes and hair? Betty is one of the Wampas Baby Stars of 1934.

Standing beside Miss Bryson is Ruth Peterson—five foot five inches; 120 pounds; grey eyes; dark brown hair. Her face bears a haunting resemblance to the pert features of Viola Dana, who was a popular star years ago.

Next in line is Blanca Vischer, who was born in Guatemala, Central America. What shining black hair she has! And what big, brown eyes! Blanca is five feet five inches tall, and she weighs 115 pounds.

The next girl *could be* little goldilocks—but she is Roxanne Sybil, a former New York show girl. The red hair and blue eyes, combined with the curve of her face, are remindful of Nancy Carroll. Roxanne is five feet four and one-half inches in height; her weight is 120 pounds.

The next two lovelies are identical in height and weight. Five feet six inches, and 125 pounds, describes blonde-haired, hazel-eyed Lynn Bari, and brown-haired, green-eyed Dorothy Dearing. Continuing the comparison, both girls got their picture-start in Joan Crawford's "Dancing Lady."

In the next group are eight "native daughters," all born in California, and six of them in or near Los Angeles. They are Shirley Aaronson, Ardell Unger, Patricia Lee, Lucille Miller, Philippa Hilber, Elsie Larson, Julie Cabanne, and Floreine, (the spelling is her way), Dickson. Miss Larson is the girl who, while working as a waitress in the Brown Derby restaurant, attracted the attention of a Fox executive, and ultimately won a screen contract. Miss Cabanne, (pronounced Cá-ba-ny), is the daughter of William Christy Cabanne, a director. Miss Dickson was formerly a songstress with an orchestra.

Remaining members of the stock girls, (too numerous to describe in detail, but all entrancing enough to become stars), are Josephine Johnson, Virginia Hills, (honestly, that's her name), Genevieve Sawyer, Esther Brodelet, Patricia Farr, Iris Shunn, (she was a cashier in a Los Angeles theatre, from which position she was drafted into the movies. You see, the movie scouts may find you anywhere!)—Marbeth Wright, Ann Nagel, (she used to pose for commercial artists), Anita Thompson, Edith Haskins, Jean Allen, Marian Weldon, and Mary Blackwood.

And now, if your eyes aren't blinded, and your brain not befuddled by that array of feminine beauty, let's pay a visit to the men's quarters. Fox executives have contracted a number of promising masculine players, too. Smart executives, they aren't forgetting that the pictures of Clark Gable, Richard Arlen, and Gary Cooper make money, as well as those of Jean Harlow, Carole Lombard, and Margaret Sullavan.

Here is the list of men who attend the Fox Dramatic School, together with brief descriptions: One of the most promising is Frank Melton. He is the young chap who climbed the Fox studio fence and pestered a director until he was given a job in "State Fair." After that, he worked himself into the cast of "Mr. Skitch," by padding his body until he looked like a fat boy. He also appeared in "Stand Up and Cheer."

Melton went to Hollywood several years ago, determined to be an actor. In order to earn his living, he chauffeured for Marie Prevost, worked as a store clerk and restaurant waiter, and finally regis-

tered as an extra. Frank is six feet tall, weighs 165 pounds, and has dark brown hair and brown eyes.

Hugh Williams is an Englishman, born at Bexhill-on-the-Sea, Sussex. He made his stage debut in London in "The Charm School," and eventually became a prominent stage actor. He came to America in that guise, and worked in a road show that visited Hollywood. During that visit, he worked in a silent picture, "Charlie's Aunt."

Hugh returned to London, and eventually appeared in several English-made motion pictures. Fox scouts saw him, signed him to a contract—and now he is in Hollywood. Williams is five feet ten and one-half inches in height, and he weighs 154 pounds. He has black hair and hazel eyes.

Nick Foran played tackle on the Princeton football team; he also played leads in college dramatic productions. He was offered a professional football contract after college, but rejected it because he wanted to become an actor. Now he is one—a six foot two inch husky with flaming red hair and blue eyes. He bumps the scale to 205 pounds. Did you see Nick in "Stand Up and Cheer"?

John Bradford is another six-footer. He weighs 175 pounds, and has dark brown hair and brown eyes. He is slightly remindful of Clark Gable. Bradford has a fine voice. He sang in opera, and on the vaudeville stage, before his advent into the movies. He has been in Hollywood but a short time, and therefore has no pictures to his credit as yet.

Pat Cuning, (please change his name, Foxites!): Six feet two and one-half inches; 195 pounds; black hair and brown eyes. Played the rôle of the young priest in "The World Moves On."

George Ford: Six feet one and one-half inches; 180 pounds; hazel eyes and dark brown hair. Girls, he has a dimple! He was a theatre prologue dancer and played in "I Am Suzanne" and "Dancing Lady."

Vincent Carato, born in Rome, Italy, is six feet tall, and tips the scales to 160 pounds. He has black hair and brown eyes. He was formerly an orchestra leader; in fact, he once had five orchestras simultaneously. He played his first part, a small one, in "I Believed In You."

William Stelling is a Leslie Howard type, though physically bigger than Leslie. He is six feet one inch tall, weighs 162 pounds, has blond hair and blue-grey eyes.

And here is a group of six handsome young men—all newcomers to the screen, but all very promising, say Fox executives. They are Paul McVey, Charlie Taylor, Fred Wallace, Glenn Gallagher, Paul Parry, and Richard Brodus. Taylor was a second lieutenant in the British army. Gallagher was a studio electrician for two years, after which he drove a Fox studio truck for several months.

Officials of the Fox studios believe that from the group of young men and women you have just met will arise many stars of tomorrow. The officials ask you to watch these young players.

This concludes our tour of "Dressing-Room Row." Let us hurry beyond the giant sound stages to the Fox café.

Okay! Here we are, and in plenty of time to get a seat. There is Janet Gaynor, lunching with Lew Ayres. Are there any new Gaynors and Ayreses among the Fox starlets? Over there by the window sit Jimmy Dunn and Spencer Tracy. What about new Dunns and Tracys among the Fox youngsters?

I must be going. You stay and enjoy your luncheon, surrounded by stars and directors. And don't forget to join me next month, when, under the auspices of SCREENLAND, I will take you to the studios of RKO, Universal, and Columbia, where you will meet more Stars of Tomorrow.

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looks *powdery* on your skin. It looks like a new, more freshly tinted, softer complexion of your own! And think of it—this flattering effect remains from four to six hours. What's more, Marvelous Face Powder stays on without clogging the pores. Its purity is guaranteed by the fifty-year reputation of Richard Hudnut.

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Salutes and Snubs

Continued from page 8

English elm—Diana Wynyard.
Magnolia in bloom—Miriam Hopkins.
Lissom poplar—Joan Blondell.
Peach—Helen Hayes.
Christmas tree—Mae West.

Mary Manning,
23 Hendry St.,
Dorchester, Mass.

LIKES 'EM SUBTLE!

Jannings, Negri, Garbo, Dietrich. And now, Charles Laughton and Anna Sten. After all, there IS something, a certain delicate, suave finesse, about these foreign stars, that is absent from the work of our native players.

Come ON, you home-grown Americans! Get subtle!

J. A. Wallace,
2253 Broderick St.,
San Francisco, Calif.

WILL ROGERS PLEASE NOTE!

Why not give us more of Will Rogers in such plays as "David Harum" and "State Fair." The one and only Will, chewing gum, lasso and all, assures us always of good, clean entertainment. When

one of his pictures is announced we never worry as to whether our children should see it.

Mrs. W. W. Sawyer,
315 16th St.,
Virginia Beach, Va.

WHAT! A DULCET DURANTE?

No indeed, I am not a voice instructor! Just a druggist's daughter who has a suggestion to make about Durante's colossal voice. Jimmy, wouldn't a good gargle help?

Dorothy Hill,
Box H.H.H.,
El Cajon, Calif.

OH, CALM THOSE FEATURES!

Why all the "startled deer expression" pictures of Katharine Hepburn we see in the magazines? Let's see what she *really* looks like! Imagine Norma Shearer or Greta Garbo in some of the poses we see of Miss Hepburn!

Lars G. Oliver,
205 Avenue D,
Redondo Beach, Calif.



Two of fiction's most famous characters who come to life on the screen. Above, Virginia Bruce as Jane Eyre, and Edith Fellowes as Adele in the new talkie version of Charlotte Bronte's "Jane Eyre."

SUGGESTION TO JOAN!

Nature gave Joan Crawford a nicely shaped mouth, and from pictures we see of her in magazines she has a gay and happy face. Then, why doesn't Joan try being natural for a change and let us see her as she really is? I'm sure we'd all like her.

Louise V. Williams,
2101 Grove Ave.,
Richmond, Va.

LITTLE, BUT OH, MY!

"Little Shirley" looks like the screen's most promising actress. Like Gaynor she possesses that certain irresistible charm that other actresses lack. She is just a smiling, loveable, spunky bit of beauty. Better watch your p's and q's, Gaynor, or Temple may be stealing some of your popularity.

Barbara de Young,
629 W. Tinkham st.,
Havana, Ill.

COMES THE EVOLUTION!

The neighborhood is running wild. Boys draped in our best guest-towels scampering from tree to tree. Prim little girls nightmaring in their sleep. No, it's not evolution. They've seen "Tarzan" again. I even feel like a monkey myself! Give poor mothers a break!

Hanna Feldman,
1034 Lanier Bl'vd.,
Atlanta, Ga.

REVERSE LATIN!

As an enthusiastic movie fan I am pained by the way in which Latin-Americans are "typed" in most pictures. The Latin is simple, plain, full of pride—but not sophisticated. I think the truest characterization of a Latin by an English actor was Sir Guy Standing's in "Cradle Song."

Gilberto Serrano,
Vergara St. No. 3,
Arecibo, Puerto Rico.

ONE-WORD DESCRIPTIONS!

Looking over some old SCREENLAND issues, I noticed in the August 1932 issue the following:

"Beaton's Impressions":

Garbo—*Incomparable*; Tallulah—*Glamorous*; Dietrich—*Child-like*; Crawford—*Poised*; Sylvia Sidney—*Saucy*; Gwili André—*Flower-like*.

My Impressions:

Hepburn—*Incomparable*; Crawford—*Glamorous*; Gaynor—*Child-like*; Irene Dunne—*Poised*; Sylvia Sidney—*Saucy*; Dorothy Jordan—*Flower-like*.

Gladys Mayhue,
Reality Building,
Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.

PERPETUATE CHANEY!

Mendelssohn, Shakespeare, Rembrandt, Caruso, and Poe will long be remembered as truly great artists. Hence their works are being preserved. Why, then, should Lon Chaney, who proved his unexcelled artistry in character acting, be allowed to become forgotten? Why not standardize his pictures and re-show them?

John Peterson,
25 S. Gaylord St.,
Butte, Mont.

TECHNOLOGICAL BEAUTY!

Just as master artists of the Renaissance period were able by skill in bringing out character to command adulation for un-

lovely subjects, the motion pictures, by perfection of color and the costumers' and make-up artists' skill, might bring to the screen the world's greatest talent irrespective of homely features.

Betty Rackman,
351 N. Ogden Dr.,
Los Angeles, Calif.

A BREAK FOR JOHNNY!

Let's give Johnny Weismuller a break! Doubts often arise: Can he really act, or is it his physique that puts him over? Give him a chance to prove his talent! We like him as a wild he-man, but do give him some clothes for his next picture and let's see the results.

Helen Watkins,
Clemmons, N. C.

WHO'LL JOIN THE CHORUS?

For goodness' sake, how much longer do we have to listen to those horrible introductory tunes in the various newsreels? Some day, I shall rise in the midst of one and smother it with Weismuller's *Tarzan* yell! Sound men, save our songs!

Charlotte Starr,
319 E. Bennett Ave.,
Cripple Creek, Colo.

HUMANIZING ROYALTY!

Hollywood may be making royalty more hysterical than historical, but I think it's a swell idea, anyhow. The producers are to be congratulated upon making royalty act like human beings. Maybe that's why we liked the bed-warming scene in "Henry the Eighth" and the "Chocolate for two?" scene in "Christina."

Mary Frances Doner,
6220-37th N. W.,
Seattle, Wash.

DISCOVERS A STAR!

Perhaps Billie Seward doesn't know it, but she was champion scene-stealer in "Once to Every Woman." As No. 5, the brain-tumor patient—just a bit rôle depending on sheer personality for recognition—Billie showed real promise. Columbia moguls, you have a starlet, make her a star!

Helen Franzen,
520 Hampshire St.,
Quincy, Ill.

AUTHOR, SPARE THAT STAR!

Why does Jack Holt always have to die in the last reel of his pictures so that someone else may have a "happy ending?" It keeps his fans away from his pictures because they know beforehand just what the film will be! Can't we have a change of diet, Jack?

Alice Anne Shue,
25 Brewster St.,
Providence, R. I.

HAIL THE KING AND QUEEN!

Who has Hollywood's most beautiful figure? Mae West? No indeed. *Minnie Mouse* is the gal. If you're skeptical ask Mickey.

Who is the Great Lover of the screen? Clark Gable? Wrong again, it's *Mickey Mouse*. Ask *Minnie*, if you doubt me. And if you don't believe them, ask the public.

Pauline Carriker,
Evergreen, Col.

WANTS HER JUST TOBY!

In the July issue of *SCREENLAND* a striking photograph of Toby Wing attracted my attention. The caption said that Toby's ambition is to be like Mae West. I'm surprised. Toby has a way that can't be duplicated, so why should she copy someone else?



Shucks, Toby, be yourself, please!

Doug Lemmel
R.F.D. #7, Box 215,
Seattle, Wash.

ONLY ONE SHIRLEY!

I'm just as crazy about little Shirley Temple as everyone else seems to be. But as a dyed-in-the-wool movie fan, I'm apprehensive. Of what? Why, of producers trying to develop "a second Shirley Temple." Take a hint from past failures, oh wise producers, and—don't try it!

Mrs. W. Clement,
109 Davis St.,
San Francisco, Calif.

DON'T WORRY, WE WON'T!

I'm frightened! For fear our screen magazine will come marching forth with glaring headlines—"Shirley Temple steals scenes from the stars—can't something be done about this?"

She is so perfectly adorable, let her have the scenes and more of them.

Betty Jane Given,
440 Spruce St.,
Chadron, Nebr.

CASTING "MOON MULLINS"

Here's my cast for that "Moon Mullins" movie:

Moon, Hal LeRoy; *Kayo*, Baby LeRoy; *Uncle Willie*, W. C. Fields; *Mamie*, Alison Skipworth; *Uncle Willie's brother-in-law*, Ted Healy; *Lord Plushbottom*, Guy Kibbee; *Lady Emma Plushbottom*, Edna May Oliver; *Mushmouth*, Stepin Fetchit; *Little Egypt*, Sally Rand.

How am I doing, folks?

Shirley Luber,
Hotel Colonial,
51 West 81st St.,
New York City.

HOME TOWN OKES OAKIE!

Lend an ear to a fellow home-towner of affable Jack Oakie! Some one characterized Jack as a "soda-fountain boy talking out loud." The description is good. For who can resist the inbred good nature which makes him so lovable on and off the screen. He is an asset to any movie.

Neallie Mae Eastham,
106 South Prospect Ave.,
Sedalia, Mo.

IOWA EXPECTS!

What's the matter, Ann Sothern? Are you ashamed of the fact you were born in Iowa, or is it bad publicity to talk about it? Few of the articles about you have come any closer to being exact than just saying "Middle-west." Think Iowa fans will stand for that?

Bobbie Knudsen,
Bronson, Ia.

THE STENOGS APPEAL AGAIN!

Register another tearful complaint from the stenogs. All these "office wife" pictures have turned our boy friends into amateur sleuths, checking up on the "wolfish" bosses. Couldn't a boss be found for the screen who doesn't make love to his secretary?

Lydia Carnecki,
3954 Evaline St.,
Detroit, Mich.

HERE'S HOPING!

Elizabeth Allan has a sincerity and complete absorption in her rôles that touches our emotions and love for indefinable glamor; and what is more important, our intellect, and admiration. Let us hope that

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Jane-Foster Newton,
1415 Main St.,
Honesdale, Pa.

ALLURING ANN HARDING!

A pleasing personality, lovely voice, and a wonderful actress is Ann Harding. She has been alluring in every picture in which she has played. I am sure the American public appreciates her type more than the baby-faced beauty. More glory to her!

Marguerite Burgess,
1347 Boulevard Granada,
Cascade Heights,
Atlanta, Ga.

HATS OFF TO KARLOFF!

To the one and only Boris Karloff, magnifier of a thousand thrillers, here's a Salute! Where will the screen get another

such vivid portrayal of those suave, mysterious characterizations contributed so ably by Karloff. I have reference to such excellent portrayals as those in "The Mummy" and "The Black Cat."

Erwin Brundage,
155 Passedina Ave.,
Mesa, Arizona.

ALAS, POOR GARBO!

Can you imagine Garbo with rings around her eyes like that comedy pup? Garbo hanging her head from man-shyness? Garbo wearing sacklike dresses? Garbo, a stenographer?

Don't tax your imagination. See Greta in her European "triumph," titled "Streets of Sorrow." It's good clean fun—at Garbo's expense, poor dear.

Phyllis-marie Arthur,
59 Collins St.,
Lowville, Lewis Co., N. Y.

The Real Saga of Sullivan

Continued from page 29

life. Having done a little of that girlish scarf-throwing, rose-scattering, spring dancing, at the girls' schools she attended, Peggy Sullivan decided that dancing would be quite a *nice* thing for a *nice* girl to take up.

Fortunately for us, before she tossed too many silk handkerchiefs and toy balloons, she got mixed up with a jolly group of Princeton and Harvard boys who were organizing a college summer stock company to do a bit of furious barn-storming at Cape Cod. And so it came about that she inadvertently discovered she liked acting. And, as she most solemnly avows now—that she *didn't* like actors. Considering that she married one, (although she likes to confuse the Hollywoodites by insisting that this episode is as much a part of her buried life as is *débutante-ing* in Norfolk, Virginia), this assertion seems something of a paradox.

At any rate, Peggy, in defiance of her family's wishes, went to Boston forthwith determined to study for the stage at the Copley School of Dramatics.

Having learned all this, and being more than ever anxious to discover facts which would throw additional spotlights on the heretofore-dimly-lighted character of one of the screen's finest actresses, I sallied forth one day to interview E. E. Clive, one-time director of the above mentioned dramatic school, and now producer and director of plays at the Hollywood Playhouse.

"What about this Sullivan girl?" I asked. "What was she like?"

He eyed me quizzically. "No different than she is now, I guarantee," he answered. "Success couldn't change Margaret Sullivan. I say that with conviction, although I haven't seen her since she left my school."

He leaned back in his chair in that typical theatre office, the walls of which were mapped with signed photographs of dozens of actors, many of whom success had changed considerably.

"I remember when she first came to me—a wry, insignificant little thing in her teens—nothing very distinguished about her. Her brother was at college in Boston at the time and that was one of the main reasons Margaret came up, to be near him.

"It wasn't long before everyone working with her realized that her whole life was bound up in the theatre. She was the first

to come to rehearsals in the morning; she was the last to leave at night. And when she wasn't working she was off somewhere in the open—taking long walks, driving or swimming. And, as far as I could gather, *alone!*"

His eyes twinkled. "I really don't think at that time Margaret had any beaux. She has probably changed in that respect now; but in another respect I know she never will. The theatre is the closest thing to Margaret Sullivan's heart. She is a true, creative artist. Money, success, fame mean nothing to her. I'll wager that despite the great sensation she has made on the screen, Margaret Sullivan would still prefer to play a sympathetic rôle in some obscure summer stock company, offering her services gratis, than she would to be starred in the most successful motion picture in Hollywood."

Our conversation took place the latter part of July. Two days later came a report from New York that proved Mr. Clive to be nothing less than psychic. Fresh from her triumphal trip in England, Margaret Sullivan was playing in a small summer stock company at Mount Kisco, New York. Playing the lead in "Coquette," the stage rôle which had made her good friend, Helen Hayes, famous. Playing it opposite the actor who is her ex-husband, Henry Fonda!

This certainly was news! Hollywood began speculating all over again and tying itself up into a hundred additional Gordian knots. Did this mean that the romance had been revived? Or did it mean that it had actually never died, and that the incorrigible little sphinx was pulling another fast one on the screen colony?

Well, well, well! There was only one way of finding out. Recently arrived at Margaret's own studio, Universal, was a devastating, handsome young Spaniard, Caesar Romero. For one whole year he had played in the same company with Margaret Sullivan when they were on the road together in "Strictly Dishonorable." And for one whole year the two of them had chummed together. There was no doubt but that Caesar knew that baffling young lady better than anyone else in Hollywood.

We had tea together. "What's the idea of creating such a mystery around Peggy?" Caesar asked. He was still a newcomer, and hadn't yet fathomed the inscrutable ways of the film colony.

"Then there is nothing mysterious about her?" I asked.

"Of course not!" He actually guffawed. "Peggy Sullivan is probably the nicest, most sincere, most natural girl playing in the theatre today. She is a good sport, a grand friend, and rare fun to pal around with."

"And Henry Fonda?" I asked. "What about him? He was tall, dark, handsome, and very talented, wasn't he? And they were very much in love, weren't they?"

The young Latin with the enormously broad shoulders, narrow hips, and gleaming smile, hesitated a moment. "Yes, they were very much in love," he answered, "but they were also very young. I don't know why it happened. The reason for the break-up of their marriage they kept very wisely to themselves. Perhaps it had something to do with the way in which they were succeeding in their work. Peggy with enormous success overnight, Henry limping behind rather slowly. Although he has made a name for himself this past year with the clever work he did in the Broadway revue he's been playing. No, I don't know why they separated."

Caesar had a faraway look in his eyes. "Right now I remember a scene off-stage in which Henry was the principal actor. We were still on the road, playing 'Strictly Dishonorable.' It may have been in Philadelphia—or it may have been in Tennessee. I've forgotten. At any rate, my mother was in town to see me, and Henry was there to see Peggy carry off all the laurels as usual. He was very proud of her."

"They were both waiting in the green-room for us to come out—Henry sitting on the balcony rail just outside, swinging his legs and looking very much pleased with life, for Peggy had given a magnificent performance. Peggy and I walked off the stage after the second act—Henry started to leap off the railing, but instead, he lost his balance and toppled over backwards, dropping fully two stories to the court below. I'll never forget how my mother screamed, and how white Peggy became—she looked as if she would die. At any rate, Henry didn't die. He managed a graceful landing, and came up smiling."

"Funny thing, too," continued Peggy's chum, "though they're divorced now, I'm always bumping into them in New York—at least whenever Peggy manages to be there now—swinging down Fifth Avenue or Broadway, arm in arm. And it's just like old times, for whenever I've passed them that way, Peggy's rigged out in an old outfit, and she's forcing Henry to stop at every other shop window,—and more than likely she's begging him to take her to the Zoo."

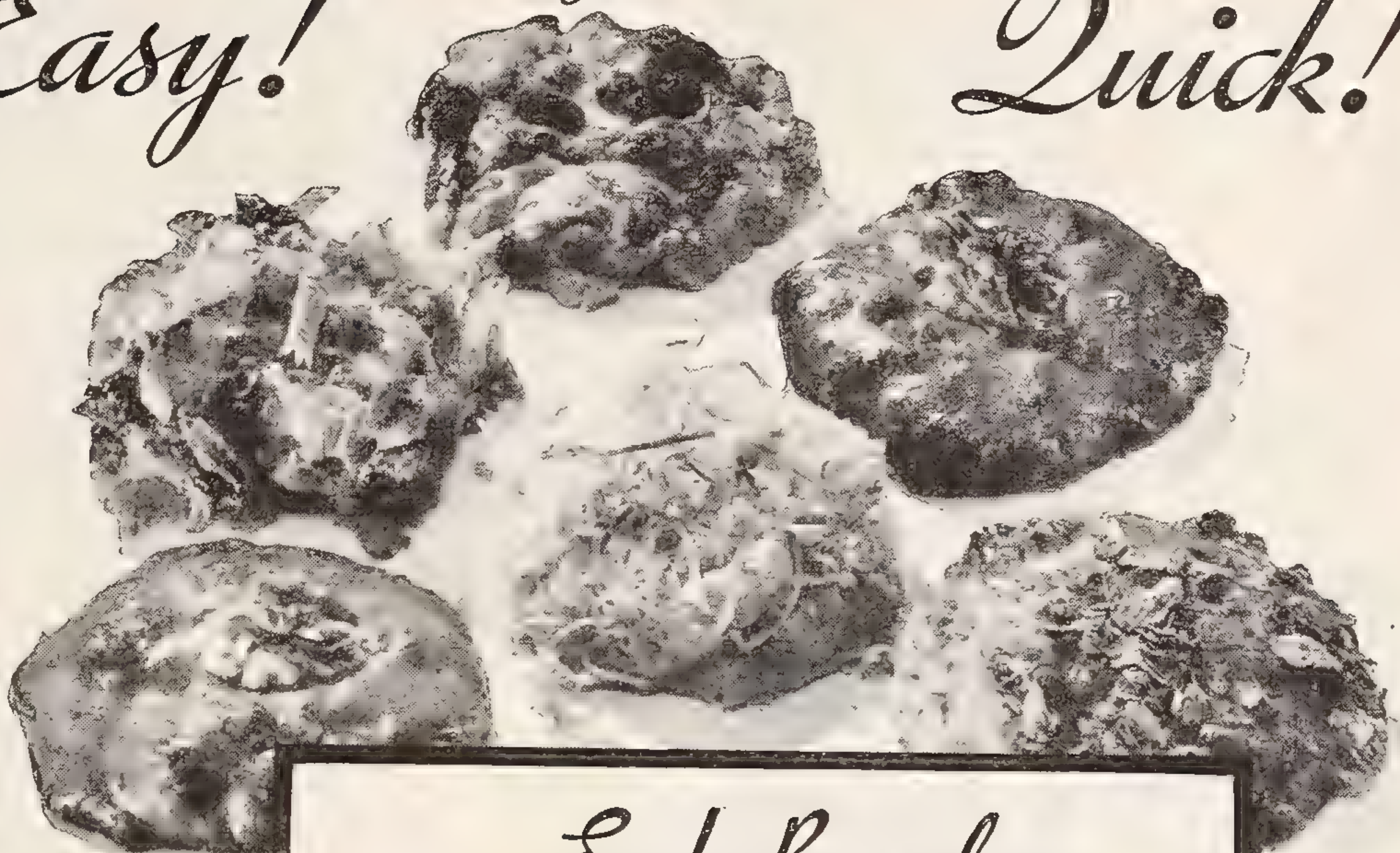
He grinned. "You know, she was always wanting to do amusing, silly things like that. We seemed to spend most of our time off-stage being mad in a grand way, if you know what I mean. Either that, or arguing as to whether Elizabeth, (the other girl in our company), would make a bigger sensation at a party with her beauty, or whether Peggy would win with her charm!"

It was true, then, that Peggy was concerned about what she termed her "ordinary face."

I remember the confession she made to me one day, as she sprawled on her back on the couch in her studio dressing room—shoes kicked off, marking on the wall with her toes, and looking all the world like a mischievous sprite. (She's a modern "Peter Pan," and her greatest ambition is to play that role).

"I'm naturally funny-looking," she said, screwing up her face until her soft, mobile lips almost touched the end of her slightly tip-tilted nose, "despite everything they try

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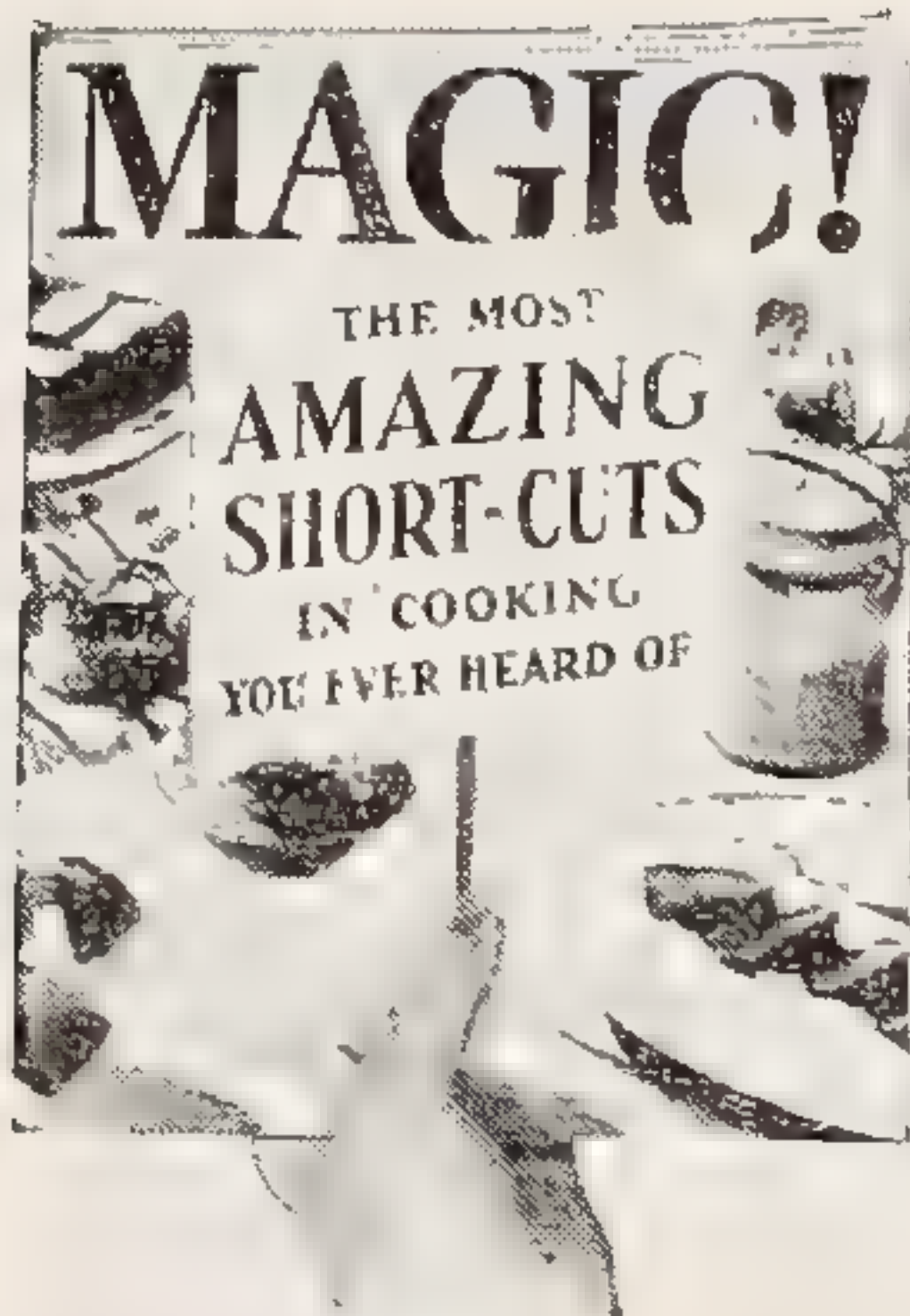
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to do to make me look like somebody else. When I watched myself in the rushes of 'Only Yesterday' and 'Little Man, What Now?', I had a fit of laughing hysterics, although I actually felt like crying. The creature I saw running in and out of doors looked much more like a Pekingese dog than like a human being. And was just about as seductive. No, I'm not exaggerating. I've lost every bit of conceit I've ever had, since seeing myself on the screen. If you've ever worried about not being beautiful, you'll understand what I mean. Honestly, I don't think I have the glamor or something that's necessary for screen success, do you?"

She looked so earnest and concerned that I hooted—especially since I remembered how, posing for a photographer a few moments before, she seemed, (in her filmy tulle dress), like some vision rising out of seafoam, slim as a young birch tree and brown as a Tahitian girl.

This really was the real Margaret Sullavan then—substantiated by the evidence of two people who knew her *when* and *now*. Living in an atmosphere of eternal dissatisfaction with herself and her work, never able to take herself seriously as a public personality, hypercritical of her own talents and her accomplishments, hers is the spirit of the true artist!

Perhaps Hollywood would think a little differently of her, had they heard her parting words to me the day before she left for a vacation, very humbly, very tremulously spoken: "Do you think I'm all wrong about Hollywood? Do you think I'm not reacting to it in the proper way? Perhaps I came out here not expecting to be happy. Some of the experiences I've had, and some of the people I've met have certainly intensified that feeling. If I come back, I'm going to change my attitude. Perhaps it is possible to be happy here!"

Beauty Hand-Made

Continued from page 61

feel low and out of sorts?" I asked a rising young actress.

She looked at me inquiringly.

"I mean, what do you do when your spirits need a bit of a lift? Some girls go out and buy a new hat. Others go to a beauty parlor and have their hair done. They feel better on the spot."

"I see what you mean," she laughed. "What I do is to have a manicure. Someway when I look down at my hands and see them soft and smooth, with the nails well shaped and *soignée*, I feel that such hands must belong to a very nice person. Then I realize that they are mine and my spirits rise at once."

There is a tip worth taking!

Just what do the movie stars do to develop or to keep lovely hands? What can you do?

You can do a great deal in improving the texture of the skin of your hands. This skin is constantly changing. See to it that it changes for the better. It contains less oil than the skin on your face, for instance. You will see what I mean if you will rub a finger over your forehead, then look at it. Unless you have recently powdered or wiped your face, your finger will show traces of oil. Now rub your finger over the back of your hand. It is dry, isn't it?

This means that your hands, to be kept soft and smooth, need frequent treatment with the right nourishing oils. A nourishing cream or lotion should always find a place on your dressing-table, in your bathroom, and if you spend any time in a kitchen, in a handy place there.

If your hands are very dry or if you have neglected them for a long time,



Above, a typical scene on the set at the studio where Grace Moore, operatic star, made "One Night of Love." The diva's leading man, Tullio Carminati, the technicians and "props" seem to be having a swell time.

massage a nourishing cream in thoroughly every night. Then pull on an old, soft pair of gloves. This will keep the cream from coming off onto the sheets or blankets and will let your hands absorb all of it.

Do not make the mistake of one young lady I know who felt that if she wore gloves which were a little too small for her at night she would be able to make her hands over into the tiny, fragile ones she so much admired in her favorite movie star. All the tight gloves did was to stop circulation in her hands and make the skin blotchy. Be sure the gloves you use are really old ones, loose and comfortable.

And don't try to change the bony structure of your hands. You can't. But if you have a certain amount of perseverance and will keep at it, you can gradually improve the shape of the tips of your fingers this way: massage the fingers with a downward stroke as if you were working on a pair of very new and very precious kid gloves. This will improve the circulation in your fingers and smooth the joints. Then give the tips of your fingers, one at a time, each a good, firm pinch. It doesn't hurt and it is very good for them. It will encourage them to be more pointed than they naturally are and have more graceful lines.

Your wrists are important if you want graceful hands. The following exercise will help you keep them flexible and attractive. Let your arms fall limply at your sides. Now shake your hands as vigorously as you possibly can. Shake them and shake them. Let them fly around in all directions. Rest a few moments and then do it again. This will loosen and limber up your whole arm. Tight wrists will take away the charm of even the prettiest hand.

One of the best known cures for an inferiority complex is to give yourself a beautiful manicure. You always have your hands in front of you where you can look at them. Your face you never see just as you never hear your own voice. You have to look in a mirror to have even the faintest idea of how you look. But you see your own hands and if they are very charming they will make you proud of yourself. "What nice hands I have!" you will say to yourself. And the next time you look around for the inferiority complex, it has vanished.

The shape in which you manicure your nails has a great deal of effect on the general appearance and shape of your hand. A long oval is usually the most becoming. Sharp points make your fingers look like claws, so avoid them.

As to the shade of your nail polish, let your conscience and your costume be your guide! Vivid red nails with some clothes are atrocious; with others, particularly pale tans, greys and some blues, they are beautiful. As a general thing bright nails are not worn as much today as they were a short time ago. If you are in doubt about them, save them for evenings with your party clothes.

Now because this is a beauty article, before we end we want to go on record on one important matter. The most beautiful hands in the world are capable hands, ones which accomplish things. A listless, pale, clammy hand, no matter how well cared for, is ugly. A gentle, capable, "accomplishing" hand, no matter how roughened, red and awkward it may be, is beautiful. That inner beauty which everyone of us somehow has, the sort of thing which shines through people's eyes and makes you forget all about complexions and make-up, shines through hands as well. Gentle fingers are always lovable, always welcome. They may have rough surfaces and still be lovely. The point is, *they don't need to!*



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Lips to have their full charm must be colorful. That is why all the world loves lipstick and why about all the feminine world uses one. Tangee is a little cosmetic gem in a simple dark case which ought to be in every handbag. It changes color on the lips for different types and is certain to be becoming to you. It is perfect for fall as it is made on a cold cream base. When the weather hardens or roughens your lips it is the softest, most comfortable thing in the world to have on them. Put on in the morning; it lasts all day—and you know what an advantage that is!

When is a bath not just a bath? When it is softened and perfumed with Dorothy Gray's Bath Oil! If you think that is far-fetched, just try a tablespoon or more of this shining green liquid in your tub and see. Being the honest souls you are, you will write right back, "Dear Feministies: You were right. *Absolutely* right about the Dorothy Gray Bath Oil. We love it!"

For there is something about this bath oil that makes even such a simple, humdrum thing as keeping clean, a thrilling sort of experience. You gloat over the

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Tips for the Beauty-Wise



Dorothy Gray's Bath Oil brings dreams of forests.

whole world and shrug your shoulders at doubts and duties while you lie there wrapped around in that soft fragrance, with every pore in your body lapping up contentment. Is the odor pine? Is it bayberry. We wouldn't know. But we do know that it is grand.

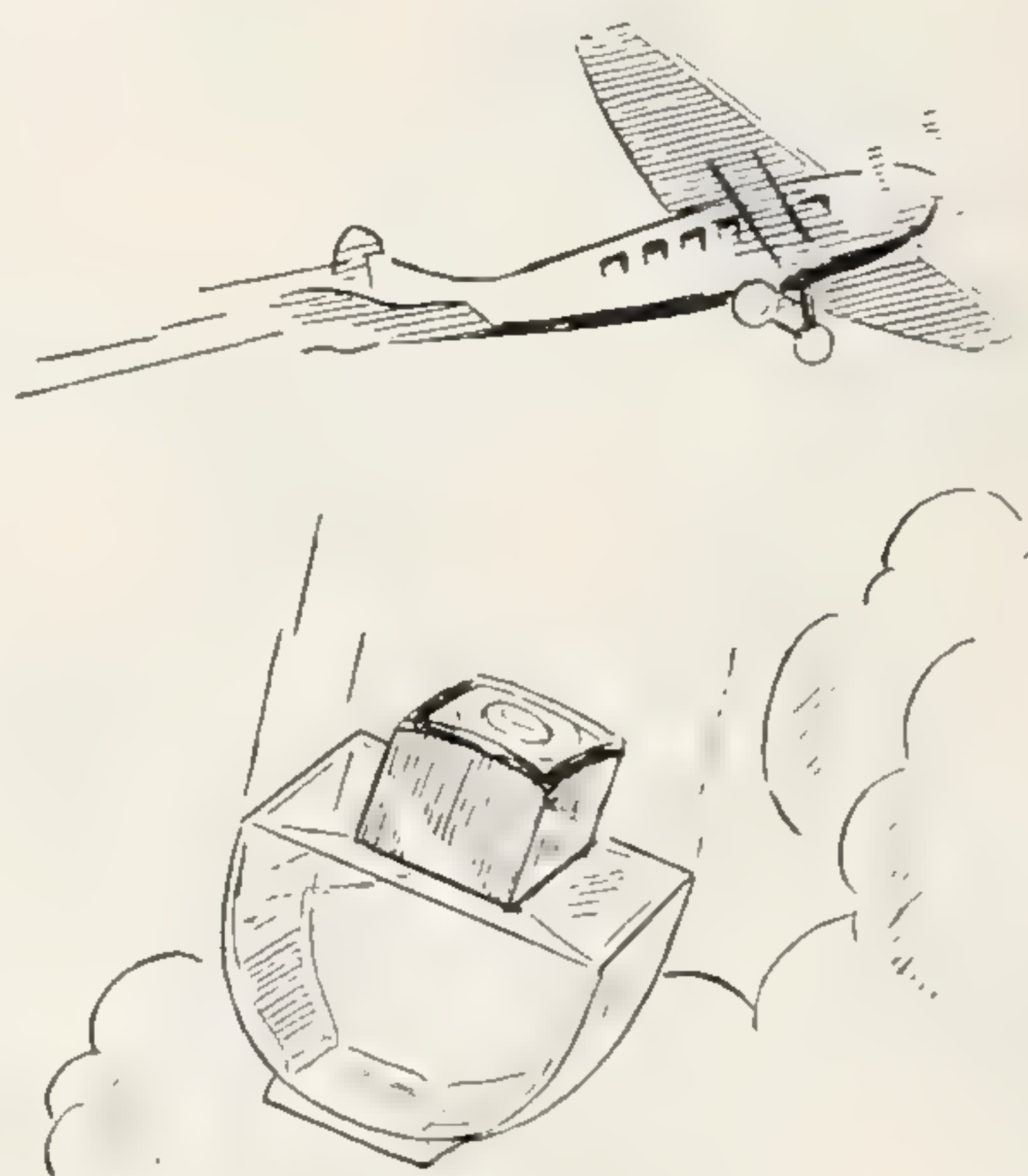
The practical part of it is that it softens the water and seems to make the soap you use go twice as far.



A trilogy of smart fall styles from Selby Shoes.

We have had a trilogy of smart shoe styles sketched here for you. Each one is a new Selby model and they form a perfect shoe wardrobe for daytime. They are all equipped with comfort features but you would never suspect it to look at them, would you! And that is exactly what you want in a daytime shoe, comfort with no sacrifice of *chic*.

The comfort must be felt, so we will say no more about that. But the style is something you can see with your own eyes. Notice the swirls of stitching on the oxford. That shoe certainly has a flair for style! The lines are beautiful, and it is most wearable. The Styl-Eez pump is a bit more formal but thoroughly practical with its trim, tailored air. The T-strap is unusually flattering with its inlay and stitching. They call it "Nanette." It is a shoe you can hardly do without if your foot is inclined to be broad, as it is very slenderizing. Any one of these shoes makes a good walking companion.



En Avion, the Caron perfume, lifts your spirits.

Perfumes are like people! Some you wish you could escape the moment you meet them. Others you would like to have near you for life. Caron's latest fragrance, "En Avion," is of the latter sort. It is a subtle odor which gives a lift to your spirits the moment you come near it. It is well named, "In flight!" It is even more modern than its name. It takes you for a whirl up in the clouds and never lets you down.

It is a *different* perfume! We sniffed it again and again, inquiringly, trying to find some familiar word with which to describe

it. All sorts of ridiculous things came into our head: clear, soft twilight with brilliant skies; diamonds shot with green fire; ice with scarlet shadows. These things don't exist. They have no fragrance. But if they had! The fact of the matter is we just can't describe it. All we can do is to like it and recommend it to you.

We warn you we are helping you cultivate expensive tastes! "En Avion" is expensive, but it is not extravagant. Every drop is worth its weight in emeralds.

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You will particularly like the rested, comfortable feeling it gives around your eyes each night as you pat it in. Little lines, even wrinkles, would have to be very ambitious and conscientious indeed to stand up against its regular use.

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By the way, have you noticed the gay, new dress in which all the Marie Earle preparations are costumed? Lovely to look at and a good indication of the fine preparations within! See them.

Everyone Should Have A Baby

Continued from page 18

going to have and believe it or not, he's got them.

"The strangest part of it all is I never gave a thought to the baby before he was here—all I could think of was my wife."

Eddie pulled on his pipe and talked animatedly. I was warned the baby had become his favorite topic but I was hardly prepared for such fervent parenthood.

"As for a woman," he went on, "no career or love or anything can take its place. If Gladys and I loved each other before, how do you think I feel about her now?"

"I know there are a lot of people who don't have children because of the economic situation today, but it's wrong. Some day—soon, I hope—the State will subsidize motherhood. It spends money on everything else. Why shouldn't it invest in the future and give people a chance to experience the greatest thing in life? Maybe you think I'm a little cracked on the subject but I know what it's done for me and my career. I know what it does to a woman, too—makes her blossom in soul and spirit. No love or career can take its place. That's why women stars are having babies now."

"As for me, no matter what I portray on the screen now, I'm playing a father. Honestly. I have a new understanding of life—a richer comprehension of people. Do you see what I mean?"

"I see," I smiled. "And what do you want the baby to be?"

Eddie shrugged. "I told you he was an

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individual. Of course I hope he'll do something creative but I don't care what he is so long as he's not a bank president or a dealer in armaments."

"Suppose he should want to be either?"

Robinson, *père*, was highly indignant. "He won't be a dealer in armaments with the upbringing he's going to get. And as for a banker—God forbid!—but if he makes up his mind what can I do about it? What can any of us do about our children's lives! It's our job to start them right and then let them alone."

Edward J. Robinson, Jr., is indeed started right. Before he was born, Eddie gave up his career for months to spend a quiet time with Gladys in a rooftop apartment in New York. As soon as the baby was old enough, and Mrs. Robinson sufficiently recovered, the family traveled back to California with a competent nurse. Eddie promptly bought a house that he and Gladys have built to the glory of Edward, Jr.

"Do you know what that house is?" said Mrs. Robinson. "It's all the baby's! It's a collection of heirlooms which we gathered for him. Eddie had a bust done of me in marble and of himself in bronze. A famous painter is just finishing a portrait of his mother. All the furniture—everything—was selected with great care, for the baby and his future."

Both Gladys and Eddie, who loved the New York stage so much at one time, find that it no longer holds inducements. In the first place, New York is too great a distance from California, the house and the baby. In the second, although everyone comes to Eddie with a play when he's in New York, he's almost afraid to go back to the stage. "I've lost the patience to repeat a performance night after night," he said.

"No, I think I've got what I want now—a career in pictures that say something, that carry a message. I want to play great characters like Napoleon, and Beethoven and Pasteur."

"There's one thing I'll say for Eddie," laughed Gladys. "Since the baby came, he's home from the studio at five-thirty, no matter what he's portraying. He must have his play hour with his son."

"Naturally, when you're a father," grinned Eddie.

"Do you suppose you'll ever retire when your son's older so you can be a companion to him and do things together?" I asked.

He flashed me one of his broad smiles. "I might like to," he admitted. "But we actors are always talking of retiring. I'm like the rest—I guess I'll keep on acting as long as the public will have me."

Eddie now has six months in which to rest, act on the stage, or do any picture he likes for other studios. He is supposed to do a picture for Paramount, and he was playing with the idea of being in "The Good Earth" for Metro, to say nothing of possibly portraying an armament king for Columbia and doing "Napoleon," "Pasteur" and "Beethoven" for his home-studio, Warners. But the last three are indefinite. Everything interests him, but—

"Why don't you have a baby?" he asked me suddenly as I was leaving.

"Eddie!" remonstrated Gladys. "Even though you know the girl—"

"Well, after all, everyone *should* have a baby when she's married," he protested.

If Edward G. Robinson weren't a father, I think as "next best" he'd want to be a mother! Truly for him life *has* begun at forty. He is filled with new ambition, new humor, and new philosophy—and all because of the little fellow who bears the name that he has made famous.

Inside the Stars' Studio Homes

Continued from page 11

dip potato chips, but these cream things take a terrific lot of mixing to make them creamy."

Something that can be served also at teas but is very much liked at the cocktail hour is this: White bread, cut paper thin, spread with pimento cheese, rolled and then toasted. "The bread absorbs the cheese and it tastes something like cheese-sticks," commented Jean.

"We serve something else that we can find only at one place in Los Angeles," Mrs. Bello recalled. "Salmon sliced very thin, almost like salmon flake. We combine this with a heavy delicious oil and roll it and put it on toothpicks. I don't put anything in it because most people like the flavor of this fish by itself."

Jean declared that the secret of excellent hors d'oeuvres is to have them served very hot and not to let them stand around and get cold.

"It takes two people in the kitchen to make a success of the serving," she insisted. "It's so difficult to have them just right. When a tray has been passed once at our house, it is taken back to the kitchen and hot dishes brought back. There's all the difference in the world between the fresh, piping hot appetizer and the soggy cool one."

"Oh, Jean—the hamburgers!"

Jean beamed at the thought. "Yes, we serve miniature hamburgers that seem to go over in a big way. I think our cook must rub the bowl with garlic first, then she puts the hamburger into it and seasons it with salt and pepper. She makes the balls the size of a walnut, flattens them a

bit and cooks them in a skillet, then sticks them on toothpicks. They are no more than a mouthful, but oh so good!"

Jumbo stuffed olives are stripped of their pimento fillings and stuffed with cream cheese then wrapped in bacon, for another Harlow specialty.

If the party is to be held after the theatre, or for any reason more substantial food is desired, Jean adds a salad and sandwiches to the platters of hors d'oeuvres.

"Mother's great success is sweetbread salad," Jean told me. "You prepare the sweetbreads as usual and then she has the most delicious goo to go over them. We're all crazy about it."

"I use plenty of hard-boiled eggs," explained Jean's mother. "For six servings, I take one medium-sized cucumber, six sweet pickles, finely chopped, plenty of mayonnaise, five tablespoonsful of chili sauce. If you like the taste of celery, put in celery salt or celery seed. I make my salads moist but not runny. Stir the sauce, mayonnaise and other ingredients together and pour them over the sweetbreads. In that way, they aren't likely to get pulled to bits."

"We got so tired of chicken salad that we substituted sweetbreads one day," remembered Jean, "and we liked them so well we kept on using them."

"But when Mother makes chicken salad she has a trick all her own—she uses halves of big white grapes, seeded and peeled—it gives the salad a flavor nothing else will."

A most delicious sandwich to serve at these affairs is of white bread cut very thin

and made in various shapes—rounds, stars, crescents, diamonds and so on. Butter this as you like it.

"Then dice a cucumber—" began Jean.

"Chop it, darling."

"But dice is such a good word!" sighed Jean. "Chop it and put it in a sieve so that it drains, and leave it in the ice box until it's crispy-cold. Mix enough mayonnaise to hold it together, spread your bread with it and pop it in the oven for a minute. The cucumber will be ice-cold and the bread hot toast."

Sometimes Mrs. Bello pours French dressing over the draining cucumber, because she likes the flavor, but both agree that this makes a delicate sandwich absolutely incomparable.

"Tomato sandwiches, too—" began Jean, eagerly.

"Darling, there's nothing new about tomato sandwiches!"

"Maybe not, but I never get any at other houses that are as good as those we have at home," persisted the young star, tossing back the cloud of platinum hair that set all America copying. "The secret of them is to get very small tomatoes, ice them well, and then slice them, put them on your bread and toast the whole thing quickly. I think most people are careless about the size of the tomato, so they have to be cut and they run and the whole thing's a mess. Our bread is always the same size as the tomato slice."

"If you want to make a sandwich a bit different," threw in Mrs. Bello, "you can sprinkle a tiny bit of grated cheese on them before you toast them."

Jean took a little dancing step down the room.

"I know something that's perfectly grand for an after-theatre lunch, if you serve beer," she said. "Or even if you don't serve it. I don't happen to drink beer but I adore these funny little things. They are popcorn nuts."

"Mother and I first had them at the Congress Hotel in Chicago, and they were so fascinating that I got Mother to ask the hotel manager what they were and how to make them, and now we do them here. You get ordinary popcorn kernels and put them in a skillet with a little olive oil—be sure to use a skillet and not a corn-popper—and when the kernels are just ready to pop, you take the skillet off the fire, salt the nuts and eat them. They will look a creamy brown and are they marvelous?"

"The trouble with them is that you keep on eating them until they're gone. You dip and you dip and you eat and you eat! I wish we had some right this minute!"

"I've never made them myself, but I think you have to experiment until you discover the exact moment to take the nuts off the fire. Perhaps after the very earliest kernel begins to pop. But try them! You'll never be sorry."

She came back to the fireside seats with a little rush.

"Mother, tell how you make that delicious pie you invented," she demanded. "I don't know what pie has to do with hors d'oeuvres, but people can serve it for Sunday night suppers or special desserts. It's my favorite food and I'd love you try it."

Mrs. Bello obliged.

"You take those sweet little seedless grapes, wash them and ice them. Make a pie crust and bake it as a shell. Beat whites of eggs together with a little sugar until they are stiff, then fold in the ice-cold grapes when you are just about ready to serve the pie, pour the mixture into the baked crust, put a meringue on top and brown the whole thing in a hot oven."

"You can't imagine how wonderful it is!" sighed Jean, "The grapes are still cold and the pie hot—I suppose you could do the same thing with raspberries, but—give me grapes!"



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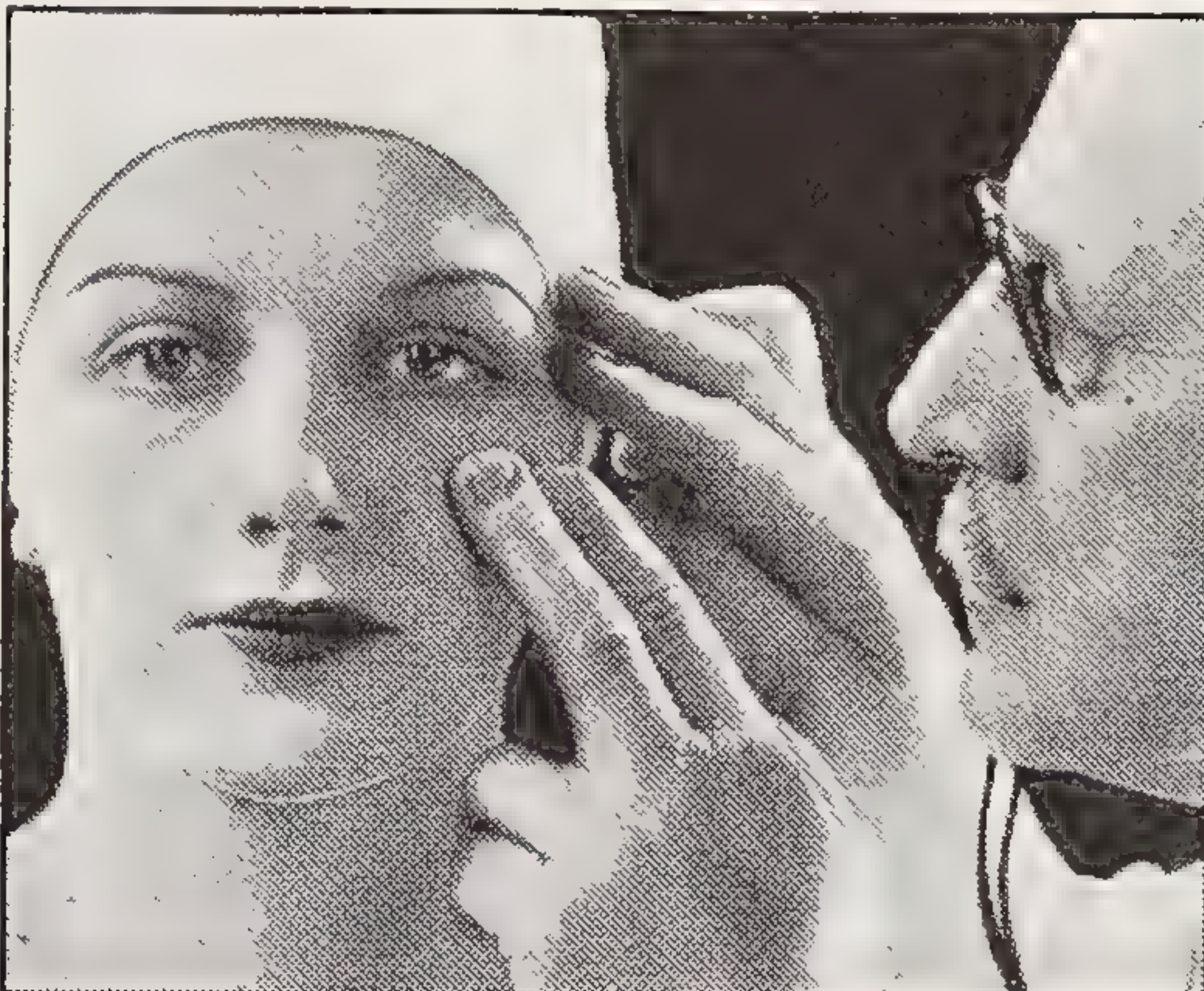
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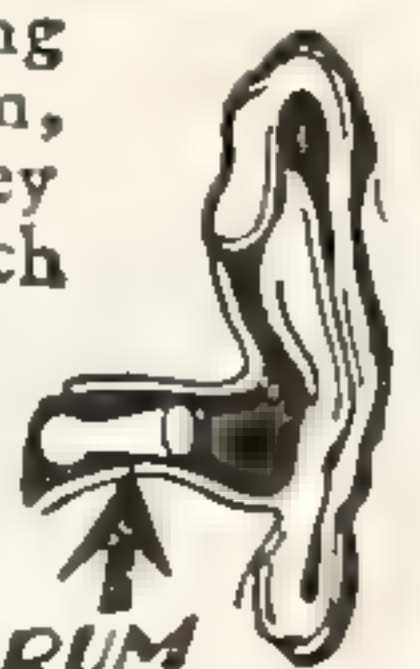
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Bellamy Isn't Baffled

Continued from page 24

likelihood is that the play will be an adaptation of a novel, dramatized by the author of one of the greatest, if not the greatest, popular dramatic successes of recent years, and produced by the man who has given Broadway the biggest stage hits of the past two seasons. That's as far as I can go, in view of the promises made to Ralph Bellamy at the time of this interview. He was reading the play and assured me it was "a honey." However, nothing had been settled about the play's production at that time.

I asked him about that bane of every player's career in the films, "typing" as it's called. In the film trade it has been an old and honored custom for the producers to plead that the public, not the producer is responsible. The argument being that fans seeing an actress or actor in a certain type of rôle which makes strong appeal, demands that personality be brought back again and again in precisely the same type of character.

"It's the casting director," Bellamy said. "Naturally the one who casts a picture wants to play as safe as possible, and he has an air-tight argument if he casts an actor for say the rôle of an engineer if that actor gained favorable notice in a previous picture in which he appeared as an engineer. But from the actor's standpoint 'typing' is a menace to his career. If the public demanded a player to go on indefinitely doing only one type of character, the fan mail would certainly indicate that—and it doesn't, or in my case certainly has not. Fan mail, incidentally, is the surest guide any screen player can follow in seeking to please the public.

"I like to play heavy rôles because they afford better acting opportunities, but it's risky business doing them more than at widely spaced intervals—causes you to loose out too much with the public."

An actor who has been through all of the paces as Bellamy has—more than a year as a contract player, nearly three years free-lancing, playing all kinds of rôles in six of the major studios of Hollywood—should know something about the current situation of the actor in the present Hollywood set-up. He takes no argumentative attitude toward any general opinions, but he is at variance with many of the opinions expressed by other actors. For example on the position of the term contract.

"Under present conditions," he says, "the term contract is an advantage. The studios

buy story material with their own contract players in mind, and there are not the number of choice parts available for the free-lance there once was. I arranged a cancellation of my contract with Fox the second year I was out there, but that was because at the time there was not enough variety of parts, nor a quality of parts that I thought I needed to establish myself as a motion picture actor."

As I sat there looking at him, it seemed strange indeed, that this actor, over six feet in height and weighing a hundred-seventy pounds, more or less, got the part which led to the offer of a screen contract by wearing two sweaters under a somewhat over-size jacket in order to qualify for the leading male rôle in "Roadside," the Arthur Hopkins stage play which failed.

"That part," Bellamy said, "was one of those about which every actor dreams. I had my pick of several offers, but signed with Joseph M. Schenck on the advice of Mr. Hopkins.

"I landed in 'Roadside' just when it appeared that I would have to take any kind of job at whatever work I could get. I had completed a season of stock in Buffalo, that's where I met Catherine—(Catherine Willard of the stage, now Mrs. Ralph Bellamy)—and was trying to live without eating, in a room down in Greenwich Village. When I had about given up hope of anything materializing, I got a call from an agent, was sent to see Mr. Hopkins, and by the best of good luck landed the part, which, incidentally had been set for Walter Huston. Wally, however, refused it and after a week out of town and about a week in New York, the show closed and I was on my way to Hollywood.

"The contract with Mr. Schenck called for thirty weeks' work, and twenty weeks' layoff, if I was not needed. I played in 'The Secret Six' in which Wallace Beery starred, and then came the lay-off which had me in about the same financial situation as when I was in Greenwich Village. But I was 'sold' on pictures, stuck, and then landed the Fox contract."

Ralph Bellamy may go back to the stage, but you Bellamy fans can be sure of this much—he'll be back in pictures and will remain in pictures as long as you want him. Personally I think that's fine, for it seems to me Bellamy has done pretty well by the films in a wide variety of parts, and the pictures and picture public have been pretty good to Bellamy.

But Kitty Carlisle Is!

Continued from page 25

the merchants who had found a basis of mutual advantage with the Paramount publicity department.

"I've been looking into camera lenses ever since I got here. That is what I work at in the studios," she laughed.

Naturally the first thing I wanted to know about was how she had fared when Paramount gave her her second part in a picture co-starring Bing Crosby and Miriam Hopkins. That's important company for a newcomer to the films. And then Kitty proceeded to bear out the impression that she "takes things in stride."

"I was a bit scared, at first," she confessed. "I did not see how my singing could be combined successfully with Bing Crosby's, and Miriam Hopkins is such an important acting star, who according to hearsay, was very precise and exacting

about the technique of motion picture acting.

"But I went to work hoping for the best. And I soon found that this 'best' was even better than I expected. Bing is so sweet, such a considerate chap to work with."

Then Kitty proceeded to put the final blast on the legend that was knocked into a cocked-hat in an article in SCREENLAND last month. S. R. Mook told what actually happened when The Hopkins was cast to co-star with Bing Crosby. An event which Hollywood expected to produce a barrage of temperamental explosions threatening to cause "ground noises" on the sound tracks of every camera for miles around, turned out to be as boisterous as a social at the Friends' Meeting House. He quoted Bing, Director Nugent, and Hoppy herself. Now listen to Kitty Carlisle's version.

"Miss Hopkins rehearsed with me, coached me, went over scenes time and again, asking me which way her entrance or position would enable me to feel most comfortable and natural. When the details had been worked out on that plan, she would suit her action to it. I would have been surprised to have had such consideration from a star on the stage—I was astonished to receive it in pictures. Not that picture people are less considerate, (they are more considerate according to my experience so far), than those of the stage, but hearsay had made me believe that such was the case."

All of which jibed with my own notions on two counts: First, that the big stars are only too glad to cooperate with their colleagues, if only for the selfish reason that it is for their own good to have the final work a creditable production in every respect. And second, that my initial impression of Kitty Carlisle was correct. She is the type that throws herself wholeheartedly into anything she undertakes, and wins the respect and co-operation of others similarly interested in the task at hand.

Though born in New Orleans, Kitty Carlisle only within the past few years has come to know America. After her father's death, Kitty's mother decided to take a trip to Europe. Kitty was eight, at that time. The "trip" stretched into a permanent residence of thirteen years, during which she paid one visit to the States. In Paris and London she studied voice and dramatics. Her first professional appearance was at a little theatre in Vincennes, a Paris suburb. Up to that time Kitty was studying operatic music. But popularity abroad of the American musical comedy style of music started her singing such songs as *Can't Help Lovin' That Man*, the Helen Morgan hit in "Show Boat."

Returning to America, Kitty at once proceeded to look for an opportunity on the stage. There was a road tour in a tabloid version of "Rio Rita" and then "Chamagne Sec."

Between those engagements Kitty did some radio work, but she says radio did not appeal to her. "I like to act a part as well as sing," she added, "and for that reason I was not interested so much by radio. Nor did I find any enthusiasm for concert work." For one who was really a newcomer to her own native country, Kitty was pretty choosy, but she knew what she wanted, and got it.

"I'm glad," she says, "I did not continue studies for operatic singing. Even if I ultimately did arrive in opera I don't believe I'd like it as much as the work I'm doing. Operatic acting is too restricted by tradition, there is no chance to create, the rôles are played as created by some star of the past."

I asked how she liked Hollywood, the Hollywood in its social sense as famed around the world.

"To tell the truth, I don't know anything about it! I have not gone about there. It has been a place for me to work. But I don't believe I shall spend any vacations I may get in Hollywood. I'd rather get away, see something else, have a change."

"I don't know what my next picture will be. I understand it has been pretty well set for me to play again with Bing Crosby in his next musical 'Here Is My Heart.' I hope so. But one can't be sure until the cameras actually start. I can't say that I mind that arrangement a bit, as a matter of fact it seems to me to add to the excitement I find in doing pictures."

Whatever the job they assign Kitty, I am inclined to believe that she will take it in her stride, doing the job with a youthful enthusiasm that, perhaps, explains the success she has registered as a singing star of the screen.

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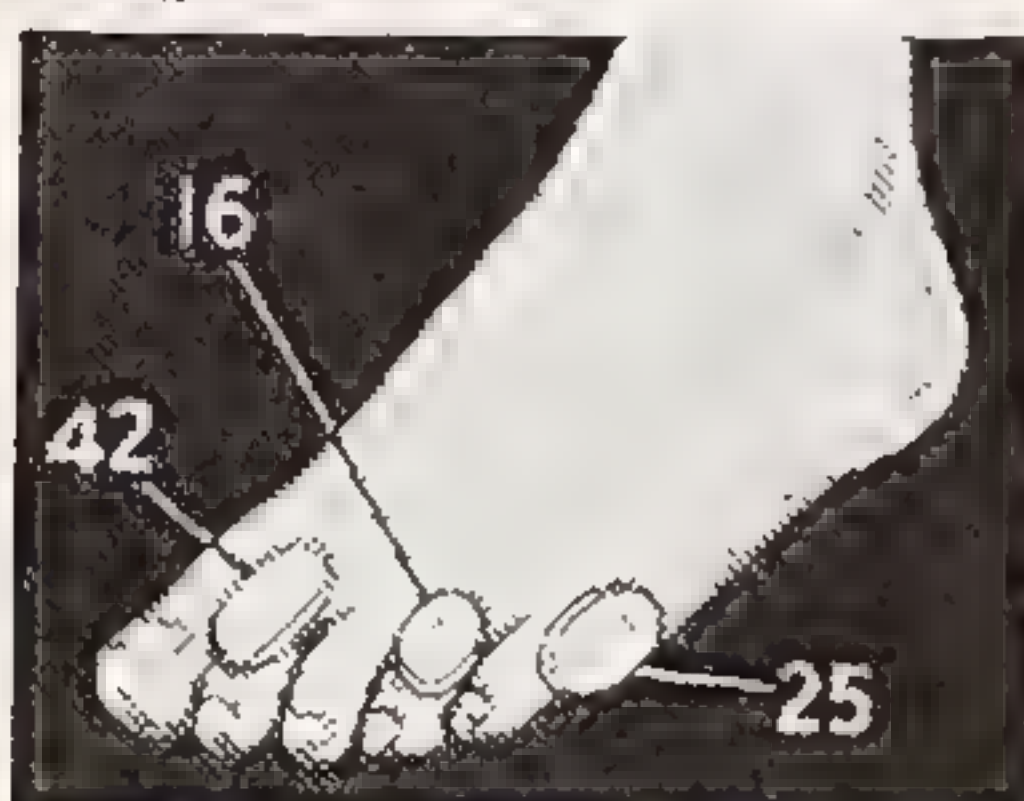
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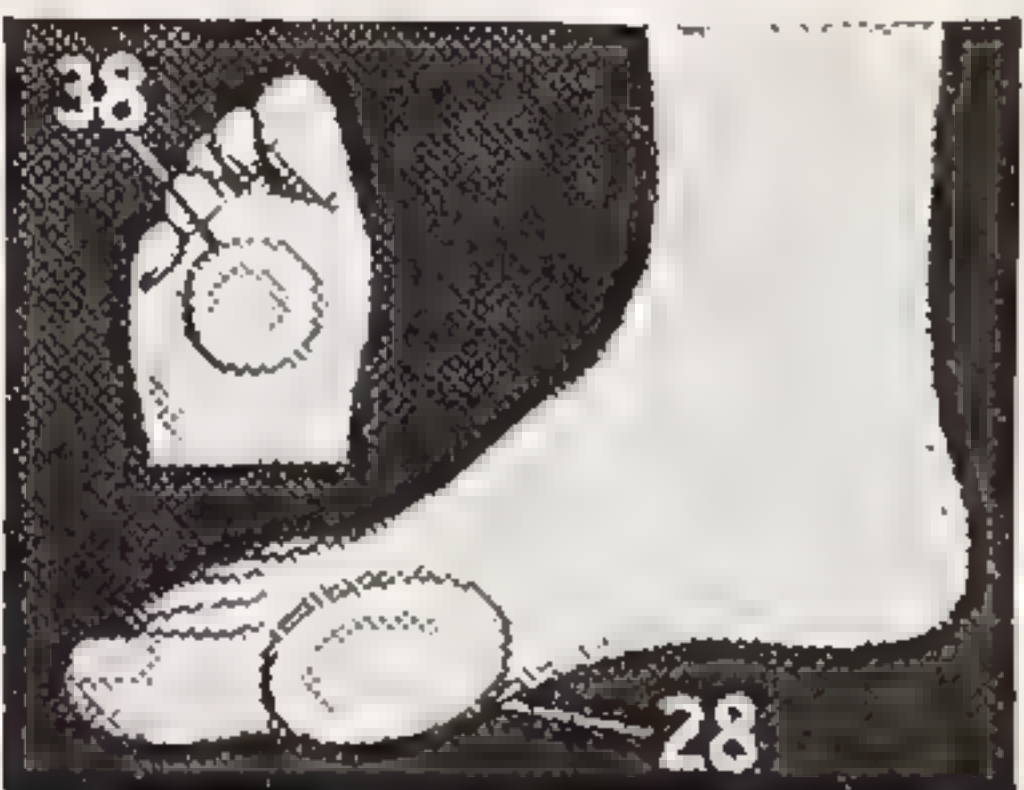
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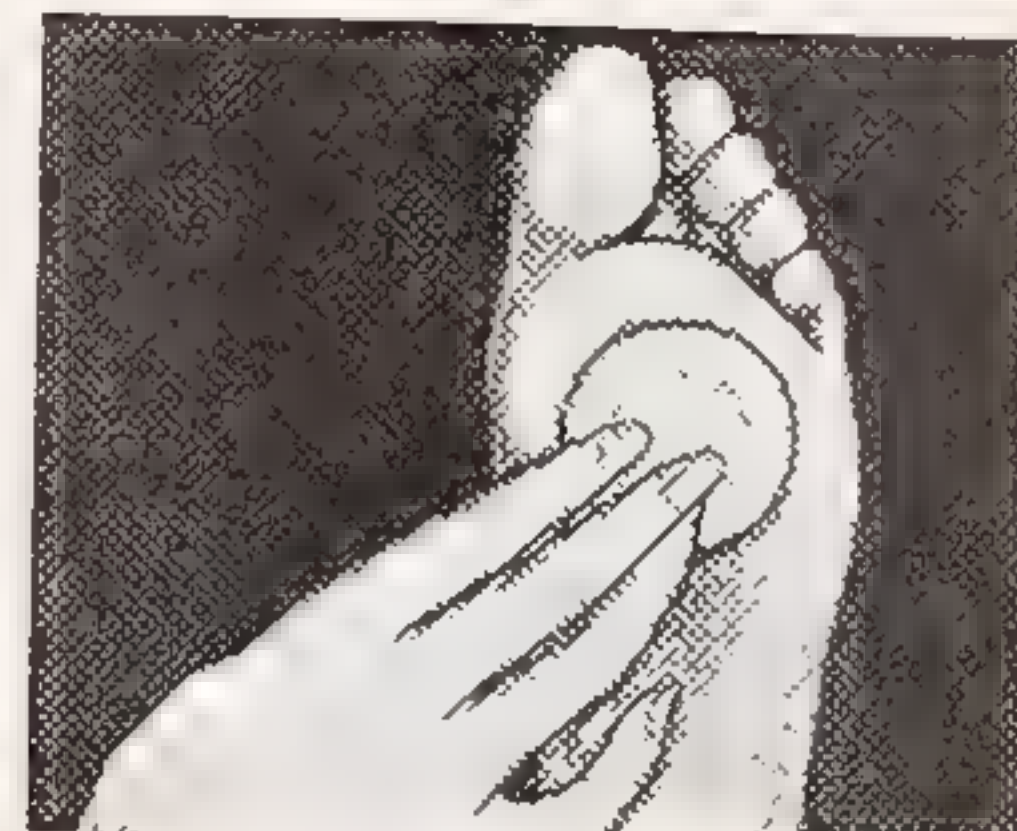
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Clark Gable's Real Family Life

Continued from page 17

alone, or with a few other friends who also go to hunt and fish. Al never loaf because he's the kid of the crowd. He knows how to pitch tents, and he knows what has to be done around camps. He apportions himself a share of the work—and no shirker's share, I tell you—and attends to it. He does about as much work as any of us.

"I'll never forget the time when he fired a shotgun for the first time. It was only a couple of years ago, and he was still a little shaver. He had been shooting rifles for a year or so, but for some reason he had never handled a shotgun. Now if you know anything about firearms, you know that a shotgun packs a kick like a jolt of lightning. I've known men to have their collarbones broken by the back-punch of a shotgun. Well, Al picked up my gun and took aim at something. He pulled the trigger, and *bang!*—he was sitting there on the ground three feet away, with the silliest expression on his face that I've ever seen. I let go of a big guffaw; I couldn't help it. He grinned sheepishly, rubbed his shoulder, got to his feet—and asked for another load! I passed him a shell, with just this bit of advice: 'Brace yourself.' He braced, and pulled the trigger again, and this time he was ready for the kick.

"That's the way he does things. That's the way I do things, too. I suppose we're closer to each other because we go at our problems in the same manner.

"When I leave for my next deer hunt, Al is going along. I usually go down into the heart of Arizona to hunt deer, and the chase calls for lots of real horseback riding, which includes jumping fences and barriers, fording streams, and riding up and down steep embankments. Al's preparing for his first deer hunt now. He is spending most of his spare time in the saddle, learning to stick when the horse jumps. The kind of riding we'll do down in Arizona is dangerous, but I know Al will come through. If he does have a few nasty spills, he'll get up and try it again.

"I like the way he keeps his mouth shut, when nine out of ten youngsters would be whining. When I came back home from the hospital a few months ago, after my appendicitis operation which had ended with peritonitis, I looked like a ghost. I had lost fifty pounds. Al took one look at me, compressed his lips, and said, 'Hello, Clark.' He always calls me Clark; I call

him Al. I got some sort of a grin together and answered, 'Howdy, Al.' Not a word about the hospital stay.

"Well, a few weeks after that, he was stricken with appendicitis. The doctor came to the house and pronounced it an emergency case. He ordered that Al be rushed to the hospital. Of course, I went along. I watched him closely. We've never talked about it since, but I'm pretty sure that he was thinking of how I looked the day I returned from the hospital.

"He was a little nervous, I guess. Who isn't nervous, going to a hospital for a major operation? But he had only one thing to say. He said it when the physicians came to his room to administer the anesthetic. Al said, 'I guess taking out my appendix is going to hurt, doc. Just make it as easy as you can. I can take it!' Of course, he didn't know that ether would deaden him to pain. He only remembered how worn and tired I had looked when I had been wheeled home from a similar operation."

Suddenly Gable ceased talking. A slight frown furrowed the space between his eyebrows. His lips tightened slightly.

"You're probably costing me my happy home," he accused.

"How come?" I chirped.

"Al hates publicity," Clark explained. "As I've told you, he won't be photographed with me. The only pictures cameramen ever get are snapped without warning. Occasionally, when he and Georgianna go to a preview with me, cameramen from the various syndicates try to get pictures of us together. I'm willing—but they're not. Except for one occasion at a railway station, they have never posed with me.

"This is the first time I've talked much about Georgianna and Al. And by the way, most of the talk has been about Al. I guess that's because we men hang together. She and her mother are as pally as Al and I. At any rate, I'm going to have to square myself for squealing. And that won't be easy."

"I can suggest a remedy," I offered.

"What?"

"Take Al along, the next time you go on a grizzly bear hunt."

Gable mused over the idea. Then his face lit with a grin.

"Not a bad idea!" he said.

Inspiration+Study+Work=Success

Continued from page 33

of that memorable night last December when Katharine Hepburn flopped in(to) "The Lake" and almost drowned in her tears, as she begged to have the curtain rung down after the first act. Verily, Frances Robinson-Duff had unleashed the emotional faucets!

I remembered, too, seeing a distinguished white-haired lady, leaving her second row seat to rush backstage during intermission.

"There goes Frances Robinson-Duff, Hepburn's voice teacher!" the inveterate First Nighter pointed out to the inveterate Star-Gazer.

Miss Duff laughed when I recalled the incident.

"Of course, I was held responsible for the critics' comments on Miss Hepburn's monotonous voice, but if anyone had stopped to investigate, they would have learned that Katharine hadn't come to me for coaching in the play. Jed Harris, her pro-

ducer, nursed a hate against all voice teachers and refused to sanction Katharine's studying with me.

"It was an unfortunate circumstance," she continued. "Every actress and actor who makes the the transition from screen to stage needs to re-adapt his voice. On the screen, the camera is his medium of expression. It photographs his every thought, and never lies. On the stage, there is no revealing close-up to help him out—he must depend solely on his voice to register each emotion. Then, too, in Hollywood he has the assistance of sound technicians to help him regulate his voice as it is recorded into the microphones, and don't forget, the screen actor's audience each occupy a front-row seat. The legitimate actor, on the other hand, is left entirely on his own to pitch his voice, so that Miss Park Avenue from her orchestra chair and Mr. White Collar Man from his



Helen Trenholme, a comparative newcomer, who is fast forging ahead.

gallery perch can hear him with equal ease.

"Miriam Hopkins was aware of all these things. That's why, when she returned to the stage last season in 'Jezebel,' she came to my studio every day for coaching. Her rôle, that of a beautiful Southern belle with the charm of a 'Lorelei' and the soul of a 'Jezebel,' required the most subtle voice shading to reflect her constant change of mood and character. That she mastered every nuance of this difficult part was evidenced by the rave notices her individual performance received. A gratifying pupil, this Hopkins child!"

Miss Duff was equally enthusiastic about Douglass Montgomery, who has been studying with her ever since he succeeded Alfred Lunt in the Theatre Guild production of 'Volpone.'

"He used to take his lessons right after Katharine Hepburn, and he would always arrive early so that he could talk to her. He was her most rabid fan and predicted her success long before he dreamed that some day he would be playing love scenes

with her in 'Little Women' and appearing as Romeo to her Juliet in a national radio broadcast.

"Douglass is one of the most conscientious workers I know," Miss Duff added. "Last Winter when he came East on a vacation, he devoted his entire holiday to intensive study. There were some weeks when he would take as many as three lessons a day! I saw him in 'Little Man, What Now?' and agree with the critics that it is his finest screen performance to date."

Miss Duff's own lovely, rich voice hastened on as her secretary announced her next appointment. "Another performance of which I am very proud is that of Betty Furness in 'The Life of Vergie Winters.'

"Betty, a débutante who forsook the social whirl for a Hollywood career, spent almost a year at the RKO Studios, posing for a great many publicity stills—and occasionally a motion picture! But Betty's ambitions ran to greater heights than collecting a weekly salary check for being catalogued a 'new face' indefinitely, so she asked to be released from her contract and returned to New York in time for the winter 'season.' Only instead of attending all the deb parties and college proms, she concentrated on 'improving each shining hour.'

"When she had finished her first course of lessons with me, she immediately began another. Like Katharine and Doug, she is relentlessly ambitious. It wasn't until she felt herself fully prepared to tackle Hollywood again that she took another screen test. M-G-M took one look at it—and signed her at once. And by one of those amusing Hollywood twists, no sooner had she arrived at M-G-M when she was borrowed by her former studios, RKO, at double her original salary!"

Miss Duff's efficient secretary appeared in the doorway again. "Your next lesson appointment is still here," she gently reminded her.

I took my exit cue as perfectly as if I had taken a whole season's course at the Robinson-Duff School! And as I descended the four flights of stairs, where so many young aspirants had climbed UP to fame and fortune, I instinctively began to sound my vowels and consonants!

Radio Parade

Continued from page 60

was listening regularly to the plays. In sections where receiving sets are scarce it has become a habit to have "theatre nights" at houses equipped with loud speakers, before which those whose homes are less luxuriously accommodated gather to hear the plays in "the little theatre off Times Square."

June Meredith has been the "First Nighter" leading lady since its inception. Miss Meredith had had wide stage experience, for a time was a member of the Theatre Guild organization in New York. During the three years of weekly broadcasts, Miss Meredith missed just one performance—that to undergo an operation at a Chicago hospital. That operation had a tragic ending for June's pet, a white Japanese poodle. When separated from its mistress, Mitzi refused food, and died before the week of Miss Meredith's confinement to the hospital was over.

Don Ameche, leading man of the troupe, interrupted a law course at Wisconsin University to join a stock company in Madison, the University town. He had studied voice and dramatics at college and conservatories. Don was born in Kenosha. For the fiery quality he imparts to his radio impersonations, Don draws upon his Latin heritage. His father is an Italian, his mother Scots-

Irish. He's glad he quit law for dramatics.

The "First Nighter" playlets are selected by a committee, and the material is drawn from standard literary works as well as originals. The head of the company which sponsors the program made a trip to Europe to obtain material from the active playwrights there, as an additional source to that which America's writers afford. In staging the plays Hughes goes to great lengths to give authentic background for the action. For example, a playlet calling for a scene at the prize ring was supplemented with an actual bout by professional fighters with the third man in the ring a professional referee.

Sam Goldwyn, who produces the Eddie Cantor pictures, has reached into radio's back yard for more talent to embellish the film in which Cantor is to make his next appearance. At a social function in the east, Mr. Goldwyn heard Jacques Fray and Mario Braggiotti making the night air vibrant with their sparkling two-piano arrangements. Later, checking up on first impressions, the producer consulted his loud speaker, decided he wanted the pair for a number in the Cantor film, and ordered his agents to sign Fray and Braggiotti.

I imagine the agents had their moments.

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But orders from Mr. Goldwyn ARE orders, even if the price finally agreed upon was at a mark that might not enhance the agent's reputation for "buying right."

Jacques Fray intimated by what he said and didn't say, when I talked with him at his New York apartment just before he and his partner left for the coast, that it was the financial consideration alone which induced him to agree to do the picture engagement.

"I don't know what they expect of us over there—" Jacques kept referring to Hollywood as "over there." And between you and me the connotation seemed apt, in view of what Jacques expected to happen to him at the movie studios. "It will be alright," he added, "if they will give us time for proper preparation." Then with one of those Gallic gestures so eloquent of feeling and meaning, he added, "but I am afraid it will not be so!"

"Then, who knows," he continued in the pessimistic vein, his pale blue eyes misty and a bit troubled, "maybe when we are through they will decide not to use the sequence, or perhaps use only a fragment of it." Jacques, you see, had been talking to people who had been "over there."

The tall young Frenchman, with the classic aquiline nose, looks like an athlete—in appearance, at least, a chap you might expect to see representing his country on the Davis Cup tennis team. His movements are quick, graceful, and he speaks with the characteristic earnestness of the Frenchman.

There is no posing. "Both Braggiotti and I were amateur pianists before we teamed up to do special concerts. We are not solo pianists," he volunteered.

Fray was interested in music as a means of escape from the banking business—his father was a banker. He met Braggiotti in Paris where both were studying piano. Braggiotti is an Italian, born in Florence, but was familiar with the States, had lived in Boston for a time. They decided to come to America and do concert work. New York first became generally conscious of them when they appeared with Chevalier at his concerts there. Then at a concert in Carnegie Hall, an official of Columbia Broadcasting heard them and they began their radio career. They are under contract to return to the sponsored program on which they played last year when the company resumes that show in the fall, in the meantime continuing their "sustaining" features over the Columbia system.

"Is Chevalier over there?" Fray asked me, and I said I thought Maurice was in Hollywood. "Then I shall see him." It seemed the one incident in the projected Hollywood venture which interested Jacques.

As I left, in an hour or so Jacques and his partner Mario would be leaving for Newark Airport and a plane for the Coast. I tried to cheer the chap up a bit. And when I told Jacques I was sure his Hollywood trip would be more pleasant than he seemed to expect, I never meant anything more in my life. Surely everything, even a Hollywood experience for a sensitive artist, very devoted to the work in which he and his partner have found such success, has something other than a dark side.

And before we end these musings about the inter-dependence of radio and the movies, what do you suppose will be the effect upon the set-up of Hollywood's leading-man situation if some of the radio people (reported considerably interested in Gertrude Lawrence since that English broadcast came over under the sponsorship of an oil company), succeed in signing Miss Lawrence for radio here? Your guess is as good as mine. Will Douglas Fairbanks Jr. come back to America to do some pictures then?



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Would You Be Happy? Watch Your Colors!

Continued from page 27

for Loretta, on account of her blue eyes, and rose pink with blue is flattering for evening."

"Loretta, however, insists that she doesn't like orange or henna and never wears yellow, but agrees that she feels well in all the other selections.

If she would wear orange, which is warm and vitalizing, those who complain that Loretta is lovely but cold, would lose the argument!

"Janet Gaynor never looked lovelier in her life than she did when she wore a turquoise evening gown one night at the Mayfair," declares Mrs. Kalmus. "Janet should wear soft tones of green, too, and various browns with pink, and sometimes the softer shades of rose."

Janet, you know, has red hair and brown eyes. But the little star has decided ideas on her own color psychology. "I like blue because when I wear it I feel harmonious. There's something definitely 'me' about blue," she tells me. "I never wear green. I don't care for red, unless it's bright Chinese red, and I seldom wear that. For evening I like pale yellow or peach. I didn't care much for that turquoise gown and I didn't have a very good time wearing it. I like golden brown, though—I like most browns. One of my favorite costumes is a yellow pajama set with a golden brown corduroy coat and yellow sox."

"Blue is the most universally becoming color to all types," smiles Mrs. Kalmus, "but individuals who wear it constantly are not as mentally alert as they would be if they wore other colors in combination or rotation. It's a cool color and has the greatest sedative effect of all colors."

It may be that Janet, who is not as happy as her friends wish she could be, might try wearing green, which is a peaceful, restful color, and brings tranquillity. Or perhaps she might select a rosy pink frock and get the vibrations of love and happiness therefrom.

The Technicolor expert selects Mae West as the one person in pictures who can carry off plain black or white! With her very fair hair, her creamy skin, and that amazingly vivid personality of hers, colors are superfluous. "Rhinestones and glittery things are hers because she can carry them off, whereas with most girls they detract and harden," points out Mrs. Kalmus.

"Black is an absorption of all color and light. It's depressing and it's negative. Most women should avoid it. It's only a woman like Mae West who can afford to disregard its destructive properties.

"Of course, if you wear a great deal of gay color for sports and evening, and have a number of brightly colored negligees and house dresses, you may occasionally put on a black dress for street wear, if you lighten it with a white collar or a flower; then it may rest you rather than depress you. But don't wear it every day."

Mae West very wisely wears chiefly black and white—one or the other—often with brilliants as trimming. She never puts on pastel shades or any figured materials. Once in a great while she uses a touch of solid color on her black or white outfits—one new addition to her wardrobe, in which she feels especially fit, has touches of red—but these are not blotches, just touches.

"That hint of red may appeal to this star at times when she is in need of strength or when her vitality is at a lower ebb than usual. If she wears black too often, without changing to white or using the touch of bright color, it would be well for her to have a gay negligée—not solid

red, but perhaps in a neutral shade with red as trimming—to put on while resting.

"White is not a color, but it can become any color or all colors. It reflects the most light, and its introduction into a color sublimates that color. For example, red—the color of love—becomes more idealistic as white transforms it into pink."

Ann Harding, who is fairer even than Mae, and whose eyes are blue rather than hazel, would be dressed in rust to bring out that blue, if our color authority were doing it.

"But she could wear blues, especially the more vivacious tones," Mrs. Kalmus decides, "and yellows would be excellent for her."

Blue is recommended for Ann, because she is often too "mentally alert" for her peace of mind. Ann wears it, though, but not frequently; her taste runs to the rust, browns and yellows recommended, but orange makes her physically ill.

"I think my dislike of orange traces back to childhood, when, as the daughter of an army officer, I was moved from army post to army post, never having any feeling of roots. Usually my room had loud, aggressive colors in it with a particularly violent shade of orange predominating—or else it happened that the orange-hued rooms stuck in my memory. Anyway, I hated them! I hated the constant change, and I hated leaving my friends," remembers Ann.

"I don't remember being ill at sight of the color until I had grown up, but now I get that way when there's too much of it around and I associate the feeling with that early childish woe of moving."

Dolores Del Rio is designated as the only girl in pictures who can wear red!

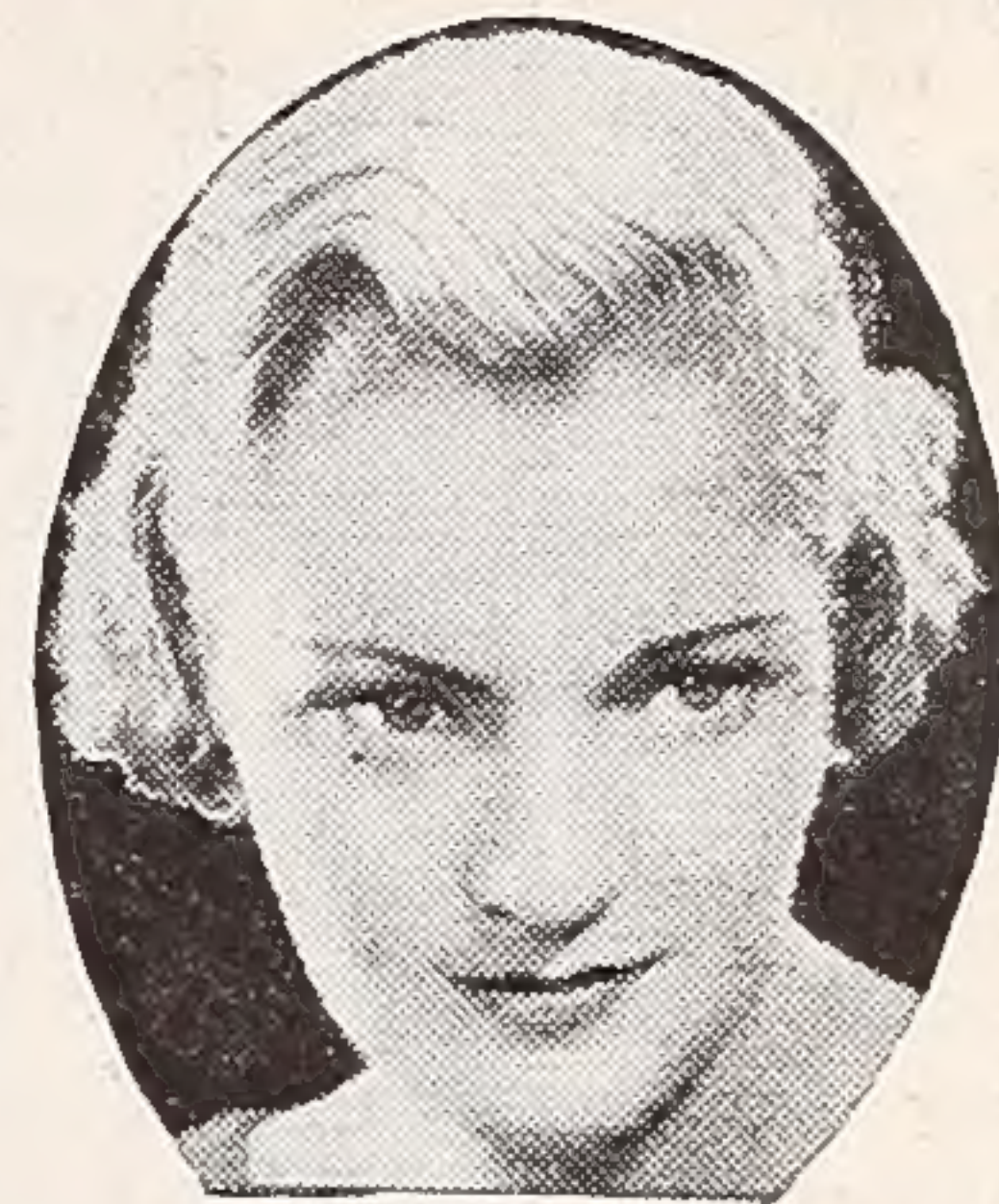
"But it would be better for her health to wear red accessories, or have red combined with some neutral color," observes Mrs. Kalmus. "Red should be used like a sauce on food, as seasoning and not for diet. Red is stimulating but too much of it destroys, just as fire warms but can also burn. No slender person should wear too solid red.

"If I were dressing Dolores, I should put her in coral, because that would flatter her dark hair and eyes and skin, but I might also use all the range of tints that go from coral down the scale. It would be well for her to use delicate blue combined with coral, or to wear turquoise accessories with it."

"I adore red," agrees the Mexican star, "and I like gold and green, too. I suppose because I am Latin I do not care so much for pastels, but I would wear coral, yes.

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It is a good idea. I feel best of all in red, though, because it gives me great stimulation. I feel proud and beautiful; I have confidence!

"When I was little, I went much to the church in Mexico, where bright colors shine in the altars. I was very religious and I was always happy in the little church. Bright colors reminded me of it, or perhaps it is merely the Latin in me, as I say, that makes me love primary colors.

"The one I do not like at all is purple. It depresses me. If it is in the room, I must leave. I never let them put it on me for the screen. Why do I dislike it? I have not thought before, but now that I consider I believe it is because purple is the color of thunder. All my life I have been afraid of thunder. In Mexico we have terrible thunderstorms. When I was a child I cried and hid in the closet when the lightning was flashing and the thunder roaring, and when I grew older I cried and wished I could hide in the closet. Yes, it is of thunderstorms and trouble that purple reminds me."

According to the expert it is no wonder that purple distresses Dolores. Violet, lavender, and purple belong only to the very fair-skinned individual. Aside from the psychological reaction, violet or purple as a color is a direct complement of yellow, and persons having a sallow complexion, or a skin that is dark rather than fair, find the color trying. It will make the skin appear more sallow.

Jean Harlow, a youthful blonde, should react to yellows, perhaps going all the way from pale lemon yellow to brown, is Mrs. Kalmus' opinion.

"Yellow is a good color for young girls and is at its best for the slim figure," she explains. "It should stimulate Jean."

It does, admits the platinum blonde. "I wear yellow or white nearly always," says Jean. "I suppose I like yellow because it's the color of the sun, and I love being outdoors. Sunshine uplifts me. I prefer white for evening, because I think it's ideal for formal wear; it's a personality intensifier!

"But I like navy blue or black for the street. I feel out of place in light clothes for shopping; dark ones make me feel better groomed. I don't wear brown, but I have no prejudice against it. I just don't



Impressive array of talent! Above, Helen Morgan, Lee Tracy, David Holt, and Helen Mack, who are fellow troupers in a new production. You'll notice that Helen Mack has gone blonde, and with very attractive results, it seems to us! What do you think?

happen to buy brown things."

Jean is entitled to her feeling about dark clothes for the street, but Mrs. Kalmus warns that if she has been in the habit of wearing blues, she will add to her vitality by changing to another solid color this year.

"Remember that if you have been using a great deal of one solid color, a definite change the next season will do you good," she points out. "If you have worn dark blue, use either dark green or dark brown as your solid color next season. If you've been wearing black and can't afford to put it aside, break up its depressing vibrations by adding accessories—a red bag, bracelet, or pin; a vari-colored scarf and purse; a flower, buttons or collar."

Another devotee of black and white is Kay Francis, who insists that she never feels as well in anything else.

But she *shouldn't* wear it, the expert decrees! Kay has dark hair and blue eyes, and should go in for peach, apricot, and yellow; for Copenhagen blue and golden browns.

"But I can't bear Copenhagen blue!" cries Kay. "Travis Banton is always trying to get me to wear baby blue, or very pale shades, and the only blue I like at all is navy. Yes, I like apricot, peach, and yellow, but I don't wear them often. I wear white or I wear black!"

Which is very unwise of Warner's best-dressed woman of the screen, according to our authority.

"In selecting clothes for street wear, it's well to dress in contrast to the climate or the weather as far as color goes," suggests Mrs. Kalmus. "The purpose of color is to emphasize your personality. If you dress in warm colors on a warm day, you won't appear as pleasing as one who dresses in soft blues, greens, dull tans, orchids, beiges, and modifications of these tones.

"In cold or cloudy weather, if you wear salmon, orange, pink, russet, ecru or lemon, you'll seem to be better poised and more interesting than if you wore cooler colors.

"It is clear that alternating black and white will not give you these advantages."

Heather Angel, of the dark brown eyes

and dark brown hair, has a sentimental fondness for white, because she wore it at her very first grown-up party when she had a "perfectly darling" time, and again at her personal appearance after her first starring picture in England, when she felt that all her dreams had come true.

"But when I can't wear white, I like to dress in green," she adds, "lovely cool shades or that inspiring hunter's green."

Which is quite correct, according to our authority, except that she should also go in for pinks.

That English newcomer to Hollywood, Binnie Barnes, who made such a hit in "The Private Life of Henry VIII," has dark auburn hair and gray eyes.

Among the colors chosen for her are the various blues, which is fortunate for Binnie because she is never happy unless blue is somewhere around.

"Oh, heavens!" she cried when she was shown to her Universal dressing-room. "We'll have to get some blue curtains or covers or something in here!"

Any shade of blue appeals to Binnie, from the deep sapphires, which she loves, to the forget-me-not tints, from navy to turquoise.

"I know blue isn't flattering at night," she admits, "but somehow I like to wear it. It gives me a comfortable feeling. All the flowers in my garden in England are blue.

"If I should wear yellows and browns in order to get the best out of life, I'll have a try at them, of course, but oh, there's nothing like blue!"

Binnie could do as Mrs. Kalmus advises and wear plaids or stripes or figured designs to add other colors to her favorite shade.

"A hat lighter than the dress tends to increase your height, while one darker shortens the figure," she explains. "Vertical stripes tend to increase height, but don't wear too pronounced stripes if you are very short, or the effect will be merely to call attention to your lack of inches. Horizontal stripes add to the apparent width and take off from the height, but diagonal stripes and plaids have a tendency to give form to the straight figure and accentuate curves where curves exist."



Frances Drake, above, steps out of the camera's range to improve her make-up for an important scene.



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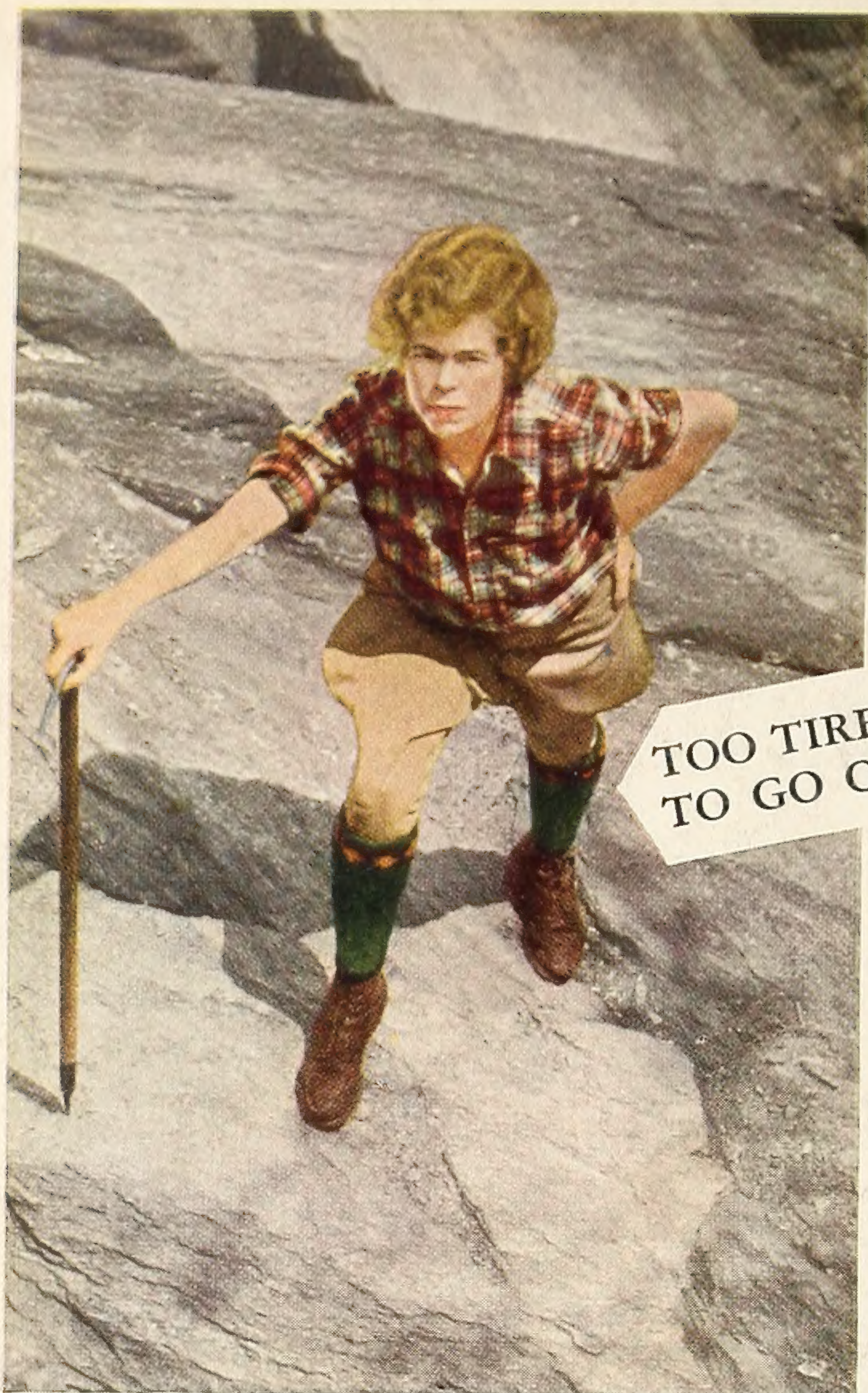
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